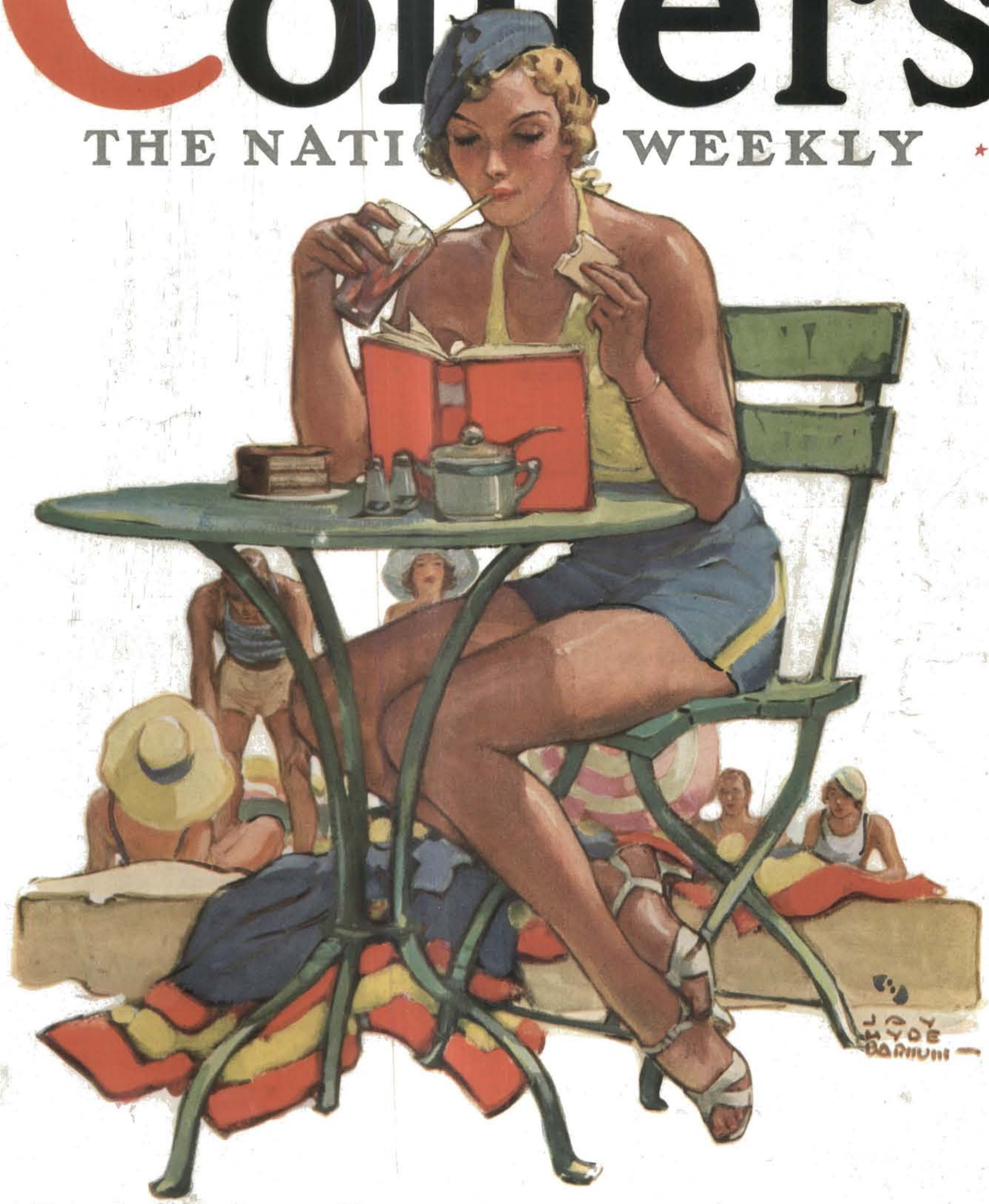
July 28, 1934

5¢ a copy

10c in Canada

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



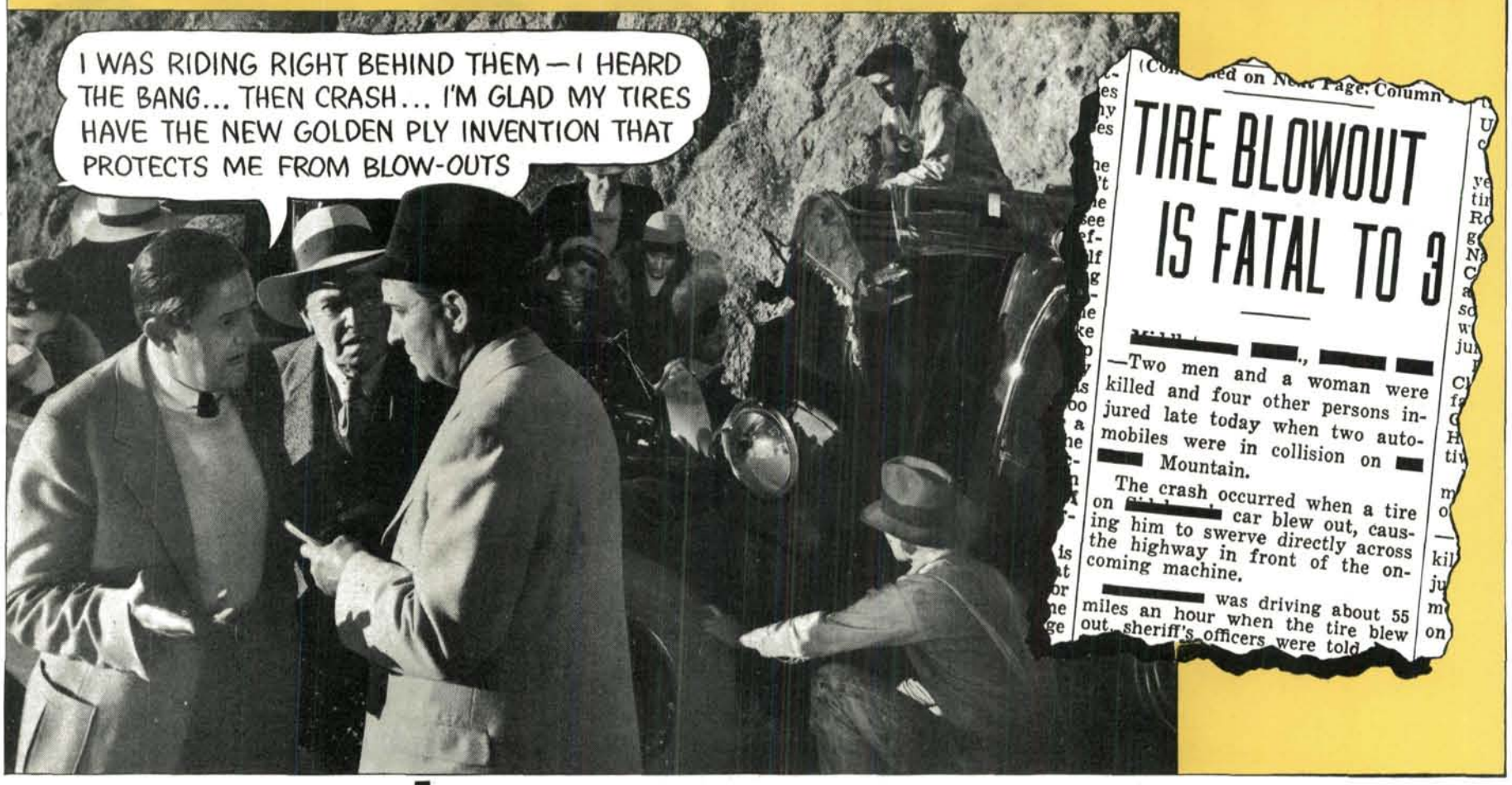
Frank Condon Shepard Barclay Agatha Christie

Hugh Wiley Elmer Davis

JULY 28, 1934

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WARNING! EVERY YEAR THOUSANDS ARE KILLED OR INJURED WHEN BLOW-OUTS THROW CARS OUT OF CONTROL


I WAS RIDING RIGHT BEHIND THEM—I HEARD THE BANG... THEN CRASH... I'M GLAD MY TIRES HAVE THE NEW GOLDEN PLY INVENTION THAT PROTECTS ME FROM BLOW-OUTS
TIRE BLOWOUT IS FATAL TO 3
—Two men and a woman were killed and four other persons injured late today when two automobiles were in collision on [redacted] Mountain.
The crash occurred when a tire on [redacted] car blew out, causing him to swerve directly across the highway in front of the oncoming machine.
[redacted] was driving about 55 miles an hour when the tire blew out, sheriff's officers were told.

HERE'S HOW YOU CAN BE 3 TIMES SAFER FROM BLOW-OUTS

...and get months of extra tire mileage FREE

New Goodrich Silvertown, the only tire with Life-Saver Golden Ply, prevents Great, Unseen Cause of Blow-outs

Where would you land if *you* had a blow-out? What would happen to you and your family? You *might* come out of it safe and sound. You *might* be able to avoid ditches, poles and oncoming traffic. But isn't life too sweet to take chances? Especially when year after year thousands of people are being killed or injured when blow-outs throw cars out of control.

What causes blow-outs

Today, unless you are protected, the danger from blow-outs is greater than ever. Due to high-powered motors and whirlwind revolutions of small, modern wheels the heat generated *inside* the tire is terrific. Rubber and fabric begin to separate. A tiny blister forms and grows—bigger—BIGGER until BANG! A blow-out!

To protect you from blow-outs, every new Goodrich Safety Silvertown has the amazing Life-Saver Golden Ply. This remarkable engineering development resists intense heat. Rubber and fabric don't separate. Thus, blisters don't form inside the tire. The great, unseen cause of blow-outs is prevented before it begins.

Here's proof!

Racing daredevils tested the Golden Ply out at breakneck speeds. On the world's fastest track. Gave it everything they had. *Not one blow-out.* Similar tires *without* the Life-Saver Golden Ply failed at one-third the distance the Golden Ply Silvertowns were run.

For *everyday driving,* think of how much safer you and your family will be with a set of Golden Ply Silvertowns on your car! And without the destructive effects of internal friction to weaken it, think of the months of extra mileage Silvertown's big, rugged tread will give you.

No extra cost!

Remember, you pay no price premium for this extra safety—this extra mileage. The new Goodrich Safety Silvertown with the Life-Saver Golden Ply costs no more than other standard tires. It's better to be *safe* than sorry. Get a set of Goodrich Silvertowns *before* your turn for a blow-out comes.

Look for the dealer displaying the NRA Goodrich sign or for your Goodrich dealer's name in your Classified Telephone Directory.

FREE! Handsome emblem with red crystal reflector to protect you if your tail light goes out. Go to your Goodrich dealer, join Silvertown Safety League, and receive one FREE. Or send 10¢ (to cover packing and mailing) to Dept. 374, The B. F. Goodrich Rubber Co., Akron, O.

The NEW **Goodrich Safety Silvertown**
WITH LIFE-SAVER GOLDEN PLY

Copyright, 1934, The B. F. Goodrich Rubber Co.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MAYBE YOU'RE MISSING SOMETHING

BUYING YOUR CAR BY HABIT

THIS ADVERTISEMENT is addressed to the man who habitually goes back and buys the same old make of car without considering any other.

When you stop to think about it, how unwise this practice is! The automobile business, like any other business, is changing constantly.

New ideas appear. New leaders arise. The science of engineering moves swiftly ahead. Because a car was the best buy a few years ago . . . does not necessarily make it the biggest value today.

Plymouth's rapid growth is due to the fact that many people no longer take car values for granted.

Plymouth's latest forward step was the introduction of the Special Six a few weeks ago.

This car puts within reach of the very lowest-price buyer a luxurious, stylish automobile with the added features that people want today.

Besides its extra luxuries and refinements . . . the Special Six offers you the Four Great Engineering Advantages that have made Plymouth famous . . . Hydraulic Brakes . . . a Safety-Steel Body . . . Patented Floating Power . . . and Individual Wheel Springing.

No matter how firmly you believe in the car you own today . . . you owe it to yourself to investigate this remarkable new automobile. Go see it today at any Dodge, De Soto or Chrysler showroom. Don't make any new-car deposit until you do.

PRICES AND FEATURES OF THE NEW PLYMOUTH SPECIAL SIX

4-Door Sedan $620 2-Door Sedan $580
Town Sedan $655 Business Coupe $560
Rumble Seat Coupe $590

HYDRAULIC BRAKES. The safest kind. Always equalized. Eliminate dangerous swerving. Save frequent relining jobs.

SAFETY-STEEL BODY. The best safety insurance you can have on today's busy highways.

FLOATING POWER Engine Mountings. Keep vibration away from you. You ride fully relaxed.

INDIVIDUAL WHEEL SPRINGING. Best of so-called "knee-type" springs, as used on the most expensive cars, for a more comfortable back-seat ride.

Four piston rings instead of three. Four-bearing Crankshaft—Valve-seat Inserts—Oil Filter—Temperature and Oil Pressure Indicators on Instrument Panel—Steel Artillery Wheels.

Prices as low as $485 for Standard Plymouth. All prices f. o. b. factory, Detroit, subject to change without notice. Time payments by Official Chrysler Motors Commercial Credit Plan.

PLYMOUTH MOTOR CORPORATION

DIVISION OF CHRYSLER MOTORS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

OUR favorite Chinese detective, James Lee Wong, has become involved in another very mysterious occurrence on the West Coast. This time it's a murder mystery, a murder in Hollywood.

A director is rehearsing one of his principals in a duelling scene. Two shots ring out. The actor falls dead. Who's to blame?

Well, the property man who loaded the guns was insanely jealous of the actor. Only the night before he had broken his engagement to Sally Chapman because of him. It looks like an open and shut case against the young man. But Mr. Wong believes him innocent. Hugh Wiley shows you his dramatic intervention with "Ten Bells."

A WORLD-FAMOUS pianist was giving a concert in Berlin. In a box, listening with rapt attention, sat Adolf Hitler. When the music had died away one of his aides turned to him, smiling. "What do you think now of your friend Hanfstaengl's playing? Do you still think he's any good?"

Hitler saw nothing amusing in the question. "I had rather hear Hanfstaengl play a hundred wrong notes," he replied, "than listen to this man play one right one." Next week Dr. Hanfstaengl, former New York art dealer, who has become powerful in the councils of the Nazis, gives you an intimate portrait of Adolf Hitler, "My Leader."

OLIVER TRENSILL, the great dance director for the movie studios, was looking for a new dance—something that would sweep the country. "You get your new ideas from the people," he said, "from the masses—from the backwoods and backwaters." So that's where he was looking for the new dance. In a dramatic and romantic short story Harlan Ware tells you about the girl who had the new idea—Dagmar from the hills of Kickapoo.

IN ALL Cosalvador there was no more glamorous figure than Poalo Umbert, the captain of *cargadores*. He carried his greatness with a large and simple strength. Jacland Marmur tells the story of one black night off the city of Santa Muritos that saw the end of the romance of "Poalo the Magnificent."

MARION BAXTER TAYLOR contributes a story of yesterday's girl who turned up tomorrow, "If You Can Have the Moon." Quentin Reynolds writes about the profession of being an amateur. Kathleen Norris continues "Woman in Love." W. R. Burnett, Marie Beynon Ray, Ben Ames Williams and others do their inspired bit. You'll forget the weather.

This Week

July 28, 1934

Cover by Jay Hyde Barnum

ELMER DAVIS
Man of Honor. **A brilliant story of modern life.** **Page 7**

JOHN T. FLYNN
Misrepresentative Government. **Close-up of the New York State legislature.** **Page 10**

AGATHA CHRISTIE
In a Glass Darkly. **Beware the future—when you see it in a mirror.** **Page 12**

QUENTIN REYNOLDS
Who's Got Rhythm? **And what will it do for you?** **Page 13**

THE SHORT SHORT STORY
He Knew Her Mother, **by Frank Condon.** **Page 14**

SHEPARD BARCLAY
Shooting Stars. **Aces in contract bridge.** **Page 15**

RAY TUCKER
Fearless Frances. **Miss Perkins, to the life.** **Page 16**

HUGH WILEY
The Thirty Thousand Dollar Bomb. **A young senator's indiscretion—rectified by James Lee Wong.** **Page 17**

KATHLEEN NORRIS
Woman in Love, Part II. **Tamara goes backstage.** **Page 18**

ELLIS PARKER BUTLER
Boy Friend Wanted. **Street scene.** **Page 21**

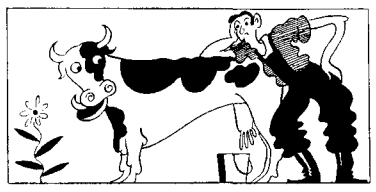
W. R. BURNETT
Jail Breaker, Part IV. **Jones rides the whirlwind.** **Page 24**

FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World. **Items of interest.** **Page 28**

EDITORIAL
The Constitution Among Friends. **Page 50**

Any Week

THE other evening Mr. Arnold Magerthurn of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, turned a large milking pail upside down and sat on it. Mr. Magerthurn, a dairy farmer, then devoted nearly twelve minutes to solid thinking. Two hours later he wrote us a letter. "How," demands he, "about us dairy farmers? I hear all about the troubles of the wheat farmer, the corn farmer, the hog farmer and the cotton farmer. But what about us dairy farmers? Are we just suckers or what are we? The seed farmer plants his crop in the spring. There is nothing much he can do about it then but wait for it to mature. He has lots of time to turn his hand to something profitable between planting and harvest. But the dairy farmer is up at four in the morning and is hard at it until nine at night or later. You can't sit down and watch milk grow. So either include us in your lamentations from now on or shut up."

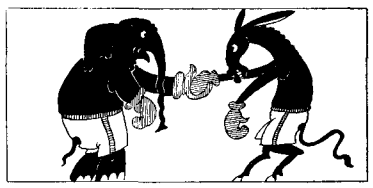


THE mails fetch us tidings of differences of opinion between the Oberlin, Kansas, Rileys and the San Diego, California, Loves. They are cousins. Not long ago Mr. R. Ross Riley gave us quite a written trimming for permitting fiction heroines to smoke. To our defense comes Cousin J. G. Love, saying: "As I remember it all three of our grandmothers smoked and not so ungracefully at that. I don't remember any ashes falling on my tender little cheek as they bent over my crib. Maybe we didn't have cribs, maybe ashes don't fall from clay pipes. Anyway, don't feel badly about it. I shall continue to buy Collier's each week even though your heroines should start swooning at the approach of the he-men."

"I NOTE," says Mr. Henry W. Young of Portland, Oregon, "that E. B. Overshiner stands up for Insull. Twenty years ago Insull and Overshiner were partners in a magazine for which I worked. Years later I bought Insull stock, paying $15 for it and seeing it promptly go to $150. Did I sell? No. I decided to outpyramid Insull. Stock was to be the bulwark of my old age. Now worthless, I know I might better have sold it and bought jelly roll. I never yet have had all the jelly roll I could eat. But is that Insull's fault? Again no. I let my desire for a snug old age overcome my greed for jelly roll."

WE HAVE just received a neat budget of news from Laurinburg, North Carolina. Miss Mary Louise Gill sends it. There's quite a lot of it so we've decided to let you have it a little at a time. This week's installment has to do with the birth of a new Smith child. Mr. Smith, says Miss Gill, was eager that his new son should have a name no other Smith ever had. So he started by naming the baby Willie. Then he gave the lad a middle name which, as far as we know, no other Smith has. The boy is now Willie Five-eighths Smith. Miss Gill herself was so enthralled that she forgot to find out how Father Smith arrived at Willie's middle name.

IN NO time at all, writes Mr. Sam G. Julian of St. Joseph, Missouri, we shall be up to our chins in a "terrific political battle that is to decide whether we shall go on with Roosevelt or return to the government economies and widespread prosperity of 1931." It is going to be a particularly bitter fight, thinks Mr. Julian, because of "the recent capture of the Republican party by the young progressive element represented by Messrs. Mills, Fletcher and Fess and the admitted reactionaries on the other side such as Messrs. Tugwell, Wallace and Ickes. It is going to be a hard decision for the masses to make."



MR. GEORGE PEREZ SAMUELS of Havana writes, "Whenever rival candidates for any office in this irrepressible republic found that their aims and ambitions were so similar that there was no hope of convincing the electors that there was any difference between them, they began to denounce the Platt Amendment, which they always described as a first lien on public and private moneys in Cuba. Now you have repealed the Platt Amendment and the soap-boxers are having no end of trouble keeping the news from the people, who simply love to riot about it. Anybody ought to be able to see that it isn't right."

"AND what," demands Mr. Joseph V. Larkin of Denver, Colorado, "became of that Russo-Japanese war we were about to have a couple of months ago? Or did they have it and who won? I've been so darned busy working a new job I found that I probably missed it."

THEY ran out of ultimatums.

Vol. 94, No. 4. Entered as second-class matter at Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, under Act of March 3, 1879, and at Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by P. F. Collier & Son Company, Springfield, Ohio. Copyright, 1934, P. F. Collier & Son Company, in the United States, Canada and Great Britain. Executive and Editorial Offices: 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.; 6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London. Published weekly at Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A. Thomas H. Beck, President; William P. Larkin, Vice President; Albert E. Winger, Treasurer. Manuscripts submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and sufficient postage for their return. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts.

5 cents a copy in United States, $2.00 a year, $3.50 for two years, in the United States and Possessions, also in Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Canary Islands, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Spain and Colonies, Uruguay and Venezuela. For Canada add $2.50 per year for Canadian duty. Foreign subscriptions including postage: $4.50 a year to Newfoundland and Labrador. $5.50 a year to all other countries.
Remit by postal or express money order or check in United States Funds to Springfield, Ohio. To avoid mistakes in delivery, subscribers should notify us of change of address five weeks in advance. Give both old and new addresses.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Your Dentist's Detective

"It's a good thing we made these X-ray pictures. Here's a small hidden cavity which I could not discover without my X-ray detective."

POSTPONING a visit to your dentist is not postponing trouble. It is bringing it closer. Time and money will be saved by a visit to your dentist every six months. It is impossible to have good health if the teeth, gums and soft tissues of your mouth are not kept in good condition.

If your dentist advises X-ray pictures of your teeth, take his advice. With the X-ray to inform him, he knows the condition of the deeper structures, the roots and the tooth sockets. In many cases early cavities can be found only by X-rays. If you have pyorrhea he may discover it at a stage in which it can be successfully treated.

Because an aching tooth demands prompt attention it is usually far less dangerous to health than the undiscovered trouble-maker. A tooth may seem to be sound and healthy and yet hidden trouble may be brewing. Infection may exist at the root of a guilty tooth long before it is suspected that anything is wrong. Meanwhile, the surrounding bony structure is being broken down and destroyed, while infection may be absorbed into the system through the blood stream. Such infection may damage the heart and other vital organs, may cause eye, ear, sinus, nerve, joint or digestive trouble.

When a firmly rooted tooth is to be extracted an X-ray picture may be needed to assist the dentist. Sometimes the roots are hooked or teeth may have failed to come through the gums. In such cases damage to the jaw-bone may result from a "blind" extraction.

If you have sound teeth and gums, then a correct diet, including some hard and "crunchy" food, will help to keep them healthy. Teeth, living parts of the body, are built by food. They need the minerals contained in eggs, milk, vegetables, fruits and cereals.

Send for the Metropolitan's free booklet, "Good Teeth." Address Booklet Dept. 834-C.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT — ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

© 1934 M. L. I. CO.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A PARADE OF NATIONS right at home with a PHILCO!

ROMANCE! Adventure! Thrills! All these are yours with a new 1935 PHILCO. You'll be amazed as the nations of the world "pass in review" through your living room with all their pomp and pageantry. Listen! There's England, Germany, France, Spain, Italy, Brazil, Argentina—and many others! All these you'll enjoy in addition, of course, to your favorite American programs.

Here is radio at its best! Radio so perfectly engineered, so scientifically designed you can easily tune-in foreign stations that were difficult for experts to get not long ago. Here too, is tone that's gloriously natural—that brings you greater enjoyment of both American and foreign programs than has ever been possible before—through PHILCO'S famous Patented Inclined Sounding Board.

A new 1935 PHILCO, properly installed with a PHILCO all-wave aerial, will thrill you with its marvelous reception, ease of operation and magnificent tone.

You'll find the radio you've always hoped to own among PHILCO'S 49 new models. Your PHILCO dealer will gladly give a demonstration and explain how you can trade-in your old set toward a new 1935 PHILCO.

NEW PHILCO 16X (Illustrated) $175

World-wide reception plus tone such as only PHILCO can give. PHILCO'S Patented Inclined Sounding Board is the greatest single development in scientific sound reproduction.

1 Its inclination directs the straight-traveling high tones up to ear level, giving brilliance and clearness.

2 Its large baffle area brings out all low tones, giving mellowness and depth.

RESULT: All music and speech are distinct and natural, as if the artists were present "in person."

And every other worth-while radio improvement, including 5 Tuning Bands, Bass Compensation, Four-Point Tone Control, Super Class "A" Audio System, Auditorium Speaker, Shadow Tuning, Automatic Volume Control, Illuminated Station Recording Dial, PHILCO High-Efficiency Tubes, etc. Superb hand-rubbed cabinet of gorgeous, costly woods.

ENGLAND
HARRY PEPPER, great English pianist and composer, heard over the short-wave stations at Daventry.
SPAIN
ECUADOR
PAQUITA PARRA, the songbird of Ecuador, whose singing delights listeners to HC2RL at Guayaquil.
GERMANY
SIEGFRIED BORRIES, renowned German violinist, who often features the short-wave broadcast from Zeesen.
RUSSIA
VENEZUELA
CONCHITA ASCANIO, Venezuelan singer of love songs, who thrills listeners to YV2RC at Caracas.

PHILCO

A musical instrument of quality

A PHILCO FOR EVERY PURSE AND PURPOSE

AMERICAN and FOREIGN BROADCAST RECEIVERS . $39.95 to $600
AMERICAN BROADCAST RECEIVERS . . . . . $20 to $200
NEW PHILCO AUTO RADIOS . . . . . $39.95 to $75

Prices slightly higher Denver and West. All prices subject to change without notice.

PHILCO REPLACEMENT TUBES IMPROVE THE PERFORMANCE OF ANY RADIO

Listen to BOAKE CARTER over key Columbia stations. Also PHILCO'S program from Station EAQ, Madrid, Spain (9.87 on your PHILCO dial) Sundays at 7 P.M. Eastern Daylight Saving Time.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Afterward, she supposed it was lucky that she had fainted at the telephone

Man of Honor

By Elmer Davis

Who is to say which of the two men Lucia McQuinn loved was the stronger, the more "honorable"? There are two opinions about it in Eastwood

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

THERE had been a time when Lucia McQuinn was almost grateful for the depression; it took your mind off your troubles.

Of course, if you were Mrs. Ross McQuinn of Ridge Avenue, it laid other people's troubles on you. You had to send checks and more checks to relatives who year by year grew more dependent; you had to contribute more and more heavily to relief funds; you had to serve on committees, not because you had the committee type of mind, but because it was expected of one in your position. But all that gave you a sense of being useful, gave you an occupation you needed when the children were away at school and half a dozen servants ran your house for you. And it filled up hours when you didn't have to worry about what you ought to do—nor about what you ought not to do, but were doing anyway.

Yet it was at a committee meeting that she had her first faint forewarning. "Put me down for a thousand," she said, and was aware of a little stir of surprise around the table—surprise, and a touch of resentment. It was true that last year she had given two thousand, but 1932 wasn't 1931. Ross had seemed terribly blue at breakfast this morning; he hadn't gone into details—he never went into business details, to her—but he'd said they'd have to economize. Probably his salary was going to be cut; when the Great Valley Holding Company had reduced its dividend, you couldn't expect the president's salary to stay the same forever.

BUT as the meeting went on she still had that sense of a faint resentment around her. She supposed it did look queer to come to a meeting of a relief committee in an eight-thousand-dollar car and a thirty-thousand-dollar coat; but the car was three years old, and what could you do with a thirty-thousand-dollar coat, in February, 1932, but wear it? All the other women had come in fur coats and costly cars; it wasn't her fault that luxury was more becoming to her—that she was younger than most of them, and better-looking than the others of her own age.

And a thousand dollars wasn't a trifle. She could remember the first time she and Ross had ever seen that much money, all at once—it wasn't more than a dozen years ago—and the cherished ambitions they had been able to realize with it. Petty, domestic ambitions—a better car (still cheap, of course); a playhouse for the babies in the back yard (that was when they were living in the bungalow on Poplar Street); a vacuum cleaner, a new suit for Ross, a pretty frock or two for her, a new lamp for the living-room. Silly

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

things, but they were the stuff that life was made of. Why didn't they last? . . .

Lost in those reminiscences, she paid no great attention to the rest of the meeting; but when it adjourned the chairwoman sought her out, desperately trying to conceal her apprehension.

"I'm sorry, Lucia, if you don't feel that you can give as much as last year. I do hope"—she tittered over the absurdity of the idea—"I do hope Great Valley isn't in difficulties, like so many other corporations. Almost everything I have is in Great Valley preferred."

"You read the annual report, didn't you? . . . Then you know as much as I do," said Lucia. "Ross never talks business at home; but I hope you don't think, Mrs. Mather, that he'd tell one story to his stockholders and another to his wife. Surely people in Eastwood know him better than that." Mrs. Mather was stuttering something to the effect of "Oh-no-I-didn't-mean-to-suggest—" but Lucia went on. "And you certainly don't think Willis Renwick would sign his name to a misleading report?" she finished unanswerably.

MRS. MATHER was rebuked, and reassured, but as Lucia went out to her car she shivered under her sables. It was the first time anybody in Eastwood, anybody in the state, had even hinted a doubt of the stability of Great Valley. Nobody dared to doubt it; Great Valley securities had absorbed most of the savings of the state in the boom years, when Dudley Paramore's eloquence had persuaded local investors that it was better to put your money into a local system built up by men you knew personally than to hazard it in Wall Street. And nobody would dream of questioning the solidity of a company when Willis Renwick was chairman of the board.

Ever since the Renwick bank had pulled through the panic of 1837, anything endorsed by a Renwick had looked just a little better, in Eastwood, than government bonds. The Renwick Bank belonged to Great Valley now; so did the Eastwood Power & Light Company, and Eastern Counties Gas, and a dozen other enterprises whose building had made local history. But Willis Renwick was at the head of it all; and people who were awed by his Olympian austerity felt reassured when they considered Ross McQuinn, who had come to town from Snyder's Junction and worked his way up. Just an ordinary fellow like you and me, Ross McQuinn; only smarter. And then there was Dudley Paramore, head of the finance committee, who had come out from New York in 1927 and discerned in Eastwood a new frontier, where he could make his fortune and everybody else's fortune.

In that trinity—Renwick, McQuinn and Paramore—all Eastwood had faith; it had to have faith, or admit that there was nothing stable anywhere. So no one had ever doubted the stability of Great Valley; least of all the woman who might be supposed to know all about it—Lucia McQuinn, the president's wife and the chairman's mistress.

AS THE car rolled homeward toward Ridge Avenue Lucia found herself wondering how it ever had happened—how anything had ever happened, for that matter; even her being Mrs. Ross McQuinn. She remembered Ross vaguely at the state university; but a girl from the city—Eastwood was "the city" in those parts—had no more than a nodding acquaintance with a young man from Snyder's Junction, who hadn't made even a second-rate fraternity till his junior year. Not that Lucia's name ever appeared in the Eastwood society news, till her campus triumphs began; her father was only a doctor on the middle-class South Side. But a city girl who was president of the Women's Panhellenic was a long way above Ross McQuinn, at the university—as far above him as she was beneath Willis Renwick of Ridge Avenue, whose election to Skull and Bones at Yale had just been front-page news in the Eastwood papers. She couldn't possibly have dreamed, then, that either of them would ever be her lover.

But it was different when she was out of college and earning her own way (her parents were dead). Ross McQuinn was only a bookkeeper for the Power & Light Company then, but he had ambitions. And presently they were married. . . .

The car was passing Poplar Street now; she almost turned to look, though she knew those bungalows had been torn down years ago, replaced by apartment houses. In a Poplar Street bungalow she had worked as she had never worked before or since—cooking, cleaning house, washing baby clothes (they couldn't afford a maid, with Ross saving every cent he could to buy stock in the company); going to bed every night dog-tired—but in his arms. . . . And happy.

Then, one night, he came home with big news; he was to become a junior vice president, and she wouldn't have to work herself to death any longer. They moved to a bigger house in a better neighborhood; there was a maid, and presently a nurse; the society pages began to print the name of Mrs. Ross McQuinn among those present at bridge luncheons or theater parties. Ross seldom went out with her; he was working day and night to get on in his business; he was going to be, his wife thought proudly, a first-generation aristocrat. But he had become executive vice president before they were invited to their first dinner on Ridge Avenue—with Willis Renwick, and the English wife he had married when he was abroad with the A. E. F. That was the first time she met Willis; and she couldn't remember a word they said, though she recalled well enough the ease of a fifth-generation aristocrat.

THAT dinner must have been nearly ten years ago. . . . Before Ross, as president of the company, had become a mere machine for the production of power and light; before Ursula Renwick began making longer and longer visits to her people in England; before—long before—Dudley Paramore came to Eastwood and woke the town to a consciousness of its destiny.

Modern history began with Paramore; he built up the Great Valley system, and Ross McQuinn, as its president, became a machine for the production of securities. Lucia had known something about the utility business, but the finance of the later twenties was beyond her; she felt as if she'd lost her last link of understanding with her husband. Then her children went away to school. The fall of 1928 found her at a loose end—and so was Willis Renwick.

"They're here for our protection, in case of a mob," he told her. "Yes, it's as bad as that—I've been hooted in the street"

As chairman of Great Valley he decided policies, or approved Paramore's decisions; he provided the prestige behind which McQuinn operated and Paramore distributed securities; but he had time on his hands. Lucia, who had known him casually for years, was surprised to find how nice he could be when you played golf with him, or went to the theater with him when Ross was busy. Ross was almost always busy and Willis was almost always free; Ursula lived in England now and visited Eastwood, spending a fortnight with her husband once a year. Just enough to keep the franchise, thought Lucia uncharitably—but she never dared to say that to Willis. He'd think she was crude, and she cared about his opinion of her. Still, it needed the summer of 1930, which he spent in England with Ursula, to teach them both how they really felt. . . .

"If the depression had come a year earlier," thought Mrs. McQuinn as the car turned into Ridge Avenue, "we might never have got into this. Or if it had held off till a year later we might have got everything straightened out. . . ." But the fall of 1930, when people were at last perceiving that the depression had come to stay a while, was no time to break the news to Ross that his wife had fallen in love with another man—especially when the man was his closest associate, with whom he had to work in harmony. Even if you could seriously consider divorce when there were children that belonged to both of you, you couldn't do that to a man—not the man who had helped you do the housework, in a bungalow on Poplar Street.

The car was passing the historic Renwick mansion, mansard-roofed and cupolaed; under its iron-pillared portico stood Willis' car. He had come home early; she wondered why. She picked up the speaking tube.

"Drop me here," she told the chauffeur, "and call for me at half past six. I think I'll have tea with Mr. Renwick."

RENWICK was at tea in the library (that habit was the only mark Ursula had left on the household) and as the butler showed Lucia in he rose, trying to look as pleased as he was surprised.

"Lucia! This is unexpected luck." The door closed behind the servant; she gave him her hands, he lifted them to his lips.

"I'm blue today," she said, taking off her hat. "I need cheering up."

His old-Roman face hardened.

"Why are you blue, my dear? Has Ross been telling you things?"

She shrugged.

"He never tells me anything; you know that. . . . I'm like the radio. He was crazy about it when we first got it; but he hardly ever touches it now. . . . Once in a while he happens to remember, 'Why, where's Lucia!' But the next day there's nothing but Great Valley. . . . What is there to tell?" He looked as if she had said something improper.

"I don't think I should talk about your husband's business to you, Lucia, if he doesn't choose to."

"Damn your reticences! What is there to tell?" He hesitated.

"We're worried about Mingo," he said at last.

The Mingo Corporation—itself a holding company—was the biggest of Great Valley's properties; it had been Paramore's most brilliant feat to wrest it away from New York interests, early in 1930.

"There are a lot of bonds in the Mingo portfolio," he went on, "that seemed to represent real values; but some things that have come up lately—

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Lucia, who had known him for years, was surprised to find how nice he could be when you went to the theater with him

We have accountants working on it, and engineers making a field survey—we'll know in a few days whether or not those New York fellows sold Paramore a gold brick."

"Paramore?" she said slowly. "A gold brick?" If anybody could sell Paramore a gold brick, there was no sure foundation anywhere.

"Disconcerting, isn't it?" he agreed with a wry smile. "And there are names that mean more in Eastwood than Paramore's. . . . But don't worry about it. Probably it isn't as bad as we think. . . . No, I can't tell you any more. I've told you more than I have a right to tell, already."

He kissed her then, more tender than ardent; for a while she stood clinging to him. "There must be something real about this," she mused. "Not just a man and a woman with too much time on their hands. When it's lasted more than a year, under cover, with no future—"

"There's a future," he promised her. "When times are better we'll talk to Ross—" But she detected a hollowness in his assurance.

"We've been over all that," she said. "I don't know whether I'd even want a divorce. . . . But I don't like this . . . And yet— Darling . . . I think I'd better go home," she said, dabbing her eyes. "I seem to be rather disintegrated today. I don't know why."

But she knew she wouldn't have felt disintegrated, knew she wouldn't have gone home yet, if her car, this afternoon, hadn't taken her past Poplar Street.

AT DINNER time Ross called up and said he wouldn't be home that night (he had a bedroom and bath in his office); some engineers' reports had just come in and he had to look them over. She spent a jittery evening at home, alone—not that it would have been any better with Ross there; they never seemed to have anything to say to each other, any more. And after that she lay awake almost till daylight, vainly trying not to think.

She had had many serious talks with Willis. More than once she had felt like breaking it off—and she knew he had too, though he was too much of a gentleman to say so. Yet they never had broken it off; so there must be something real about it. . . . It *was* real; it was life—the life she had to have.

Yet there had been a time when some people—people like the Renwicks—hadn't thought life was worth while without honor. . . .

She wondered what the world would be like if people came to feel that honor was more than life. In business, probably, it wouldn't work at all; in personal affairs— She'd be unhappy, and Willis would be unhappy, and Ross would be no better off. No gain there. . . . Still, you couldn't say that she and Willis were exactly happy now. The time was inevitably coming when he'd feel—not just in passing moods, but all the time—that she cost more than she was worth. Perhaps it might be better to break it off now, while they could have the satisfying sense of doing something they didn't want to do, for the sake of feeling clean. . . . And yet, if she let life slip out of her hands a second time—

That was about as far as she had got when at last she dropped off to sleep from sheer exhaustion. Waking at noon, she telephoned to Ross, and learned that he was in a directors' meeting. . . . Willis would be there too. . . .

Again Ross didn't come home for dinner. After dinner she was having a highball in the drawing-room when she heard a car arriving, and presently Ross came in.

She was shocked—frightened too, but shock was uppermost. The figure in the doorway wasn't the president of the Great Valley Holding Company, the hero of a success story; it was a man who was licked.

"Oh, my dear!" she said. "What's happened?" He shrugged, turned away. She started up, ran to him, caught his shoulder. "Am I your wife or am I not?" she demanded. "Talk to me!" He slumped into a chair.

"We're broke," he said. "All Eastwood is broke. Great Valley goes into receivership tomorrow."

SHE supposed she would feel the shock, later; all she was aware of now was a sudden fierce rallying of herself, to stand up to disaster.

"But it's always paid a dividend," she said. "Out of earnings."

"Paramore made up the reports; he could always charge this and that to the surplus so as to show a net. But now there's no more surplus."

"Mingo turned out to be a gold brick?" she asked, forgetting that she wasn't supposed to know about Mingo. He nodded. "And Paramore bought that!" she said. "Ross, he ought to go to jail!" He shrugged.

"I hope not. If he does, Renwick and I will go too. . . . I don't think we will," he said, not seeming to care much whether they did or not. "We've done nothing criminal. But we're pretty sure to be indicted. This whole town is going to wake up tomorrow morning to find itself broke; the district attorney will be afraid not to indict us. . . . I don't doubt Paramore's honesty; he simply thought he couldn't make a mistake. Renwick and I thought so, too. I was busy with operations; and Renwick has seemed to have his mind on something else, this last year. . . . Sorry to have let you in for all this."

"You let me in for all this, too." Her eyes ran round the opulent drawing-room. "Was I ever afraid to take the rough with the smooth?"

And at that he broke down, crying on her shoulder. For the first time in months her arms were around him; yet even as she soothed him she felt a faint revulsion. The man she had thought she was living with, captain of industry and first-generation aristocrat, couldn't have collapsed so completely. So this was the end of the success story.

SHE heard a distant bell; presently a maid announced Mr. Renwick.

"What does he want?" Ross wondered. "We've said all there was to say. I can't see him." But the maid, used to the informal intimacy of the Renwicks and the McQuinns, had already turned back to show him in.

"I'll see him," said Lucia. "You'd better go to bed and get some sleep. But I want to see Willis; he must feel as bad as you do—"

"How can he?" he cried hysterically. "This doesn't mean as much to him as it does to me! Even if he loses everything, he's still a Renwick; but I— What I'd built up was what I was. Now that that's gone, what have I got left?"

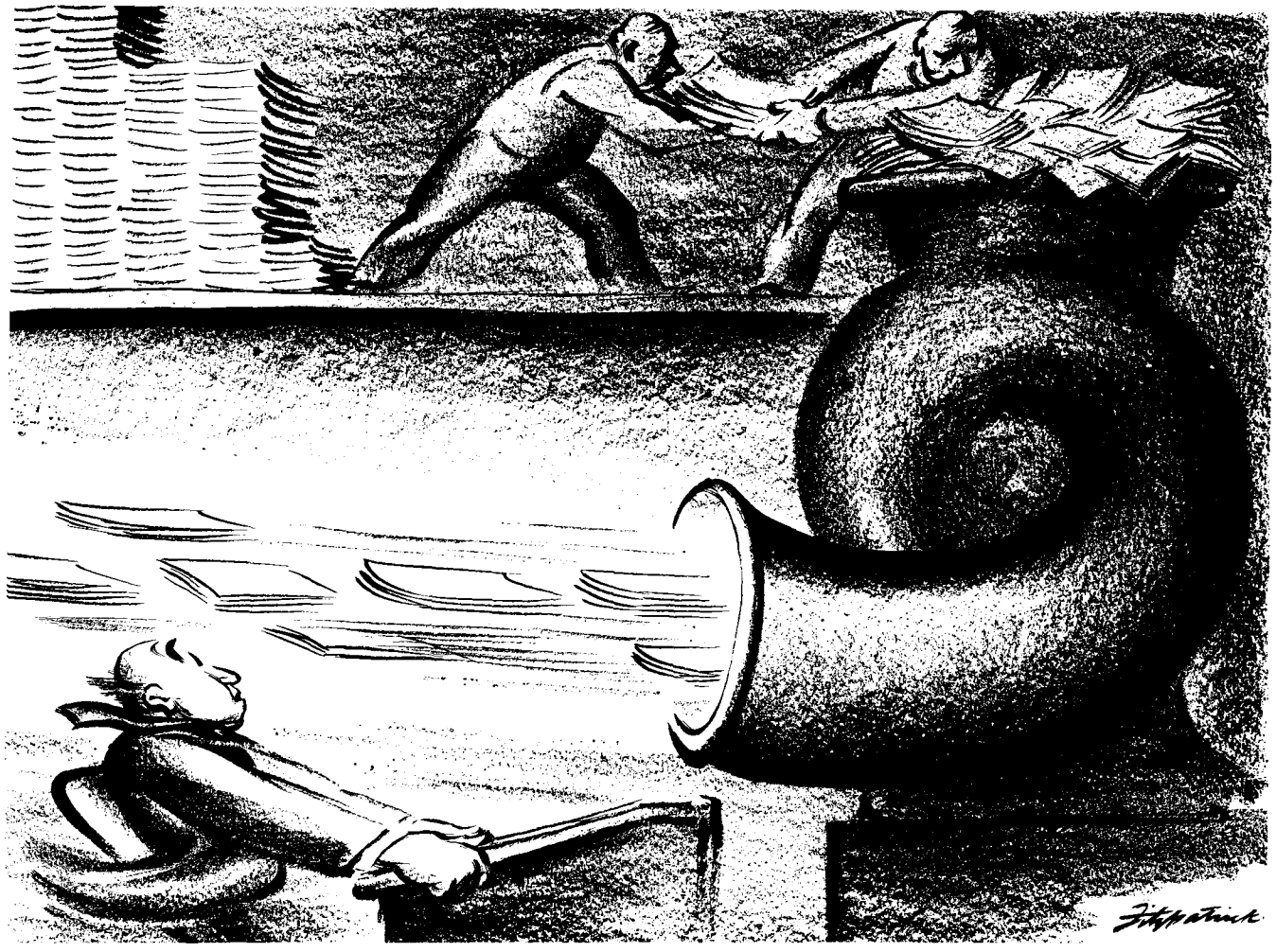
"You have me and the children, Ross." That was the deliberate technique of an actress; he'd been growing farther and farther away from her and the children. It was hokum, but it had its calculated effect. He straightened up, turned toward the inner door.

"Yes—I've got you and the children. I'll do what I can for you."

And now, still numb from the shock, she must readjust herself to another man's needs. . . . But as Willis came in she had the disconcerting conviction that he didn't need her, didn't need anybody. Disaster had shattered Ross, but Willis only looked a little more old-Roman than ever.

(Continued on page 37)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Adjournment week means a frantic rush, with laws being enacted at a rate of one hundred a day

Misrepresentative Government

By John T. Flynn

CARTOONS BY D. R. FITZPATRICK

LET us take the case of that sagacious assemblyman—call him the Honorable Mr. Whosis—though that is not his name. He boasts that he is the only man in the New York legislature who can prove that he is sane. It seems that at some critical crossroads in the existence of this oracular personage, it became necessary to call in some sort of commission of experts to look over his skull and the contents thereof. When the doctors had finished rummaging around in that complex wilderness they gave him a paper addressed to all and sundry certifying that he was not crazy.

Now, when the debate gets thick and blustery, the great legislator upon occasion will stoutly proclaim that he knows what he is talking about, that he is an absolutely sane man, and he will ostentatiously draw from his pocket his certificate and challenge his opponent to do the same. To date no one has been able to meet that defiance.

This, of course, is not to say that the great legislature of New York State is *non compos*. It is possible that every last man of them could successfully run the gantlet of a lunacy commission. But when all the 150 noodles in the New York Assembly are mixed together, whether the resulting brain-hash can be accurately described as sane is a point which will have to be settled by observing the animal in action.

Governor Herbert Lehman, the Democratic leader of New York State, and Mr. W. Kingsland Macy, the Republican leader, are in singular agreement on one point. It is that this curious body of law-mongers is a privately owned, controlled and operated industry. They have both come out for what might be called the public ownership of the state legislature. Mr. Macy, who is the chairman of the Republican State Committee, denounced his own party leaders in the legislature. He charged that his own party is run by electricity; that the power behind the throne is superpower and that the G. O. P. elephant is just a watch charm for the power interests of the state. Aided by the Democratic governor and a set of fortuitous revelations in Washington, he has provoked an investigation of the alleged machinations of the power trust.

As matters stand now it looks as if Mr. Macy will succeed in wrecking either himself or the G. O. P. in New York before the war is over, and in sending a shiver through the body of the already sorely crippled national party. This is the biggest fight in New York State politics since Conkling and Platt lunged at Garfield or since Roosevelt declared war on Odell.

Let us, then, have a look at the boys in action—the bad boys of the New York Assembly who have been the unwilling cause of such a rumpus. After all, they are pretty much like the same boys in Pennsylvania, in New Jersey, in Illinois, in numerous other states. They behave perhaps very much like what Honest John Kelley, Dick Croker's predecessor, used to call the "law carpenters" of your own beloved but harried commonwealth.

It is February. The legislators have been in session since January 3. They are supposed to be at their labors in that monstrous Capitol building in Albany which was begun nearly sixty years ago and which still stands as a classical example of an immortal piece of graft. It was designed to cost $12,000,000. By the time the grafters got through with it the state had shoveled out $25,000,000 for one of the most hideous public buildings in America, which had begun to crack even before it was finished. It is a fitting temple for much that has gone on under its roof this last half-century.

They Call It a Session

I observed above that the Assembly is supposed to be in session. As a matter of fact, there is but a handful around. The members swarm into Albany from New York City, Buffalo, Syracuse, Rochester, Utica and the sticks on Monday evening. They meet, a lot of bills flutter upon the Speaker's desk, a few motions are made and they adjourn. Almost all of them go back to their home districts where they practice law, sell insurance, real estate, jewelry and what not and sit around the district clubhouses drawing inspiration from "the people." They do not return to Albany again until the following Monday night.

Meantime the Speaker, the majority and minority leader, a few committee chairmen and a dozen members or so linger in Albany. Through the week they will sit making what they call "legislative days." The Speaker is on his rostrum. Clerk Hammond is at his desk. Majority leader Dunmore and minority leader Steingut, a small Brooklyn real estate person, are in their places. A few members doze at their desks. The whole comedy could be broken up by a point of "no quorum." But no one ever does that.

The Speaker calls up a bill. It is read by its title and first section, passed to a second reading by unanimous consent, the second reading is dispensed with and it goes, by unanimous consent, to a third reading, when the clerk reads the title again and the last paragraph. Then the Speaker calls for a vote, the bill is passed by the necessary "majority" (which is really back home) and is ready for the governor's signature and a place on the statute books as part of the law of the land for 13,000,000 New Yorkers. Thus the legislature drones along for from eight to ten or more weeks.

Then come the pressing days of April. It is now time to think about adjournment. Bills—thousands of them—have piled up on the Speaker's desk. Committees have given no attention to them. Only a few weeks remain to deal with all the vast and troublesome business of the state.

Now all of the great minds are in their places. There is an immense pother, confusion, milling about. Newspaper-men, pages, clerks and lobbyists, delegations of indignant citizens circle around. The Speaker is at his desk. There is a telephone on it. The Republican leader is at his desk with a telephone. The Democratic leader is at his desk with a telephone. These three telephones communicate. These three worthies can talk together without rising in their places and making speeches to the other nonentities, who do not count.

Madhouse Legislating

When these three gentlemen are on the telephone the Assembly is in session. They are the Assembly. The clerk—Mr. Fred Hammond of Syracuse, who is said to be even more powerful than any of these three—is at his desk. He is calling up and reading bills. There is noise, occasional wrangles, disorder. But in the midst of all this the legislature is passing laws to govern a sovereign people *AT THE RATE OF TWO A MINUTE.*

If there is in this cockeyed world anything crazier than this madhouse method of lawmaking, I cannot imagine what it is.

It is a little appalling when you pause to consider that these champeens and tri-bunes of the pee-pul are dealing with the affairs of the vast Empire State, which has a population as great as that of Austria, Finland and Denmark combined; which spends as much money merely on state business as Austria spends on her national government,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

including her military organization, and nearly half as much as the great nation of Spain spends on all her national concerns. And yet here are these vital matters affecting a population of 13,000,000 people and expenditures of a third of a billion dollars, controlled by a confused and unthinking group of small-bore salesmen, real estate and insurance solicitors and politically ambitious lawyers, who give only a fraction of their attention during a few hectic weeks to problems which would tax the minds of our ablest citizens over a whole year.

A Travesty on Government

A list of the foolish bills introduced in our state legislatures would fill Joe Miller's joke book. In a single year bills were introduced to require every child in the public schools to sing the Star-Spangled Banner at least once a day; another to require all teachers in all schools to display the American flag waving over their desks; another prohibiting the sale of liquor to workingmen except on Saturday night; another requiring all movies to carry at least ten minutes of a program on patriotic subjects and another requiring every bull going through a village at night to display a front and rear light.

I have always been a devout believer in parliamentary government. But parliamentary government as exhibited in our state legislatures represents American government at its lowest and most unintelligent ebb.

It is this legislature of New York which has split the Republican party in the state wide open. For twelve years the Grand Old Party in the Empire State has been running down until now it is missing on all eight cylinders.

The chairman of the Republican State Committee—W. Kingsland Macy—was selected for his job to go out and bring back into the party that great army of deserters who have gotten into the habit of voting for Democratic governors. He is a lawyer, small, incisive, astute, opinionated, scrappy, a man of wealth who can afford to give his time to the job of bossing the big New York elephant with the four left feet.

When Macy was made leader he was foolish enough to suppose that he was to be the boss. But he soon found out about that. He went to convention with a program but found someone had arrived ahead of him with a different program which the convention was all ready to swallow. Then he went to the legislature in 1933 with another program. But there too he discovered that orders had arrived ahead of him and that the legislative leaders were polite but uninterested in him and his program.

That hurt Macy's pride. Like Banquo, he muttered that they had put a barren scepter in his hand and on his head had placed an empty crown. Macy found himself upon the throne, but a certain gentleman named H. Edmund Machold, he decided, was running the show from the adjoining woodpile. Then and there Macy decided on war—war to the knife and knife to the hilt—on Machold.

Who'll Run the Show?

The explosion came after the election of the legislature last November. When Macy found on election night that the Grand Old Party had saved control of the Assembly he decided to strike. He aimed his blow at the clerk of the Assembly—apparently a very unimportant office. Macy decided that Fred Hammond of Syracuse, who has been clerk since 1914, must be ousted. Hammond, he declared, was the tip of the tail that wagged the snout of the dog—the snout being the Speaker. The Speaker controls the legislature. The clerk controls the Speaker and the Assembly, and Macy's arch-enemy, H. Edmund Machold, controlled Hammond. Just how Machold controlled Hammond, Macy refused to inform me. But how Hammond dominates the legislature after a fashion is simple enough.

The clerk of a state assembly can be a very powerful person. This is so in many legislatures. Few people could tell you the name of this apparently humble official in their own state legislature. But legislatures have plenty of machinery. They are, indeed, all machinery. And the clerk, if he knows his business, with his hands on this machinery can exert a more powerful influence in the blocking of legislation than any member of the body.

The clerk of the New York Assembly has always been a formidable individual. Strangely enough, when Charles Evans Hughes as governor launched his battle for a utilities commission in New York, it was Ray Smith, also of Syracuse, clerk of the Assembly, who led the fight against him. The bills in opposition to Hughes' bills were called the Ray Smith bills. The clerk controls the patronage of the Assembly. It is little enough—about 200 or more jobs for a few months and runs to some $400,000 in wages. It is a lamentable commentary on a legislative body that one of its employees can pretty nearly control it with such a pitiful amount of spoils. But the clerk can also exercise what amounts to the power of life and death over the local bills in which the members are so interested.

Macy demanded when the Assembly gathered last January that Hammond be shelved. Speaker McGinnies and the legislative leaders decided to stand by Hammond. And for five weeks the Assembly of New York did absolutely nothing but scrap over this clerkship. In the end Hammond won. Macy declares it was by a trick. But whatever the method, Hammond sits at his clerk's desk and the old leaders run the legislature.

Former United States Senator Wadsworth, who thinks he may be nominated as President, and Ogden Mills, who says the nation needs another President like William McKinley and thinks he is a close enough resemblance, together with all the Old Guard Republicans, have looked on dismayed. But apparently they are slowly taking their places against the warlike chairman of the Republican Committee. But the going is getting pretty hot on both sides. For Macy has chosen as his battlefield the power issue. New York has been treated to the spectacle of the chairman of the Republican party in the state denouncing his own party.

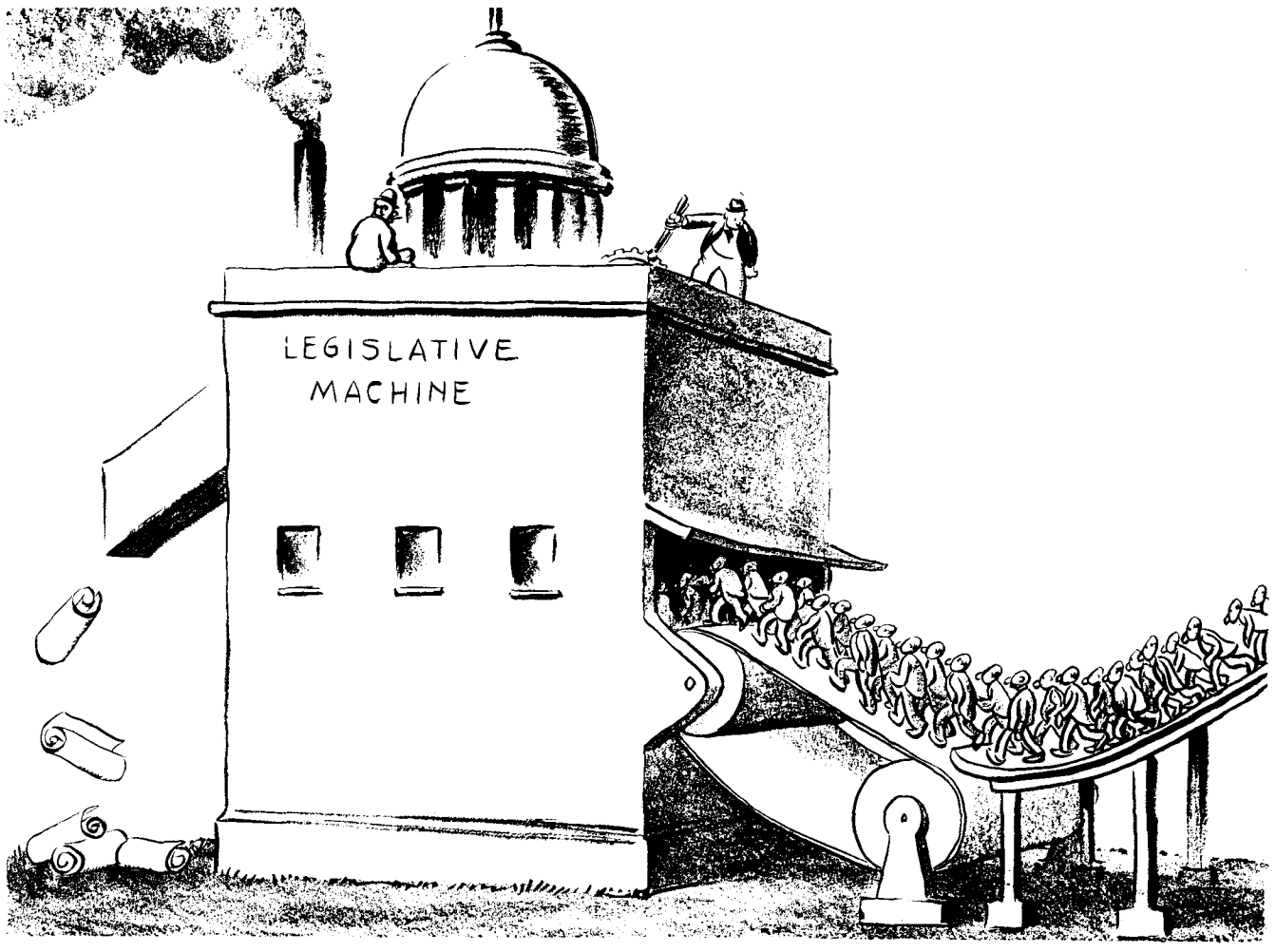
Macy's case is put thus: The legislature, he asserts, is dominated by the power trust, and H. Edmund Machold, Mr. Macy's predecessor as chairman of the Republican State Committee, is the agent of the power groups in this control. Machold served for twelve years in the Assembly. He was one of the rare exceptions among the members in the matter of ability. He was pleasant, likable, adroit as well as able, and rose to be a dominating figure in the Assembly. Then from 1921 to 1924 he served as Speaker and absolute ruler of the body. When he left he joined forces with Floyd Carlisle, head of the Niagara Hudson Power Company, in some of his up-state ventures. Then in 1925 he was made chairman of the Republican State Committee.

When he gave up that post he resumed his Carlisle connection and became a high official in the Niagara Hudson group. Macy charges that Machold made McGinnies Speaker and held Hammond in as clerk and that he dominates these men and that through them he is able to dictate to the legislature of the state. Thus the power

(Continued on page 39)

Three men do it. They run the New York State Legislature with the greatest of ease by means of a device that makes it simple to get local bills passed but almost impossible to pass a law of general state policy. When it's geared up and running right, toward the close of the session, this three-man machine passes laws at the rate of two a minute. It's a highly ingenious device for misrepresenting the people

Individual representatives are fodder for New York's closely controlled state legislature



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

There wasn't the least possibility of a mistake. What I saw was perfectly clear

In a Glass Darkly

The uncanny story of a man who saw the shadow of coming events

By Agatha Christie

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

I'VE no explanation of this story. I've no theories about the why and wherefore of it. It's just a thing—that happened.

All the same, I sometimes wonder how things would have gone if I'd noticed at the time just that one essential detail that I never appreciated until so many years afterwards. If I *had* noticed it—well, I suppose the course of three lives would have been entirely altered. Some how—that's a very frightening thought.

For the beginning of it all, I've got to go back to the summer of 1914—just before the war—when I went down to Badgeworthy with Neil Carslake. Neil was, I suppose, about my best friend. I'd known his brother Alan too, but not so well. Sylvia, their sister, I'd never met. She was two years younger than Alan and three years younger than Neil. Twice, while we were at school together, I'd been going to spend part of the holidays with Neil at Badgeworthy and twice something had intervened. So it came about that I was twenty-three when I first saw Neil and Alan's home.

We were to be quite a big party there. Neil's sister Sylvia had just got engaged to a fellow called Charles Crawley. He was, so Neil said, a good deal older than she was, but a thoroughly decent chap and quite reasonably well-off.

We arrived, I remember, about seven o'clock in the evening. Everyone had gone to his room to dress for dinner. Neil took me to mine. Badgeworthy was an attractive, rambling old house. It had been added to freely in the last three centuries and was full of little steps up and down, and unexpected staircases. It was the sort of house in which it's not too easy to find your way about. I remember Neil promised to come and fetch me on his way down to dinner. I was feeling a little shy at the prospect of meeting his people for the first time. I remember saying with a laugh that it was the kind of house where one expected to meet ghosts in the passages, and he said carelessly that he believed the place was said to be haunted but that none of them had ever seen anything, and he didn't even know what form the ghost was supposed to take.

THEN he hurried away and I set to work to dive into my suitcases for my evening clothes. The Carslakes weren't well-off; they clung on to their old home, but there were no men servants to unpack for you or valet you.

Well, I'd just got to the stage of tying my tie. I was standing in front of the glass. I could see my own face and shoulders and behind them the wall of the room—a plain stretch of wall just broken in the middle by a door—and just as I had finally settled my tie I noticed that the door was opening.

I don't know why I didn't turn round—I think that would have been the natural thing to do; anyway, I didn't. I just watched the door swing slowly open—and as it swung I saw into the room beyond.

It was a bedroom—a larger room than mine—with two bedsteads in it, and suddenly I caught my breath.

For at the foot of one of those beds was a girl and round her neck were a pair of man's hands and the man was slowly forcing her backwards and squeezing her throat as he did so, so that the girl was being slowly suffocated.

There wasn't the least possibility of a mistake. What I saw was perfectly clear. What was being done was murder.

I could see the girl's face clearly, her vivid golden hair, the agonized terror of her beautiful face, slowly suffusing with blood. Of the man I could only see his back, his hands, and a scar that ran down the left side of his face towards his neck.

It's taken some time to tell, but in reality only a moment or two passed while I stared dumfounded. Then I wheeled round to the rescue. . . .

AND on the wall behind me, the wall reflected in the glass, there was only a large Victorian mahogany wardrobe. No open door—no scene of violence. I swung back to the mirror. The mirror reflected only the wardrobe. . . .

I passed my hands across my eyes. Then I sprang across the room and tried to pull forward the wardrobe and at that moment Neil entered by the other door from the passage and asked me what the hell I was trying to do.

He must have thought me slightly barmy as I turned on him and demanded whether there was a door behind the wardrobe. He said, yes there was a door, it led into the next room. I asked him who was occupying the room and he said some people called Oldham—a

(Continued on page 44)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Who's Got Rhythm?

By Quentin Reynolds

You can never tell, especially if it's golf rhythm you're talking about. Babe Ruth's perfect timing with the bat doesn't help him with the putter. And as for adagio dancers—well, just take an example

MAURICE SEYMOUR STUDIOS

Veloz and Yolanda, the dancing team whose performance fills the night clubs to capacity

I ALWAYS thought that an adagio dancer was a long slim man with patent-leather hair slicked back and wearing a perpetual phony smile. If you think that I didn't like adagio dancers, why, that's right, too. And then someone told me about an adagio dancer named Bobby Vernon and he said that Bobby Vernon was the best adagio dancer in the world.

"So what?" I said.

"So you ought to catch his act," he told me, "because this lad is tops and he throws a little doll by the name of Gwen Stone all over the joint and it is a source of constant surprise that she doesn't get killed every night."

I disguised myself as a cash customer and went to see the act and although I started watching with a "show me" attitude I wound up feeling as though I had just watched Firpo knock Dempsey through the ropes again. It started off with the lights going out and then a lad with wavy hair introducing "Vernon and Stone." A spotlight came on and then two husky lads, who shall hereafter be called The Stooges, came out.

Then Vernon and Stone stepped out to a roll of drums but Vernon was not wearing any patent-leather hair or any phony smile at all. Instead, he was a pleasant, well-built kid and he looked as if he might have been a baseball player, or a welterweight fighter.

Now an orchestra started to play something tasty and the Vernon boy went to work. I mean he went to work. The stooges kept picking up that ninety-six pounds of Stone girl and tossing it around and Vernon kept catching her.

He did a lot of stunts with her that seemed to me to come under the head of assault and battery, but she didn't seem to mind. Vernon, the head of my adagio department tells me, is the inventor of a number of stunts such as the neck spin, in which he twirls the rigid body of the girl on his neck until the two look like an animated pinwheel. And Bobby Vernon weighs only 140 pounds himself.

It's Hard on Your Nerves

His most remarkable performance, however, came when he ran full tilt across the floor and as he ran the two stooges threw the Stone girl. Vernon caught her casually on the dead run, just as she was about to hit the floor. He did this a dozen times and you felt very nervous by now. When the act ended midst a storm of applause you felt the need of strong stimulant. Later Vernon and Stone sat down and we talked it over and Vernon wanted to bet that Gene Tunney could have beaten Carnera and Baer on the same night and he wanted to bet that the Giants would win the pennant again. It develops that Vernon trains like a fighter and in fact he once did a lot of amateur boxing and he is the kind of a lad whose right-hand punch you wouldn't care to stop with your bare chin. So I asked him the secret of his success. Why didn't he get floored when he caught her as he did? Why was it he never missed? Or did he ever miss?

"I've been at it nine years," he said proudly, "and never lost a partner yet. The secret of it can be told in one word—rhythm."

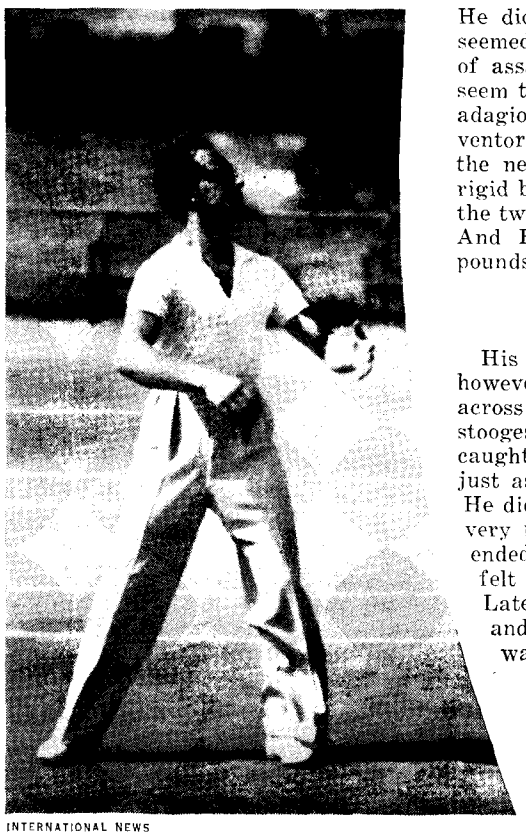
"How do you spell it?"

That baffled him for a moment. "Call it sense of balance, then. They tell us we have the best act of its kind in the business. It's because—and we don't take any special credit for this—Miss Stone and I have a keen natural sense of rhythm. When we rehearse a new act we do it this way. We put seven or eight pieces of paper on the floor. My partners grab Miss Stone and toss her, not at me, but at one of those pieces of paper. It's up to me to be there on time.

"Then perhaps I toss her back or she dances back to them and I start moving to the next piece of paper. They throw her again. We do this over and over again and after a while we don't need the bits of paper to guide us. Then we do it to music. The beat of the music tells me when I have to be at that spot where she is to be thrown. The whole thing gets to be second nature. Our sense of balance and this rhythm we seem to have unconsciously developed take care of things.

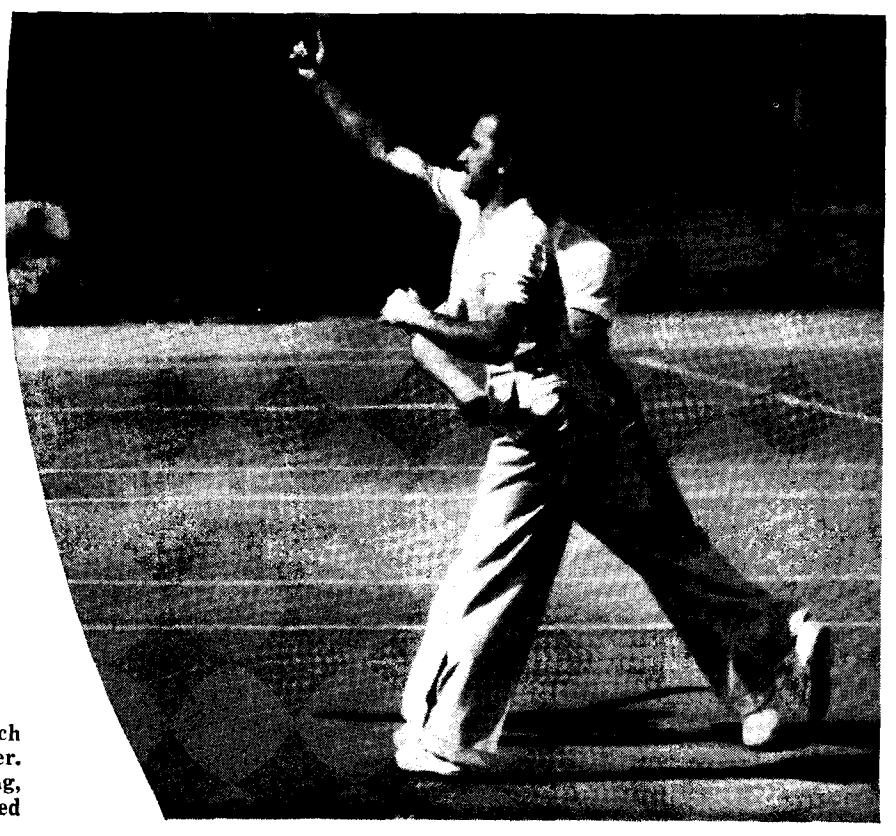
"It's like a spot forward pass in football," he added. "The man who throws the ball throws it at a spot. It's up to the receiver to be there. There has to be perfect coördination between them.

(Continued on page 29)



INTERNATIONAL NEWS

Bobby Vernon, poised to catch Gwen Stone, his aërial partner. It looks like a hard landing, but Miss Stone isn't worried



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

He knew her Mother

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By Frank Condon

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

HIS name was Fred and he was strolling idly along the boardwalk, looking at the girls in their red bathing costumes, with their shining white legs, and wishing he were twenty-one. He wore a fancy gray suit, tan shoes with white tops and he swung a cane.

He was halfway down the boardwalk when he recognized a woman coming toward him. "It's Irma," he muttered. "Sure, it's Irma." The woman came on toward him, seeing nobody, just walking. Suddenly the man stopped and said: "Hello, Irma." She turned her head toward him, edging away slightly. Her expression was puzzled.

"I can see you don't even remember me," the man said. "I'm Fred Hoskins."

"No," said the woman, and her lips opened into a smile. "Not Fred?"

"Yes, I'm Fred."

They stood still on the boardwalk, staring at each other, the woman with a half-smile, the man serious and almost grim. She was in her forties, but her figure was that of a trim, young woman. Her eyes were bright and smiling.

"I never expected to see you again," she remarked. "It's a long time, isn't it?"

"Yes, it's twenty years. That's a long time, sure enough. I can't get over the way you look."

"Why?"

"I just can't believe it. I don't believe you're Irma, even now."

"I'm the same Irma," she replied, laughing. "Still, this is very queer, isn't it?"

"It's queer, all right. Let's sit down somewhere and talk. I want to talk to you."

"Very well, Fred. Where shall we sit?"

"Let's walk out there on the sand."

He took her arm and they plodded across the beach.

WHEN she sat down and faced him, he regarded her with a mixture of glumness and amazement, while her own attitude continued to be cheerful. . . . "I'm awfully glad to see you again, Fred," she told him. "I've thought about you so much—only the other day."

The wind whipped her skirt a bit and he noticed her slim ankles and small feet—just as shapely as they had ever been.

"I suppose you're married," she began.

"No," he said, poking into the sand with his fingers. "I'm not married. How about you?"

"Still hoping," she laughed. "An old maid, I guess."

"Don't talk nonsense. Where do you live?"

"Chicago. And you?"

"New York. It's hard to realize that we two are talking together again. It's like a dream."

"Yes," she said in a quiet voice. "It does seem strange. I didn't expect we'd see each other, ever again. And now that we have met, I think you ought to tell me."

"About why I left?"

She nodded. There was no trace of melancholy or reproach in her eyes, but only curiosity.

"I never knew," she added.

"All right. I'll tell you, Irma, and I'm glad of this chance to face you and clear it up. You can know now that I'm ashamed of myself and feel like a fool."

Twenty years before, when he was twenty-six and Irma younger still, these same two lived in Brooklyn, not many blocks apart. They were sweethearts, engaged to be married. Everyone said it was an ideal love match. As might be expected, Fred was a constant caller at Irma's modest home, where he often waited cheerfully while she powdered her nose. . . . On these occasions, he usually chatted with her mother, who sat in a large chair, knitting.

After a long time, a vague uneasiness came over Fred, slowly at first, then increasing. He began to be disturbed and unhappy in his mind. He found himself worrying and asking a wordless question and the question was always the same, namely: "Can you live with a fat wife? Irma is bound to be fat."

THAT was the problem that grew in Fred's mind, and gnawed at him day and night. He used to sit in the living-room, waiting for Irma and staring at her mother, who was a fat woman, and excessively so. As the mamma is now, he thought, the daughter will be tomorrow, even as the sparks fly upward.

Fred had a horror of fat women, knew that he would never be able to stand a fat wife, and he gazed at the cheerful mother knitting and groaned that she should be so bulbous. Then without a word of explanation, not a line of writing, or even a telephone call, Fred passed out of sight, vanished from Brooklyn and Irma, fled the scene, a coward and a quitter. He went all the way to Shanghai. There he made money and became a business man in the auto trade. Now, sitting on the Atlantic sands, facing the same Irma, he reviewed his past, as he looked at her grimly.

"I made a mistake, Irma," he said slowly. "Ours was a love affair in a million, sweet and friendly and perfect, and I ruined it with my foolish fears."

They sat for at least an hour chatting of the past and his eyes were never off her face.

"Irma," he said at length, with deep feeling, "it isn't too late. . . . Let us be married now, after all these wasted years."

She looked at him gently and shook her head.

"I'm afraid," she said, "that marriage is not for us now, Fred. We had happiness, but we opened the door and the bluebird flew away. It is sweet of you to speak of marriage, but the world changes, times change, and we change with them."

"Irma," he pleaded, "we were made for each other. It was all my stupidity."

She continued to shake her head. He argued for more than an hour, sitting on the beach, running the white sand through his fingers. At five o'clock, she said: "Fred, I'm afraid I'll have to be going. I have an engagement for dinner with some old friends and I'll have to dress."

"I'm sorry," he said, and dismally arose to his feet, helped her stand, and brushed the sands from her skirt. They passed across to the boardwalk where they had met, and stood for some instants in silence.

"I hope this isn't goodby," he muttered. "If I had only known what I know now!"

"Don't be so serious, Fred. Life is filled with mistakes. I'll see you again, certainly."

"But where?"

"Oh, out in Chicago. We're simply bound to meet again."

Her manner was airy now, as if to cheer him. She bade him farewell with a gay smile and hurried away, and Fred moved slowly back to his hotel to dress for dinner. He went up to his room, feeling depressed, rang the bell and ordered ice water. He then began changing his clothes. Outside in the corridor, he could hear the voices of bell-hops.

"Hey, Joe, come on. Gimme a chance. I'd like to get that dollar back."

"I can't—not now. I got to get ice water for that fat guy."

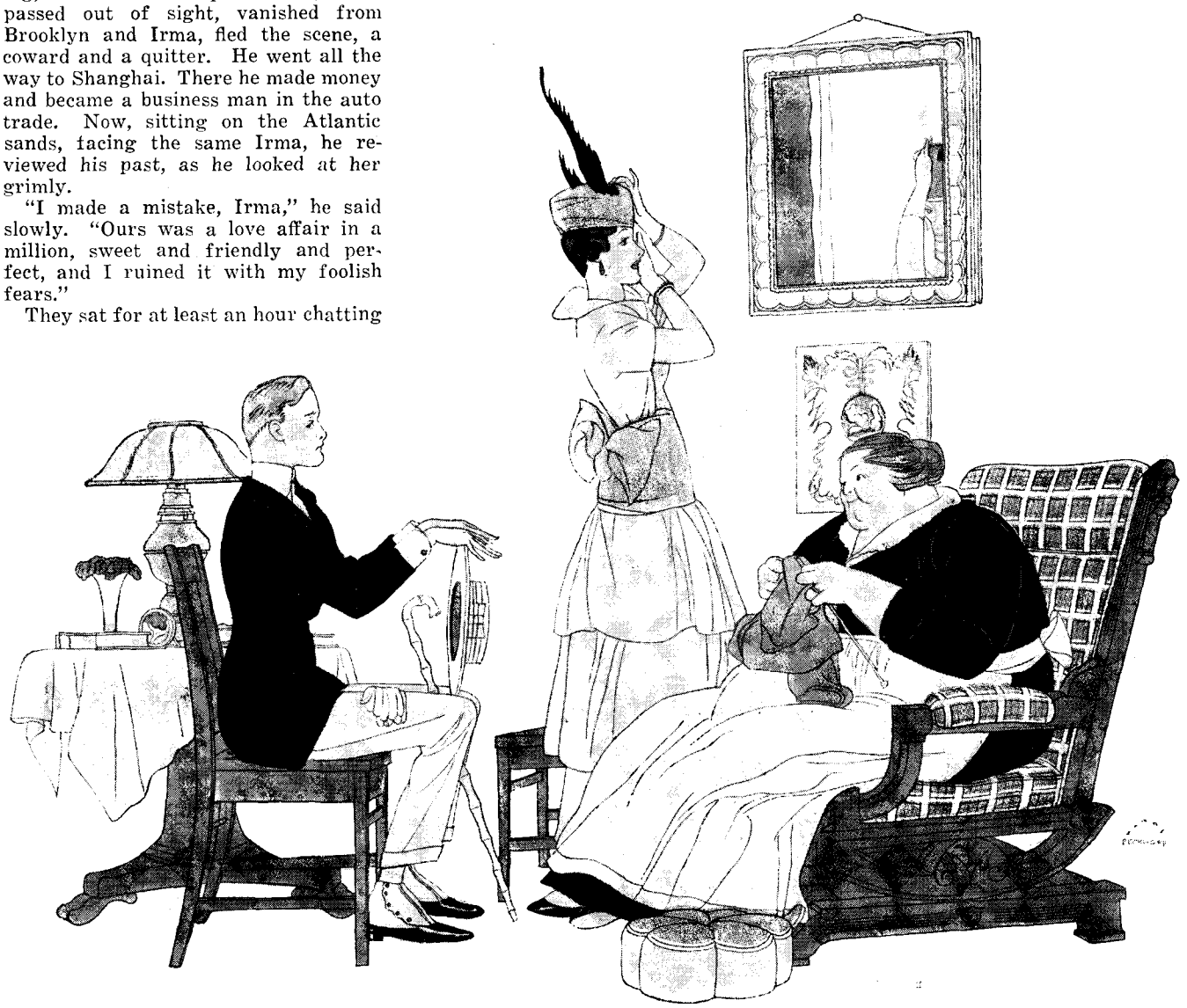
"What fat guy?"

"The fat fella in two-twenty-two."

FRED was partly undressed, standing in his shirt and shorts. He turned to face the mirror, a three-panel glass, and he could see himself from top to bottom—all over—sideways and head on. He touched his fingers to his chin, and then to his throat, where there were other chins, little ones. He stared at his stomach, held in leash by the band on his shorts. He moved his legs, pillars, heavy and pale. His arms were pale, too, and broad, but not muscular.

"H'm," he said musingly, "what do you know about that?"

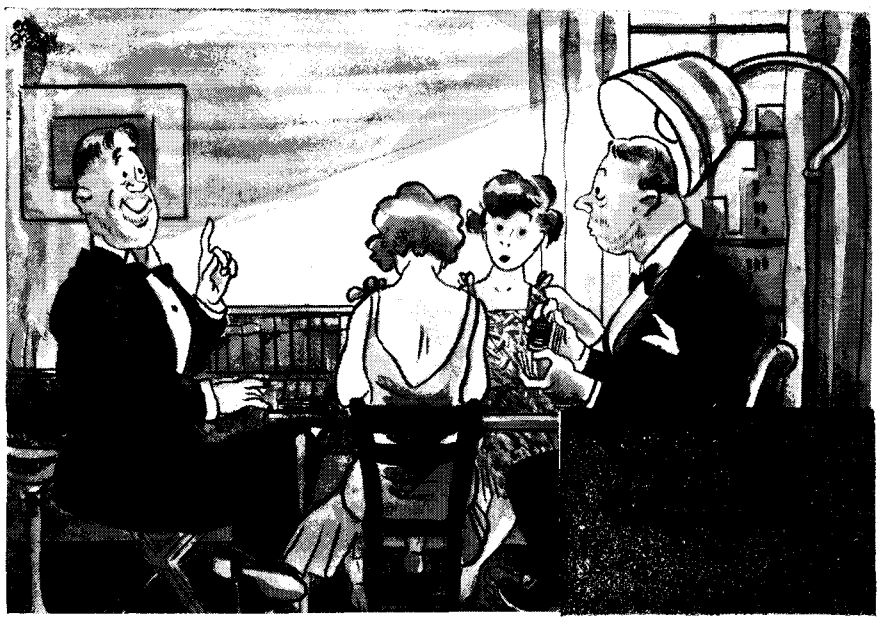
He was still standing there, thinking, when the bell-hop arrived with the ice water.



He used to sit in the living-room, staring at her mother

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

We were desperate. The enemy, with superior forces, was about to annihilate us. Retreat was cut off, resistance impossible. All was lost save hope. A battle scene? Not at all, just a crisis in tournament bridge. Mr. Barclay shows you how the masters of the game, in moments of inspiration, "shoot for"—and sometimes make—impossible scores



Shooting Stars

By Shepard Barclay

MY LEFT wing is crumbling, my right is being overwhelmed," said Marshal Foch, "I will attack in the center."

That immortal echo of the First Marne is paraphrased in all the mimic crises of competitive sport, physical and mental. The baseball player swings desperately for the home run needed to win the game in the ninth. The boxer "puts everything he has" into one last knockout effort against the man who has outsparred him to the final round. The game football team uncorks a closing shower of forward passes in its try for the necessary touchdown. The hard-pressed golfer risks an almost impossible shot over high trees as a short cut to the home green.

So in tournament bridge the player with a will to win refuses to accept defeat while there is yet the remotest semblance of a chance for him. If a "big swing" is needed to wipe out the opponents' lead, he tries for it, and when he does he supplies the greatest drama the game can provide. The qualities of heart and mind that make the great fighter in war, boxing, football, baseball, golf or business are the selfsame ones that cause a great bridge player to rise to the heights of ingenuity and skill when defeat is threatening.

Most bridge championships, and in fact most of the lesser tournaments too, result in close finishes. The margin of just a few match points usually separates the winners from those immediately back of them. Frequently the play of a single card will decide the issue. Knowing this, the daring player, who feels that he needs a strong finish to overhaul somebody ahead of him, will exercise his wits to the limit to figure out some sensational stroke that may turn the tide his way.

Contract Means Action

Contract bridge brings immeasurably more opportunities for spectacular achievements than did auction. The tremendous scores possible by means of slam bids and big "sets" of the opponents are peculiar to the modern game. They afford opportunities to go after spectacular results by brilliant moves which find no counterpart in any other mental contest. All such efforts have one feature in common—the endeavor to get better than a "natural" score from the deal, a score better than "what was dealt into the cards." But they are obtained in three widely different ways—one by seeking a tremendous score for making a contract which others might not attempt, another by striving to cut down the amount opponents are due to get on a deal, a third by attempting to get a plus score when the opponents are better equipped to do so.

Some kind of ruse is usually essential to the success of all these ventures, whether the ruse is in the form of an unorthodox bid, a strong pass, a weak double or a bluff redouble. If the opponents are not fooled by the ruse, if they refuse to be deceived as to the nature of the daring player's hand, then the artifice fails and the result is usually disastrous. Attempting such tactics too often would bring nothing but a heavy load of grief to the overdaring adventurer. But used at the right time, when real opportunities beckon, they pay rich dividends.

One of the most spectacular bids since the beginning of contract bridge was made by Commander Winfield Liggett, Jr., in a recent tournament, on this hand:

Spades, A; Hearts, J 7 4 3; Diamonds, K J 9 7 6 5 4 2; Clubs, none.

The player at his left had opened with a Sims two bid in spades, showing a veritable rock-crusher hand containing not over three losing cards. After a pass by Lig's partner, the opponent at his right called three clubs, a positive response, instead of the usual negative two no trump. The Commander could see a certain slam bid on the way in clubs or spades. Being not vulnerable, he foresaw himself eventually bidding seven diamonds as a sacrifice.

"If I should bid the seven diamonds right now," he reasoned, "before they have a chance to exchange any more information, the dealer may reckon that his partner's positive response included, among other cards, the spade Ace." So he bid seven diamonds—the rarity of a grand slam bid after the opponents had started with a game-demand call and received a positive response. The dealer fell into the trap and bid seven spades, which the Commander of course doubled and defeated by one trick for a big top score on the hand.

Patience That Paid

Immediate action is by no means an essential to "shooting," which is the term applied by tournament players to desperate efforts for unusual results. It is based of course on the old expression, "shooting the works." Patience is sometimes a factor in "shooting," as with this hand held by Dr. I. H. Shelly of Philadelphia:

Spades, none; Hearts, 5; Diamonds, A K Q; Clubs, A K 10 9 8 7 6 4 2.

A dealer's bid of six clubs would surely be bid on this hand at every other table, but Dr. Shelly passed! The opponents began bidding the major suits. Each time his turn came he passed again, until eventually one of them said four hearts. Then, after his orgy of passes, he meekly bid five clubs. An opponent named five spades. He now bid six clubs, sounding like an intentional sacrifice to keep the opponents from a game. They doubled him and of course he made it. Patience was rewarded, for the most impetuous players in the game failed to lure a double as he did.

Fancy passing for a somewhat different purpose was done by Sir Derrick Wernher, president of the American Bridge League, with this hand:

Spades, Q 8 5 4 3; Hearts, A K Q 7 3; Diamonds, K 6; Clubs, 2.

Neither side being vulnerable, he decided to play a waiting game after the opponent at his right bid a spade. His pass was followed by one no trump from the man at his left, two clubs from Sir Derrick's partner, two spades by the original bidder and then a business double by Sir Derrick. The hand was set three tricks for a total of 450 points, a much better score than otherwise could be made by Sir Derrick's side, which was unable to make game.

Passing for Profit

All of the first-flight players know how to make use of the deceptive pass for penalties. One historic pass of this type was made by David Burnstine, whose great victories in the 1933-34 season make him the ranking player of the game. It came in the Vanderbilt Cup finals of 1931, with players of the first rank against him. This was the deal:

North
S. 9 8
H. A 5 3 2
D. A K 8 7 4
C. Q 10

West	*East*
S. A K J 10 2	S. 4
H. Q 7	H. K J 10 9 8 4
D. Q 3	D. J 9 5 2
C. J 7 5 2	C. 9 8

South
S. Q 7 6 5 3
H. 6
D. 10 6
C. A K 6 4 3

North had bid a diamond, Oswald Jacoby in the East a semi-psychic two hearts to "crowd the bidding," South two spades, and Mr. Burnstine in the West resisted the normal impulse to double. He passed, refusing to warn the opponents of their danger. After North bid two no trump and South raised to three no trump, Mr. Burnstine doubled, and the contract was set three tricks vulnerable. At the other table of the match, West doubled the spades at his first opportunity, so that the opponents played the hand in three clubs and were beaten only one trick.

Louis J. Haddad of Chicago, one of the West's finest players, had such a pronounced preference for no trump contracts that he actually bid three no trump on this freak hand:

Spades, K 6; Hearts, 7; Diamonds, 3 2; Clubs, A K Q 8 6 5 4 3.

He was pressing for a strong finish, when his right-hand opponent opened with a spade bid. Hoping for spade leads, he made the amazing stab of three no trump. Sure enough, a spade was opened to the Ace, then another spade led, and Haddad was "in" with his King and ran the eight club tricks which brought him game.

No presentation of "shooting" feats could be complete without an example of unorthodox bidding by the most spectacular of all "psychic" bidders, Mrs. Philip Hal Sims, who originated the name for such tactics and is the only person who ever wrote a book entirely on that subject. Here is a specimen of her brilliancy:

Mrs. Sims' Hand: Spades, A 10 5 3; Hearts, A Q 6 2; Diamonds, A K J 3; Clubs, 9.

(Continued on page 48)

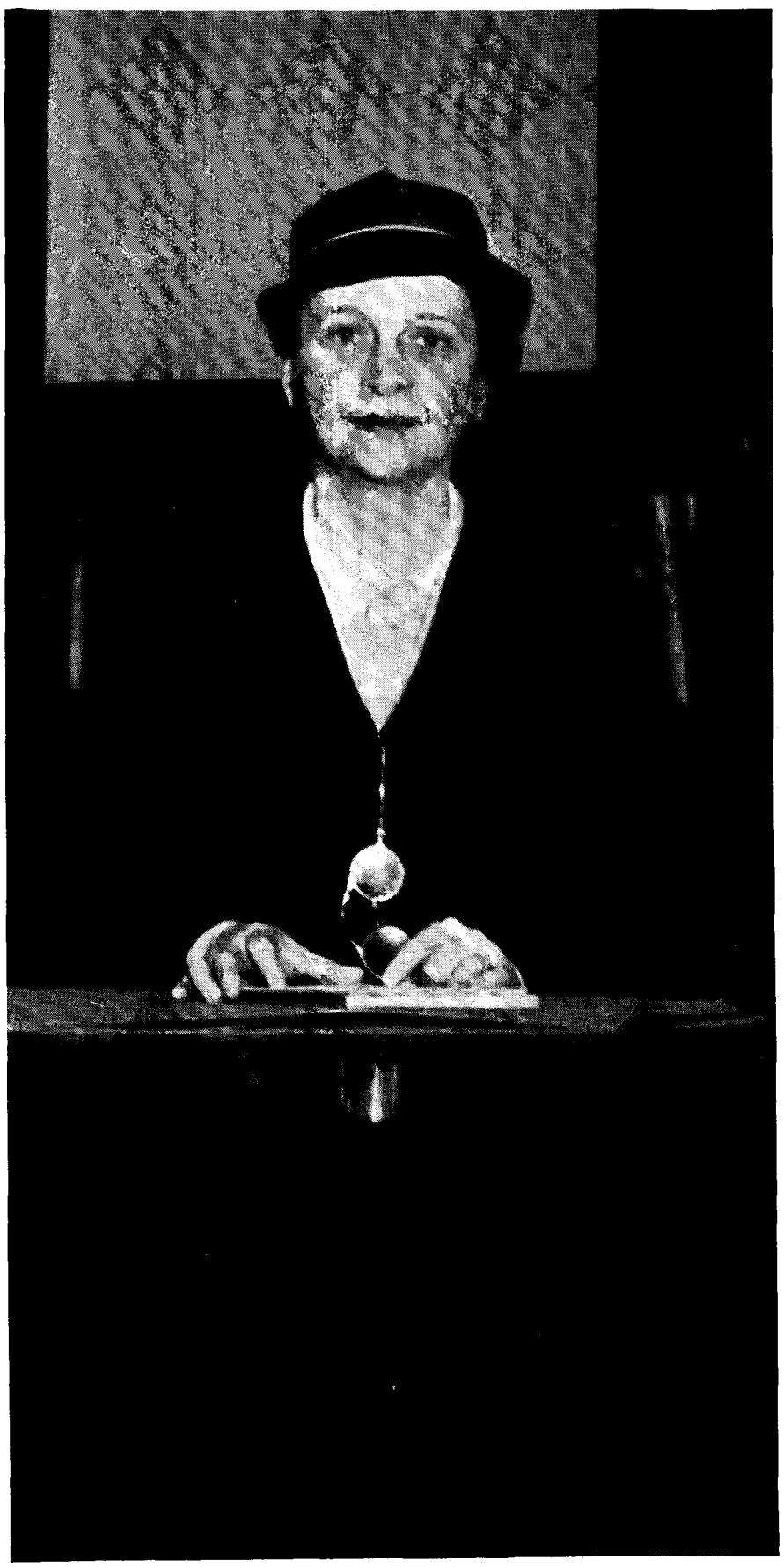
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Fearless Frances

In the face of sneers and prejudice our first woman Secretary has earned a reputation of being the best man in the Cabinet. Those who thought that Madame Secretary would be easy to coerce have found themselves put, slightly dazed, in their places

By Ray Tucker

Collier's Washington Staff Writer



PHOTOGRAPH BY IFOR THOMAS, COLLIER'S STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER

"YOU watch her," replied the President, when a friend asked what led him to upset precedent by appointing the first woman member of any Cabinet. "She is a brilliant person."

Frances Perkins had need of all the admiration her big boss could spare when her quaint, black, tricorn hat bobbed into the office of Secretary of Labor, one of several high posts which a woman seemed least fitted to fill. Even after Washington had grown used to a coeducational Cabinet, she seemed hopelessly out of place. It was not a question of her ability so much as a particularly tough tradition. Not only had the position always gone to a man; it had gone to a roughneck kind of male with hell on his tongue and hair on his chest.

He was supposed, in recent administrations at least, to be such a pal of the labor leaders that he could enlist their support in time of industrial and political trouble. Puddler Jim Davis and Uncle Billie Doak, her two immediate predecessors, were great at slapping the boys on their overalls and boasting about the days when they toted a full dinner pail—Republican, of course—and carried a union card. So essential was it to select a good fellow that President Hoover let Davis hang on for many months after inauguration while the labor leaders squabbled over his successor. Although these two accomplished almost nothing for labor in the abstract or in the factory, performing routine, departmental duties in a lackadaisical way, among their political friends there was grave doubt whether Miss Perkins' precise, pastel speech would match the glib well-you-son-of-a-guns which Messrs. Doak and Davis were so generous in dispensing.

To hear this criticism, it was a good bet that this feminine stowaway would surely sink the ship of state. Imagine it—a gal as generalissimiss of America's carpenters, riveters, longshoremen and coal miners! William Green, president of the American Federation of Labor, declared that he would never become reconciled to the appointment of an outsider. Henry S. Pritchett, president of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching, advanced the suspicion of a still larger class of dissenters. He insisted that her advocacy of ratification of the child labor amendment was an "extraordinary proceeding for an administrative official," and he wondered if it did not clinch the charge that women in politics are "sentimental rather than thoughtful."

When Nobody Seemed Satisfied

Some members of the President's official family grumbled. Several Cabineteers, great, big he-men who snarled against woman suffrage until the torches of their last anti-rally sent up only an ill-smelling smudge, and who declined to have a "lady" in their departments, grunted. They did not relish the prospect of sitting around the elliptical Cabinet table with a woman who might cramp their gangling legs and language. Fellow sufferers of the predominant sex howled when she decided that she would like to be called "Madame Secretary," and when she announced that she would sign the pay roll as Frances Perkins rather than by her married name of Mrs. Paul Wilson. What, they wanted to know, was happening to such fine old American institutions as kitchens and kitchen cabinets!

President Roosevelt, who has an uncanny faculty for picking up such stray gossip, said, "Watch her." He also sought to bolster her spirit, although she soon showed that she needed no White House reinforcements. Besides assigning her the hardest tasks from the start, he tries to inject a little humor, a little gayety, into her days—days so crowded with self-assumed cares and conferences that she rarely removes her hat from breakfast to dinner time. He plays pranks on her in the most businesslike moments. Once her secretary turned from the telephone to announce that a man named Franklin wished to talk to her.

"Franklin? Franklin?" questioned Miss Perkins, who cannot be bothered by casual calls of any kind. "I don't know anybody by that name. Find out who he is and whom he works for."

The secretary returned and explained: "He says his name is Franklin Roosevelt, and he works for the United States."

Madame Secretary Speaks Her Mind

Miss Perkins has other powerful allies, and not the least influential is her old comrade-in-reform, Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt. The President's wife settled down in a front seat at the first Senate committee hearing where her friend met the Klieg lights—and Congress. Mrs. Roosevelt had no fear for the new Secretary of Labor; she knitted, a cryptic smile on her face, while Miss Perkins told one congressman that his statement "didn't make sense," and begged another to be "realistic."

Standing as she testified, a curious figure in her black, tricorn hat, her black cape-coat and the single artificial flower which brightened the grim ensemble, she poured out facts and opinions in clipped and uncompromising words. There was rejoicing in such belligerently divided camps as the League of Women Voters and the National Woman's Party. The two warring groups went forth to tea with tears of pride, and they feel that they have had no reason to regret their first reaction. With Mrs. Roosevelt, Miss Perkins has done a lot to awaken women everywhere to a keener sense of civic unity and energy.

She still has her critics but they are found in a few fairly restricted groups. Some labor leaders sulk because they think she is too much of a welfare worker in her approach to industrial problems and psychology. Some industrialists feel that she is too impulsive and impatient in her demand for changes which, in their opinion, ought to come more slowly. Industry, they maintain, cannot now afford the expenditures which some of her proposals would entail. But the mass of workingmen do not share their leaders' views. Reports of their conventions invariably record the ovations given her. In urging unemployment insurance, old-age pensions, minimum wages, shorter hours, planned public works and more thought on the problem of economic security, she summons capital and labor to a joint crusade rather than to class war. In the same way she declares that a large section of industry has "risen honorably" to its new trusts and responsibilities, and places it on its honor for the future.

Although she still mystifies the capital because she does not conform to type, she is recognized, with Secretaries Ickes and Wallace, as one of the most valuable, hard-working and influential

(Continued on page 35)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Thirty Thousand Dollar Bomb

By Hugh Wiley

A story of brilliant detection, not entirely devoid of romance, in which James Lee Wong, undercover man, finds that senators are human

ILLUSTRATED BY IRVING NURICK

STAYING over in the Palace Hotel in San Francisco for a week on his return from the Orient, Senator Colton of the Committee on Foreign Relations found time to indulge himself in a mysterious project for the good of the nation.

"Don't ask me any more questions and don't give me any more orders," he said in the manner of a petulant child, addressing his confidential secretary, Sylvia Deane. "The way you talk, anybody would think I was a freshman up to his neck in a vacation scrape. I know what I'm doing, darling. Lay off me!"

Masking a warmer, a more tender sentiment with a frown that failed to mar the beauty of her face, "You knew what you were doing the last four times that your affairs went haywire," Sylvia said. "You'd better let me in on this. These mammoth projects of yours usually need the wrecking crew sooner or later. What's the layout? Tell Mamma."

"I'll tell Mamma when the time comes. Right now you take your orders from Papa. Go out and get me thirty thousand dollars in currency and bring it back here quick. I'll meet you in this room. There's a gentleman in the next room who does not care to be seen."

"Who is he?"

"That's my business. You'll know all about this when the proper time comes. Go out and get the money for me. I'm ten years older than you are and twice your weight and if there is any more argument I'll knock you cold and throw the quivering remains in the Bay. Twenty-six is young to die. Get the money! Get it in fifties. Hurry up!"

RETURNING after a twenty-minute expedition to the Crocker Bank, Sylvia Deane handed Senator Colton a package of currency the size of a thin brick. "Here you are," she said. "The seals aren't broken. It's all there—and that's more than I can say for you."

The senator grunted. "That's the best-looking hat you ever wore," he said, smiling down at his secretary. "Wait here for a little while and I'll take you out to lunch."

"What about that mob of prominent citizens and sterling patriots in the parlor?"

"Jim can handle them. Wait here for me."

Reappearing seven minutes later, the senator handed Sylvia Deane a manila folder. "You take care of this," he said. "It's too hot for me to carry. If anything happens to me deliver these documents to the Secretary of State in Washington. When I say take care of these papers that's just exactly what I mean. I don't want you to turn them loose for a minute. Wear 'em! There may be a world war wrapped up in that package."

"Have I your permission to look them over?"

"Of course. Look them over but keep the dope under your hat. Permission to look them over! That's a silly request. I never keep anything from you."

"Who got the thirty thousand dollars for this stuff?"

Young Senator Colton smiled. He stuck out his tongue at his secretary. "That's my business," he said. "You know everything—but what you don't know won't get you bumped off."

"You sound like a movie gangster."

"I am," the senator declared. "Wait till the shooting begins and you'll be proud of your gangster."

At luncheon the senator evolved a scheme whereby he might avoid the thronging politicians who infested his suite at the Palace. "I'm going down the peninsula to Burlingame this afternoon and have dinner with Desmond Cross tonight," he announced.

"Don't drink too much," Sylvia said.

James Lee turned to the last page. "This is very interesting," he said

"I'm not going down to drink with him. What do you think of honoring his newspapers with ammunition enough to start the next campaign for the party?"

An eager look in the senator's eyes gave Sylvia Deane the cue for her next question: "These mysterious documents that I'm wearing at the moment—is that your ammunition?"

"Part of it."

"I'd go slow right now if I were you," Sylvia advised. "You decided yesterday that it was a little early to open the battle."

"I hadn't seen those documents yesterday. Read them this afternoon. You'll see what I mean. I'll bring Desmond back with me tonight. I'd like to have you wait up for us, if you will."

"I'll be on the job," Sylvia said. "If you'll drink your coffee your driver can set me down at the hotel before you start for Burlingame. I'm anxious to see these high-priced documents. Something tells me you've invested thirty thousand dollars in a luxury."

"Wrong again," the senator smiled. "Wait till you read 'em. They're dynamite! When Desmond Cross explodes them in his newspapers there will be enemy scalps hanging in the treetops from here to New York." The senator drained his second cup of coffee. He set the cup down with a bang. "Darling, maybe you know everything but you've still got a lot to learn. Them thar papers is bad medicine for some mighty big Injuns. Just plain poison."

Sylvia smiled wearily. "A lot of people have lived through an overdose of poison," she suggested. "Don't forget that."

"I never forget anything, my sweet little wet blanket. Come on—I'll take you back to the hotel and roll on down to Burlingame. You'd better telephone Desmond that I'm coming. He might have a golf date."

IN THE seclusion of her room in the senator's suite at the Palace, Sylvia Deane telephoned Desmond Cross at Burlingame and then, eagerly, she began to investigate the contents of the manila folder. There were seven documents in the folder. One of them was a typewritten manuscript of ten pages. The other six were variously written with pen and ink, typewritten, or typewritten with revisions in three different scripts. Two documents were in French, two more of them in German with revisions in what Sylvia judged to be Russian. The ten-page typewritten manuscript and the two remaining documents were written in English. She began reading the ten-page manuscript. When she had come to the bottom of the second page she glanced rapidly through the remaining portion with increasing haste. To the last page of the document whereon

(Continued on page 30)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Woman in Love

By Kathleen Norris

COPYRIGHT, 1934, BY KATHLEEN NORRIS

ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD McLEOD

The Story Thus Far:

A GRADUATE of Saint Bride's, a convent in Canada where for five placid years she has been under the supervision of wise, kindly Mother Laurence, the Mother Superior, Tamara Todhunter, en route by train to San Francisco, wonders what her future is to be. Her father, no longer living, and her mother (awaiting her almost penniless in a cheap theatrical rooming-house in San Francisco) had both been on the stage; Coral, her sister, and her brother, Lance, are making a precarious living acting. Perhaps she, too, can become an actress. . . .

With her are two girls, graduates also of Saint Bride's: Pauline van der Venter and Helena Frost. Their families wealthy, prominent, they have no problems; nor do they even vaguely surmise what awaits Tamara as, San Francisco finally reached, she tells them goodby. . . . Lance meets her. He is out of work—and intoxicated. He escorts her to the flat, which Tamara has never before seen. She is shocked by the tawdriness of the place, the wild confusion; she is shocked by her mother's seeming irresponsibility; she finds Coral light, giddy, and infatuated with one Huston Hickey, a ruffian.

She turns to Lance for comfort, advice. He is hopelessly drunk. He points to the extreme scarcity of jobs. He insists that someone in the family must make some money. He feels sure, he says, that he will be booked by a theatrical agent—*if he can sober up sufficiently to pass inspection.* Then: "I'm going over to Joe Barker's. He'll fix me up, pronto!"

"How?" Tamara asks, diffidently.

Lance grins. "Joe has a gym," he replies. "He rubs you out, makes you over. But he charges ten dollars. . . . By the way, Tam, you couldn't let a fellow have ten bucks, could you?" Tamara puts her hand on his arm. "Lance, I could help you; but Coral took my purse—she couldn't find hers."

Lance's eyes glitter. His face grows red. Tamara, preparing for trouble, braces herself—and waits.

II

"THEY held you up, did they?" Lance shouted.

"Well, no. But Mamma said she hated to go off without any money in case anything went wrong, and Coral couldn't find her purse."

"That makes me mad," Lance growled, and his sister noted with alarm that he was actually trembling with rage. "You get home today, and by gum they can't wait to hold you up!"

"But I was only too delighted, I didn't mind."

"I call it a dirty gyp," the man said in a low, menacing voice, with his narrowed gaze fixed on space. "You oughtn't to let 'em do it," he said, shaking his head. "I blame you, too. You oughtn't to do it."

"Oh, it's all right," Tamara said, suddenly feeling horribly tired and shaken. Her smile was unexpectedly tearful.

"It's all wrong. Now look here, see?" Lance said. "If I could go over to Barker's I'd be all straightened out for old Markisohn in the morning, see? As it is, I miss a big chance, and I can thank Ma and Coral for it!"

Tamara could find nothing consoling to say. After a while she suggested timidly:

"Barker—Barker wouldn't trust you, this one night, Lance?"

"Barker would. Finn won't," Lance answered brusquely.

"Would—would it help to take a good long walk, Lance? Mother Laurence always says you can walk off the blues—"

"Oh, Lord!" Lance said, his head in his hands again. "Oh, my Lord!" Abruptly he raised his head. "All right, get on your hat or whatever you want to wear—I never know what girls wear. We'll walk!"

She had not thought of joining him; she was indeed broken with weariness and discouragement and bewilderment. But not knowing exactly how to refuse, Tamara went slowly into the bedroom and pulled on her hat and buttoned her coat about her. Her gloves—her purse—no, she had no purse. Tamara took her brother's arm in the hall. He seemed somewhat wavering in his movements, and operated the clanking elevator carefully.

"That's all right," he said, laughing. "I'm all right, only I got so sleepy there in that hot room. Swell stars tonight—"

THEY looked up at the stars, and Tamara thought of the convent garden and the scent of the cut grass and lilacs, and the clean shadows of the great trees etched by moonlight on the plain square blocks of the convent walls.

Lance showed her the various theaters and told her about Linner of the tobacco store and about Dolores Quinn, the actress.

"She had one part before Markisohn put her name out in electric lights, what do you know about that?"

"She must be good."

"She's swell."

"Is she playing now, Lance?"

"Sure she is." They walked up one of the streets to a theater doorway and looked at pictures of Dolores. The girl in the cage looked at them; two elderly women, patiently waiting for someone to return with forgotten tickets, gave them a glance before resuming their watchful vigil of the street.

"She's awfully pretty," Tamara said.

"Well, she better look out for George Bert's wife," Lance observed with a laugh. Tamara eyed him in uneasy perplexity.

"Oh, why?"

"Everyone knows about it. They didn't tell you these things in the convent?"

"Of course I know about—about life," Tamara said haughtily. "Everyone does. Mother Laurence says there's no girl in the world so poor or so young but what she knows right from wrong."

"Yeah?" Lance said.

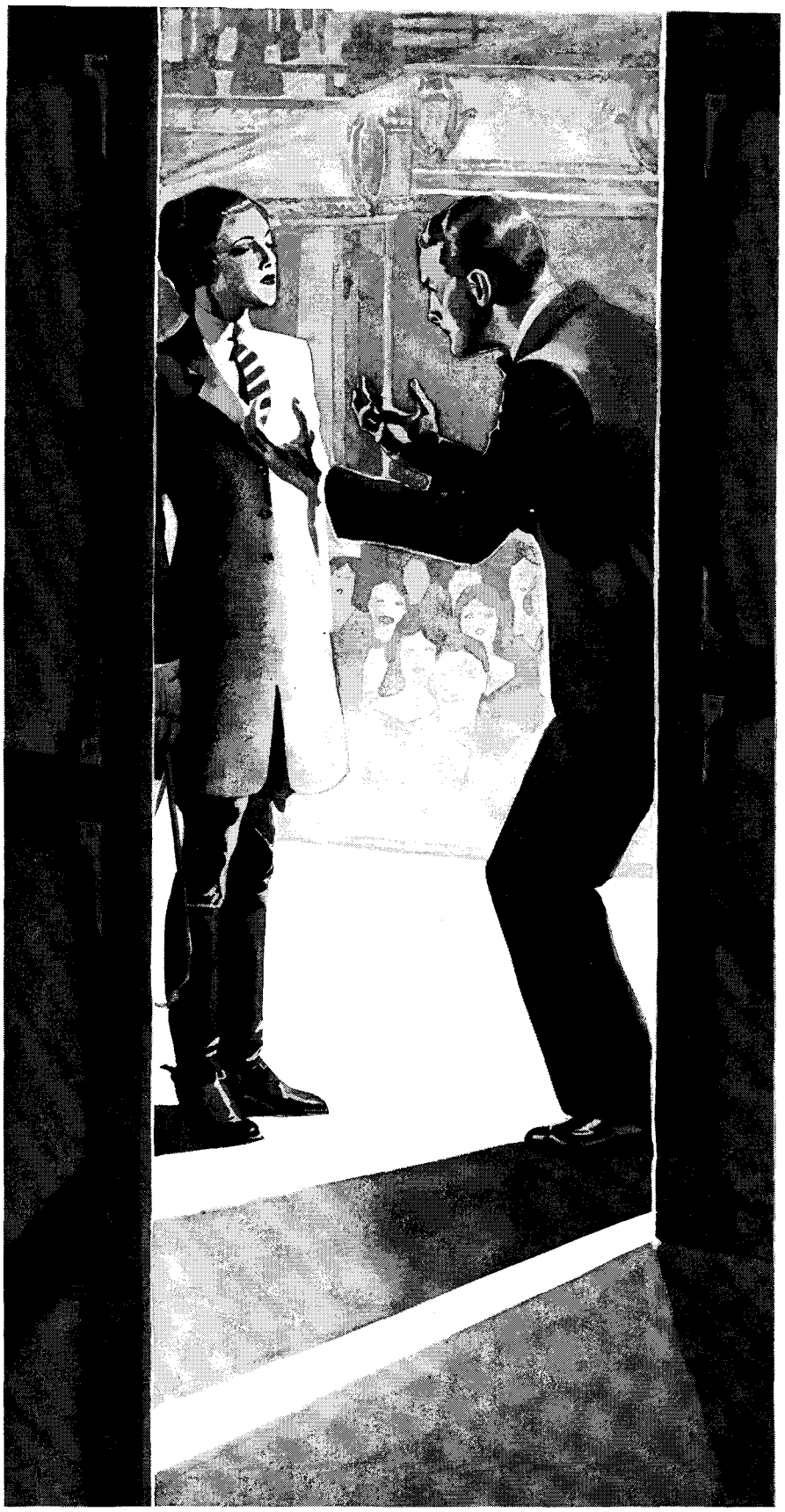
In the bright night lights the streets looked sordid and petty; drug-store windows were filled with cheap wares—hot water bottles, stationery, candy, cameras. Triangular corner shops showed banked displays of wrapped chocolate bars, oranges, cigarettes. There were a great many little restaurants with food in their windows; a great many garages. Newspapers, at a crossing, were being called by an incredibly dirty old woman bundled on this sultry night in filthy sweaters and shawls. Everything looked to Tamara shockingly grimy and shoddy and ugly; there was so much of it, and it was all the same! Women were going in and out of the delicatessen stores and into the markets; the seven-o'clock crowd streamed out of the movies; the nine-o'clock crowd streamed in.

"Like walkathons?" Lance suddenly demanded. He had brightened as they walked and seemed much nearer normal.

"Like what?"

"Walkathons."

"I don't believe I know what they are."



Dolores had a real success in Romance, and Tamara, watching from the wings, was honestly enthusiastic

"People walking," Lance told her.

"You mean hikes? You mean what we're doing?"

"No; for prizes."

"Races?"

"Wait a minute," the man said, looking at the lamp-post sign on the street corner. "Le's see, where are we? I wonder if Phil is on the job tonight? Come on!"

THE last was said abruptly; he caught at Tamara's arm. They went up a street briskly.

"I'll show you a walkathon," Lance said. "That is, I will if Phil Rudder is on the door. He told me to come up any time."

Presently Tamara saw the heavy hood of an amusement hall entrance stretching across the sidewalk. Above it, in lights, were the words "Golden Bear Auditorium and Dance Hall," and extended below, painted upon a piece of cloth in red and black, was the further information: "See the Walkathon and Bet on Your Favorite Pair. Two Thousand Dollars in Prizes! Get Reports Over Your Radio at 11:10, 5:10 and 9:10 Daily."

The foyer opened widely and bleakly to the street, but farther in there was a box office where several men were standing and smoking. They nodded to Lance, one of them saying, after expectorating upon the sawdust of the floor, "Full up, Lance. It's a sell-out."

"'S'at right?" Lance said, halted. "Phil, Red," he said, "make you acquainted with my sister Tam."

Both the men named took off their caps, staring at Tamara, and the one called Red said incredulously, "Says you."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Says me," Lance answered laconically. "Aren't you, Tam?"

"I am, really!" Tamara said, laughing. She was tired and depressed and excited almost to the breaking point, and these were unappetizing new acquaintances, to say the least. But they were men, and young, and she was a girl, and she could smile at them with the prettiest eyes that had ever studied mathematics and philosophy at Saint Bride's, and make a shrinking little gesture of her shoulder toward her brother's shoulder as if she needed his protection.

"Wait a minute!" said a dark, elderly man who had been a deeply interested member of the group, although not introduced. "We're full up in there. *Wade* a minute."

He went through a small unpainted door into the box office, and disappeared for a few minutes, and Red and Phil asked Tamara about her school. She was just down from Canada, hey? What do you know! Both Red and Phil were willing to bet it was pretty cold up there winters, all right.

The stout, dark man now came back with two slips of pink paper which he handed to Lance. "There you are, boy," he said. "Thanks, Mr. Cotter," Lance said with a grin. He and Tamara went into the hall, a great gaunt space faced on three sides with banked seats, and with a level square down in the center, perhaps sometimes used for dancing or prize fights.

It was now railed off by clean pine fencing into a central pen that was surrounded by perhaps forty small boxes level with the floor, and holding four chairs each. An attendant, addressing Lance by name in an undertone and instantly asking if Lance had had anything on "Piggy Wiggy," showed them to the only box that was empty; the place was packed. There was a good deal of noise. Tamara had a general impression of shabby clothes and stupid faces and sleep-collapsed children in hot coats, of gum-chewing, peanut shells, much restless moving about. The central pen was empty, but a slightly raised small platform at the back was draped with bunting and flags, and contained a piano, a radio, a loud-speaker, and chairs for a straggling group of young men. One of these sprang to his feet as Lance and Tamara took their seats, and began a brisk and accustomed announcing:

"Ladies and gentlemen, you are now enjoying the amazing and incredible sight of the fifty-third day of the sensational and record-breaking walkathon sponsored by the Kaliquot Athletic Club. Our contestants now consisting of only fourteen couples and one maverick are now enjoying their fifteen-minute rest. With the exception of these intervals of fifteen minutes in each and every hour leaving a remainder of forty-five minutes in each and every hour they have been walking since eleven o'clock on the morning of April twenty-sixth. The gong sounds, ladies and gentlemen, and the walkers return to the arena, which is now packed with an intelligent, scientific audience interested in this astounding display of stren'th—"

NO ONE was paying any attention to him now, for a man at the piano had struck up a pounding march, and along a sort of runway which led through and behind the seats, circus-fashion, twenty-nine persons were now wending their way back to the railed pen. Tamara gave her brother a startled look; was this permissible—was this all right? But Lance, who had been put into great spirits by the unexpected courtesy, in the matter of tickets, of Cotter, the great sports coach and promoter, was murmuring with two slim young fellows in loose, shabby, dirty white slacks and torn sweaters, who were leaning over from the adjoining box, and did not return the look.

The walkers, young, old, fat, thin, small and large, were fourteen women and fifteen men. Without exception they looked bloated and pallid. A second gong rang as they reached the pen, and they commenced a slow shuffling walk around and around in a circle. Some of them evidently had been asleep in their fifteen-minute resting time, and one of the girls, clasping her arms about her companion's neck, went heavily to sleep again as she walked. Their faces were pale with torture, and their eyes sodden, but after the first few moments had gone by they brightened somewhat, and exchanged pleasantries with the audience in voices torn by weariness and yawns.

Most of the women wore men's clothing; their corduroy slacks looked uncomfortable enough on their flattened bodies. Tamara heard one of them, a handsome young brunette who was affectionately addressed from the bleachers as "Sleepy-time Baby," admit that she had gained seventeen pounds in the seven weeks of walking.

"Take off that sweater!" somebody shouted at her.

"Mind your own business!" Sleepy-time Baby answered warmly and the crowd roared. "You get awful cold, walkin'," she said, shuddering her shoulders together.

THE girls had dull faces; they were reddening their lips and powdering their already chalky faces as they walked. One of them, "Mosquito," wore her hair in black ringlets on her shoulders; another had a long horse's face, and blond hair in a long braid. Her costume was a silk dress and thick blanket wrapper; they all wore tennis shoes or heelless slippers. Now and then one of the men dragged his companion into a few moments of rapid pacing, but the torture of denied sleep was upon them all, and they soon relapsed into their dreary shuffling, or stood rocking themselves to and fro with their heads resting upon each other's shoulders.

Mosquito was presently persuaded to sing and, still stepping incessantly, she mounted the platform and her somewhat shrill, reedy voice was accompanied to the words of I Hear You Calling Me. The audience applauded this effort, and silver was thrown into the pen; the other walkers paid no more attention to this than if they had been so many chickens circling drearily in a winter barnyard, but one of the ushers vaulted lightly into the enclosure and gathered up the money, which the ringleted Mosquito acknowledged with a superior smile.

A high table was wheeled in and the contestants gathered about it and ate sandwiches and drank coffee, their feet always moving. If any one of them rested an elbow on the table, or leaned for a moment on the fence of the pen, the umpires' long canes were quick in reminder. After half an hour one of the women went to the counter at the platform end, and it was presently to be seen that as she stood there shuffling and stepping she was having a water-wave put into her thick dyed hair.

"That's my daughter—she'll get it," a stout, elderly woman wheezed, on Tamara's right.

"That one having her hair done?"

"She's as strong as a horse. She won the Seattle one—got a thousand dollars. But she had to split that, of course. I've got another daughter and d'you think you could get her into one? She's terrible lazy. She works in the dime."

"I wouldn't call it—lazy, exactly," Tamara said timidly.

The gong sounded and the rival pairs filed out. Lance predicted that two of them were all in and wouldn't come back, but at the end of the cruelly short minutes back they all dragged, one of them to lie down on the floor for the few seconds before the second gong sounded, and to fall into deep sleep with his head on the crooked arm within his worn sweater and his body stretched on the hardwood floor.

The shuffling, the stepping, the sleepy shoving walk began again. One of the girls, a fair, delicate-looking little thing, had a partner who evidently loved her, for when she collapsed against him he kissed her soft little temple continually as he walked. Another girl was in tears. A stout girl, who occasionally afforded comic relief with her banter to the young officials, started out of a half doze with a great sleepy roar, and walked on for a couple of turns before stopping it. "Ah-h-h-h—eeee—ya-a-a-a!"

Tamara was tired enough anyway without this experience of witnessing the agonies of sleepiness, and of breathing hot unclean air under the blaze of center lights. She succumbed against Lance's shoulder; her last impression was that she didn't care what anyone in this awful place thought of her; God had quite evidently abandoned her, the future was all black, she was completely exhausted with fatigue and bewilderment and despair.

After a while Lance awakened her from a stupor to consciousness that was in itself hardly more than stupor.

"You went to sleep!" he said, and she saw that he was pleased at this little evidence of sisterly intimacy.

"I must have." The room rocked and settled; most of the audience was straggling away now; sleepy men and women filing down from the banked seats; coated children whimpering as they were dragged along; everyone yawning and stretching. The walkers were still shuffling and seesawing in the ring; Sleepy-time Baby was draped upon her partner like a body without bones, the partner was smoking the last shred of a cigarette against the unevenly dyed brick and yellow and streaky brown of her thick bobbed mop. He was backing to and fro with as little motion as was possible to a body not actually standing still.

"Sit here a minute; we have to wait for the crowd anyway," Lance muttered at Tamara's drugged ear. "I want to speak to Hen."

HE DISAPPEARED into the fringes of the drifting crowd, and Tamara sat with her arm along the back of her chair and her body twisted about, studying the audience as it melted away. Great black doors into Taylor Street were opened now, and the air was better. The gong sounded and the walkers hurried out; Tamara asked the man nearest her, an elderly stout man who was also waiting for the crowd to clear, if they would walk all night.

"You bet your life, sister," he answered, taking a chewed cigar from under a wet walrus mustache. "They's plenty of spies watchin' them babies. I've got a thousand on number twenty-three, myself."

"The woman sitting next to me—that large woman, not young, said that she thought her daughter would win."

"Who's she?" the big man asked scowling, and chewing the cigar with a revolving movement of his black, unshaven jaws.

"I don't know. She said her daughter's name was Maud."

"Maud Harney," the man said meditatively. "Well, she's good."

"Is that her husband dancing—walking—is that her husband who's her partner?" Tamara asked respectfully.

"No, her husband's with Keane, the undertaker," her companion answered absently.

Presently he stood up and Tamara rose, too. There seemed to be nothing else to do. The auditorium was almost empty now, and the few persons in sight were moving away through the doors marked "Exit." Most of the lights were out but a brilliant cone hung over the still shuffling walkers. Tamara and the big man went out to the wide-open drafty foyer together. Only a few men were left there, talking, and Lance was not among them. But Cotter was, and Tamara addressed him anxiously.

"My brother went to speak to someone. Have you seen him?"

"Lance Todhunter," one of the men contributed in an undertone. They all looked at Tamara, who wished that she might awaken in her clean little cell at Saint Bride's and begin her normal life again after this queer twisted dream. "I think he went away with Hen McGregor."

"Yes, it was someone named Hen!"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Tamara said. "It's all right," she added, "if you'll just tell me which way Turk Street is. I'll walk back to the Valhalla."

In a dead silence Cotter took her arm and gently led her to the top of the two steps that led down to the street; he pointed the way seriously; all the men watched. It was now midnight. Tamara felt lonely and frightened as she started briskly to walk away. Drug-store lights were out, and the streets were empty except for occasional parties straggling from one restaurant to another, or solitary walkers moving along as briskly as Tamara did. It was not a long walk; it was only ten minutes after she had quitted the Golden Bear Auditorium and Dance Hall that Tamara reached the Valhalla, and let herself into the elevator and went up, to creep noiselessly into her mother's apartment.

Coral had not come in but Mrs. Todhunter was sound asleep on the couch in the bedroom. Tamara undressed in a shaft of light from the bathroom, crept wearily into the big bed; the flaring lights of the chocolate sign were out now and the room was in darkness. It was good not to be a walker in a walkathon; it was good to climb into any kind of a bed in any kind of a room, and go soundly, deeply to sleep.

THE morning came in with fresh blankets of fog, and Tamara, awakening, lay staring about her cautiously; a move might rouse either her mother or her sister; she was anxious not to disturb them. An hour went by: they both slept on soundly. After a while her eye found a clock that said twenty minutes to eight, and then she did gingerly extricate herself from the covers that her sister had shared with her, and was presently out alone in the morning street asking a red-faced policeman the nearest way to a church.

"Well, what's the matter with Saint Boniface?" he asked.

"Nothing. Except that I don't know where it is!"

He pointed, and Tamara saw the serene spires of a great church rising up between the hotel roofs only a few blocks away. She went toward it, entered a big, dim place that was peaceful in the early morning under a high vaulted roof and between tall faded windows. There was no music; there was candlelight, and the first shafts of the early summer sunshine fell softly from far overhead and lost themselves in diffused mealy light among the high arches.

No use trying to pray this morning. Her heart and soul were in too complete a confusion for prayer. But she could kneel there, vaguely looking about her, vaguely staring at the altar, vaguely wondering how long this strange new phase of her life would last, and if she might somehow escape it.

When the service was over Tamara walked home, oddly comforted, oddly inclined to be philosophical. The little kitchen was not too disagreeable when she reached it, and there was a bottle of fresh cream waiting, and a long crisp loaf of deliciously fresh French bread. After the saltless, crustless article of the Canadian convent this last was a treat, and to sit sipping her coffee and going through the newspapers with a general sense that there would be no hurry throughout the day, no lessons, no duties, no wretched conviction of time flying and work undone, was undeniably comfortable.

At ten she awakened Lance, who seemed to have completely forgotten the events of the evening before, and who merely observed that he was late as hell for his appointment with Markisohn.

"The old man likes us to come over and have breakfast with him," he said.

"Is he important, Lance?" Tamara asked.

"Well, yes. He's sorter retired," Lance said, gathering a disreputable dressing-gown about him for departure to the bathroom. "But everyone who wants to cast anything goes to him."

"Then you don't want any breakfast?" she called after him; she heard his muffled negative through the door.

Hearing the voices, Tamara's mother came out, and was glad to sip hot coffee and gossip with her daughter. Strange downtown sunshine was in the kitchen; the day would be hot, and Tamara drew the shade and sat opposite her mother at the little table in the breakfast niche, busily shelling peas.

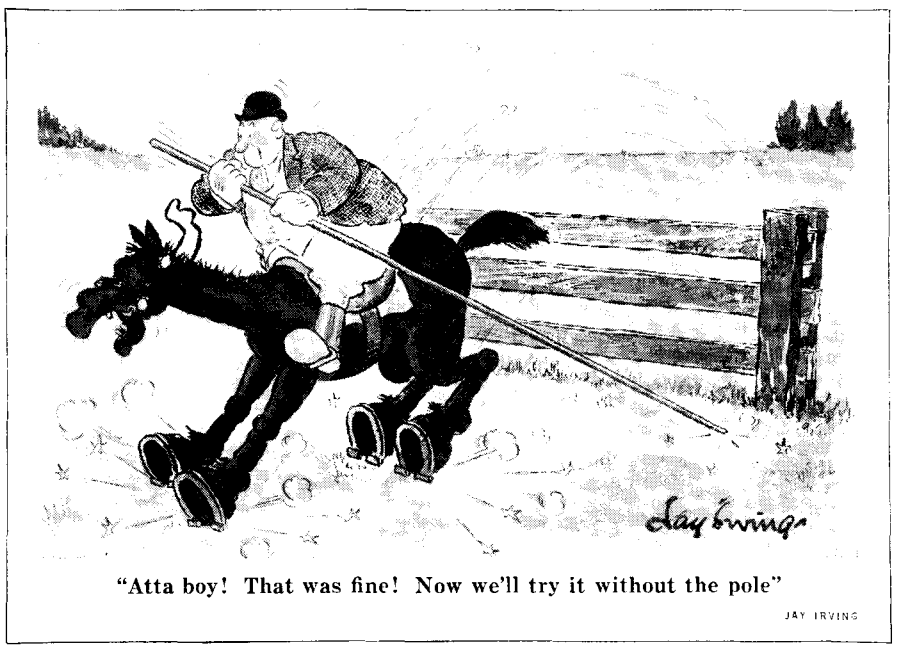
"I had to throw out two boxes of strawberries. They were all in a mush."

WILLETTE listened indifferently.

"What a fool I am to eat the way I did last night!" she muttered. "It was Jim Clute's birthday, and they were at the next table and we all got together and went up to Leona's. Leona Mason's —she's the woman who made the big hit in Barbershop Chord. She played it for three years."

"Is she playing now, Mother?"

"She hasn't had a part for two years," Willette said, shaking her head.



"Atta boy! That was fine! Now we'll try it without the pole"

JAY IRVING

"But how do they live, in between parts?"

Mrs. Todhunter's somewhat haggard eyes moved thoughtfully to her daughter's face.

"How does who?"

"How do they live—actresses, I mean —when they're not working?"

"Oh, they live," Willette said vaguely. "Now for instance," she added, "I only pay a hundred and ten here. It's dirt cheap."

"A hundred and ten dollars a month? But really you could live on that," Tamara offered gently. They—they simply had no idea of money—this family—

"I could manage all right if Jesse wasn't such a swine," Willette answered mildly.

"Where is he now?"

"In Hollywood. I gave him the two best years of my life—I was playing in The Circle when I met him. I haven't had a decent part since, and that was eight years ago. That's the way it goes."

Tamara looked at her respectfully. Any actress inspired a girl with awe, even if that actress was one's own rouged, dyed, shapeless mother. It was amazing to think that this woman opposite her actually had played parts; had heard the call-boy paging "Miss Todhunter!" had gone forth to footlights and applause.

"The trouble is," Willette volunteered, apparently somewhat revived by the soothing companionship of her younger daughter and the hot drink, "the trouble is that there are fifteen actors and actresses for every part. The agencies are full of them; a lot of them have had the two hundred and twenty dollars they have to pay for a dramatic course. They say they patrol up and down Broadway like an army. Young girls get the good parts because they'll play for nothing—anyone with experience wants real money, and you don't have to have experience to make a hit in these days! Thousands of them get off the trains in Hollywood, and all they ask is to get on the lots. Coral was down there. She says Maude Adams or Sarah Bernhardt couldn't get a job in the films today!"

"It seems rather discouraging."

"Coral thinks she's got a part in a thing they're going to open for a revival," Mrs. Todhunter said, yawning and laying her fluffy head on the table. "That isn't eleven, is it? She wanted to be called at eleven."

Amazingly it was eleven. Amazingly the day slipped by, and the next day, and the one after that. The idle summer days blended together for Tamara and she lost track of them. Sunday was no lazier than the others; they were all formless and empty and yet oddly pleasant. The four members of the Todhunter household slept as late as they liked, they dawdled over breakfast interminably, sometimes joined by friends who, like themselves, were in the most fascinating and maddening of the professions, and sometimes alone. For a while Tamara attempted to keep the kitchen in some sort of order, but very soon she gave it up and let matters drift as the others did. Mushrooms and blackberries, broilers and figs and artichokes came home from Willette's casual marketing tours, and were cooked and eaten exactly when and how the individual member chose to serve them. Nobody ever criticized another's management, and nobody expected anything but the slipshod system upon which Willette's house was run.

IN SPITE of herself Tamara was absorbed in the new atmosphere, and presently she began to enjoy it. There was nothing wrong, she told her convent-trained conscience, in disorder and irregularity, and if one had absolutely nothing to do there was no reason for one's jumping out of bed for a cold plunge and exercises every morning at seven.

The theatrical underworld made use of the house, and she enjoyed contact with it, too. Chorus girls, indigent old actresses, ambitious youngsters looking for their first parts, all came and went easily in the crowded little rooms, and Tamara listened to them all and watched them all in fascination. A sallow, tall girl with a bad skin was going up to Seattle to be in a stock company; a rosy little affected girl with eyelashes was bitter because the press "knocked her show" and the "notices were up." Names flew about among them; had Geraldine seen Markisohn—what was the old Kraft after, anyway—how about the new man, Miller, who was back of him?

Dolores Quinn came downstairs one day and Tamara had the other angle of the picture. For Dolores was unquestionably as established and successful as these others were vague and unplaced. Just why the actress should choose to live in The Valhalla, in rooms like their own, Tamara could not understand, but evidently Dolores was well pleased with her apartment on the ninth floor; she talked of a lamp she wanted, and of having the kitchen done in dark blue paint with orange stripes; there was no sign of discontent in her manner. She had a husband, a linoleum salesman of astonishing beauty. Tamara had seen him sometimes in the halls and had supposed him to be nothing short of a star.

But no, Leander couldn't act for an elk's tooth, Dolores admitted frankly. They had tried him in two plays and he had hated it all and certainly the audiences had not encouraged him. He was a linoleum salesman pure and simple, and the scalloped gold hair, the eyelashes, the magnificent figure with its athletic shoulders and narrowed hips, the perfect smile, were Dolores' alone. She was six years older than he; she was in fact much older than Tamara had supposed her to be from her pictures, but in her middle thirties she had an enthusiastic public and a long contract and she found no fault with the world. Indeed, Dolores, in new furs, with all the pretty, simple mannerisms of great success, and with real beauty and every evidence of holding her own for years to come, was the center of any group in which she found herself, and was even bidden to teas down on the exclusive Peninsula.

DOLORES did not like Coral, but she grew very fond of Tamara, and laughed at her and invited her to her dressing-room. Tamara had the thrill of watching a play from the wings, and of having tea with the star on the matinée afternoons. Coral then always sent for club sandwiches and coffee, got herself into a grease-sodden old silk kimono, put her feet up on the seat of a close-drawn chair, and told Tamara various bits of her life story. She was jealous of Leander Tarpey; once she had torn a telephone right out at the roots because he had been talking on it to another woman, and once she had scratched his face. But she admitted that on the latter occasion she had been drinking a little too much.

One of the agreeable features of the Todhunters' home régime was that no one either knew or cared at what hours the members of the family came or went. Tamara could stay in bed all day, working cross-word puzzles and poring over movie and stage magazines, and no one commented, much less criticized. Her mother might bring her a cup of tea, or Tamara would wander out to the kitchen herself to scramble eggs or heat up tomato soup. In the parlor, calling upon her mother, Mrs. Yellick or some other old friend might call to her, "Bring me some of that soup, deary, it smells divine!" and when she dutifully carried in the smoking cup Tamara was sure to be given a kiss, to which passes for some theater were often added.

So she could loiter in Dolores' dressing-room as long as she liked on a winter afternoon. The price of this privilege

(Continued on page 36)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Boy Friend Wanted

By Ellis Parker Butler

ILLUSTRATED BY FLOYD M. DAVIS

Pretty rough on the Klinsky baby—but let that pass. The girl made good, didn't she?

IT WAS mid-afternoon and hot, and Lilyan Klinsky—aged eighteen and dark-haired and brown-eyed—sat in the window of the flat above Sol Zellner's drug store, looking discontented and peevish and saying so. There was nothing to do, nothing ever happened and she had no boy friend. Other girls had boy friends. Other girls went somewhere with their boy friends.

"I wish I was dead," complained Lilyan Klinsky. "I almost wish I was dead. Sticking around in this hole. Gee, I get so sick of nothing ever happening."

"It ain't so late you could go by the movies yet," said Mrs. Klinsky. "You don't got to be jawing me. Is it my fault you ain't got no boy friend? Maybe Etta Abramson would go by the movies with you."

"Aw, Mamma, cut it out!" pleaded Lilyan. "That's all you ever think of—go to the movies with Etta Abramson, and ain't I told you a million times she's got a boy friend? She ain't got no time for me now."

Down below on the sidewalk in front of his drug store Solly Zellner, blond and chunky and good-natured, stood in his shirt sleeves chaffing with Joe Bassi, who had the fruit and vegetable store next door. Solly's wife, in the flat next to the Klinskys', leaned out her window above the vegetable stand.

"Solly," she called down, "how you like boiled cabbage for dinner? Pick me out a nice head of cabbage. You give him a nice solid head of cabbage, Joe."

"Sure! I give you a swell cabbage, Mrs. Zellner," Joe laughed. He pinched two or three heads and chose a solid one. "Catch!" he called and tossed the cabbage up at Mrs. Zellner. She missed it the first time but caught it the next. Mrs. Magruder from around the corner stopped in front of David Hurwitz's little stationery store to watch the cabbage-catching.

"Look at that now!" she said and clicked her tongue twice at such doings, and went into the stationery store to buy the afternoon paper. David Hurwitz was busy with young Jake Fellman, checking over his candy stock. Young Jake had his order book open in his hand and his auto-delivery with its load of candies stood at the curb.

"Chummy Chocolates," he said. "You're about out of them, Jake; you could use a box."

MR. HURWITZ shrugged his shoulders. He always seemed to hate to buy. His stock seemed always to be taking a mean advantage of him and running low.

"They don't sell so good," he said. "Well, a box then."

"How about Penny Mountains? No? Look, Jake—I got a new one, Mammoth Licorice Strips, five hundred in a box, two for a cent, and cost a dollar One fifty profit."

"All the time there is something new," said Mr. Hurwitz almost sadly. His little shop gave evidence of that. There were half a thousand kinds of candy, a hundred different magazines, fifty brands of cigars. Goods were everywhere, on the cases, in the cases and under the cases. His stationery shelves were so crowded that when he took one article down two others fell off onto the floor. Some of his customers were hardly big enough to toddle. They said, "I wan' two of 'em, an' two of 'em, an' two of 'em," and annoyed Mr. Hurwitz because the customer had but a cent and could have but five of the small candies for it and not six.

Mrs. Hurwitz never let herself be annoyed. Her rather pretty face always had a smile.

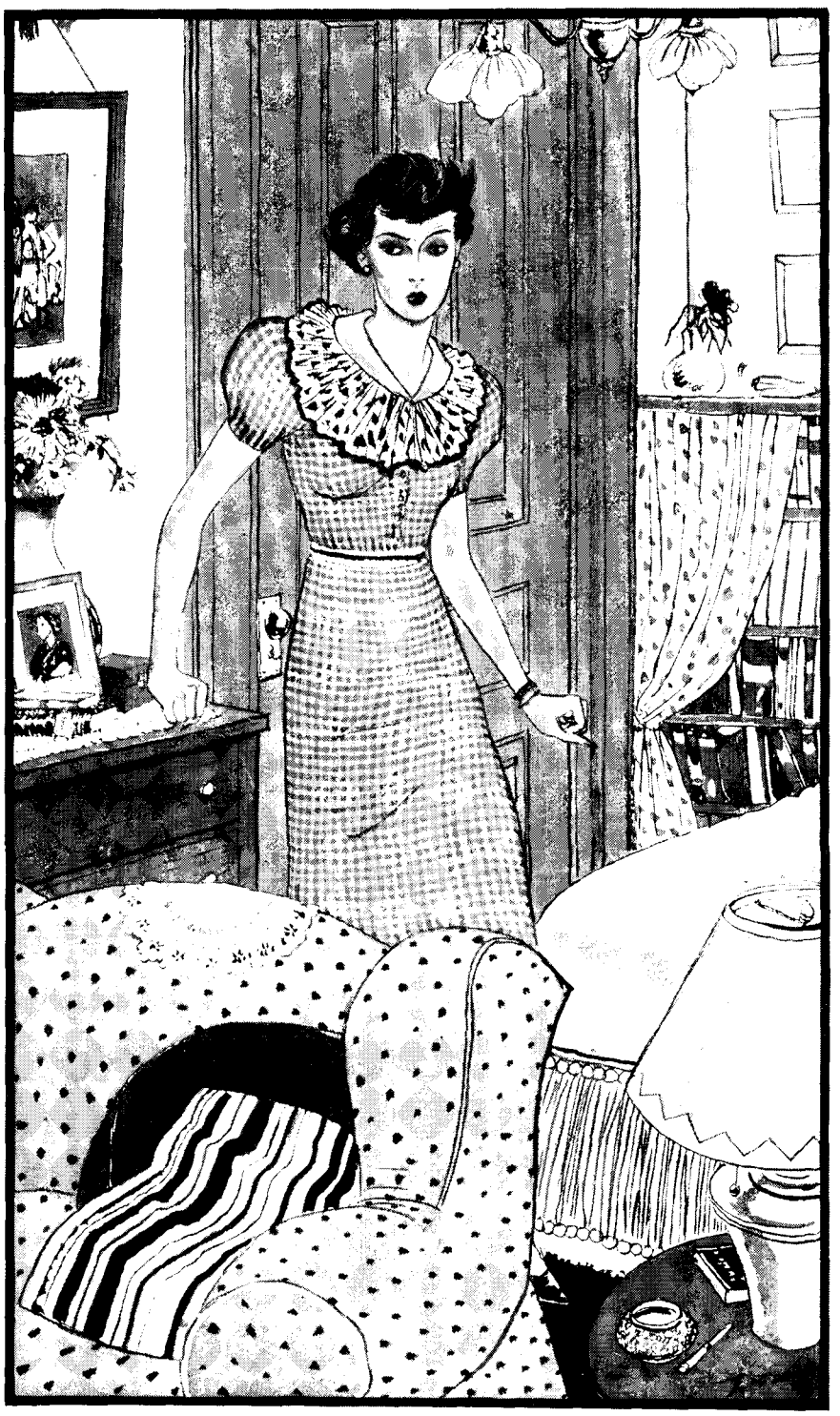
"Aw, Mrs. Magruder," she was saying, "you don't come to see me so much no more. I guess you don't like me like you did."

"Now, go on with ye!" said Mrs. Magruder, pleased. "It's me leg, Mrs. Hurwitz. I get out little and I'd not be out today but I've a piece of ribbon to match at Klinsky's. 'Tis a sad thing to have a leg go back on ye."

She went next door to Mr. Klinsky's little notion store and Sam Klinsky came from the dusky rear. He was an excitable little man, reddish brown as to hair, keen-eyed and sharp featured.

"One yard from the same ribbon, yes? Sure we got it, Mrs. Magruder," said Mr. Klinsky, and he reached for the roll on his shelf. "I ain't sold an inch from this ribbon since you bought from it, so terrible trade is, Mrs. Magruder."

He unrolled the ribbon and laid its length on the yard measure on his counter as the screen door opened and his son Irving came in. He was eight years old, keen-eyed, bright and usually impudent.



She stood there, her hands clenched into fists, breathing hard

"Papa, now, I want ten cents to buy from Hurwitz a bottle of—now—mucilage because we got it a project by school and Teacher says—" began Irving all in a rush, crowding close to Mrs. Magruder.

"Quiet! Stop! Shut your mouth once!" cried Mr. Klinsky. "Ain't you see I got a customer I am waiting on?"

"But, Papa, Mamma says you should give me a dime right away because now I got it all my such pictures from locomotives and oddomobiles and everything, and Teacher says we should by Monday fetch the project books—"

"Out!" shouted Mr. Klinsky. "Out, when I have got a customer I am waiting on." He pointed to the door.

"'TIS no such hurry as all that I am in, Mr. Klinsky," said Mrs. Magruder. "Go on and tend to the boy. The affairs of the young are mighty important to them, Mr. Klinsky."

Ungraciously Mr. Klinsky put his hand in his pocket and fished out a dime.

"Such a business!" he complained. "Taxes I pay for schools and all the time it is 'Papa, give ten cents for school,' and 'Papa, give five cents for school.' Projects they have to have yet! Mucilage for projects I got to give dimes for!"

"I dunno what projects is," said Mrs. Magruder. "They had none of them when I went to school."

"Now, pasting pictures in books," said Irving, grinning as was his habit. "From magazines and like that we cut pictures out and paste them in books. That is projects."

"For th' land of love!" exclaimed Mrs. Magruder. "And is that readin' or writin' or what?"

"It's projects," said Irving. "We got it by school."

"Sure!" declared Mr. Klinsky. "And from the last such projects comes Irving home with the best mark from his class. Smart boy, yes. Vege—Vege—You should tell Mrs. Magruder what was that project, Irving."

"Vegetations," said Irving, grinning more than ever. "All what grows, like trees and cabbages and grass, maybe, but it counts how neat is the book."

"And now is all such oddomobiles and boats," said Mr. Klinsky.

"Transportation," said Irving. "Wagons. Sleds. Balloons. And camels even. And under it you gotta write what it is—like horse, you put under it 'Horse!'"

"And think of that now!" ejaculated Mrs. Magruder. "What the kids don't learn these days! The things them teachers think up for them to do! My, my!"

"AIN'T it!" agreed Mr. Klinsky. He felt better about the dime and the project now that he had talked about them. He handed the dime to Irving and the boy was out of the shop and into the Hurwitz shop in a half-minute. Mrs. Magruder bought her ribbon. She went two doors beyond Mr. Klinsky's to where Mike Capella had his shoe-repair shop and there she got the pair of shoes Mike had repaired. He came to his door with her and looked up and down the street with an effect of stretching and yawning although he neither stretched nor yawned.

"Nice-a day, uh?" he said to Otto Schultz, the butcher.

Mr. Schultz was standing before his shop door, his sleeves rolled high on his big arms. He was watching four boys play tippy-up in the street.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

He had Abie, kicking and yelling, in his arms, and Lilyan came close behind

"Swell day," he agreed and walked nearer to Mike Capella. "Yesterday was a fine day but today is even better yet. Well, we got plenty rain last week. We got a right to some sun for a change."

"Like Italy," said Mike Capella, enjoying the warmth. Three of the boys in the street screamed as the fourth boy ran. In Dave Hurwitz's little stationery store Jake Fellman was showing Mr. Hurwitz another new penny confection—Juicy Jumbo. Irving Klinsky pushed up close to Jake Fellman and looked at the Juicy Jumbo.

"Give me from ten cents a bottle mucilage, Dave," he said, for all the children of the neighborhood called Mr. Hurwitz that.

"I don't know should I stock any more kinds candy," said Mr. Hurwitz. "Too many kinds already I've got. Comes a kid in the store to spend a cent and it takes an hour yet he should make up his mind what he wants."

"Dave, give me from ten cents a bottle of mucilage," insisted Irving Klinsky, and Mr. Hurwitz made a helpless gesture.

"Yetta!" he called to his wife. "Would it hurt you to wait on a customer once in a while? Ain't I got it enough to do you should let me be bothered when I am standing on my head and heels already?"

From behind the miniature soda-fountain counter Mrs. Hurwitz's pleasant countenance arose like a rising moon. She had a wet gray rag in one hand and three crushed paper cups in the other.

"What you want, Irvink?" she asked the young Klinsky boy as she put down the wet rag and the paper cup remains and wiped her hands on her apron. She went to the crowded stationery shelves when Irving told her what he wanted, and she looked here and there, saying, "Tst! Tst!" in disapprobation of her stupidity in not being able to find the mucilage—or it may have been in disapproval of the helter-skelter condition of the stock on the shelves.

"In the drawer!" snapped Mr. Hurwitz between words to Jake Fellman, and Mrs. Hurwitz opened one of the drawers below the shelves and then another and then a third.

"HERE is it!" she said with gladness. "You should show me what kind you want, Irvink." There were all kinds of stick-ums in the drawer—white paste, glue, mucilage, cement, in bottles and tubes, as well as erasers and wire clips in boxes. Irving chose the mucilage he wanted and gave Mrs. Hurwitz his dime. She gave the dime to Mr. Hurwitz and went back behind the soda counter and disappeared there, bending down, and Irving hurried out of the store. Three minutes later, seated at the kitchen table in the Klinsky flat above the drug store, Irving had his pictures of the world's many means of transportation spread out before him and his blank book open and was carefully trimming the edges of a picture of an ox team.

"Mamma!" he called as he wielded the shears, but Mrs. Klinsky did not hear him and he paused to pull the hand of his small brother Abie away from the table where it reached for one of the precious pictures. "Go away!" he told Abie. "You go to Mamma."

Abie stood back and put his thumb in his mouth and looked at Irving doubtfully.

"Mamma!" called Irving again.

"What you want, Irving?" came the voice of Mrs. Klinsky from the far front end of the flat. The tippy-up boys down in the street were noisy. "Come here, Irving; I can't hear you."

By the window Lilyan rested her chin on a hand and sighed.

Irving pushed his pictures and his blank book toward the middle of the table and shook a finger at little Abie.

"You touch those and I'll—now—slap you good!" he declared and he went the length of the flat to where his mother sat. He looked past her at the boys playing tippy-up in the street.

"What you want, Irving?" Mrs. Klinsky asked.

"Mamma, now," said Irving, "I want such a clean rag to—if I get some mucilage—now—on my project book, to wipe it off from."

"All right, Irving, you could get you a rag," said Mrs. Klinsky as she rocked placidly. "In the bottom drawer by the cabinet in the kitchen is plenty nice clean rags, Irving. You go get you a rag, Irving. Any rag what you want you take it, Irving."

She gave him a pat on the arm. He was a good boy. He stayed in and did his project book while other boys were playing tippy-up in the street. She looked out of the window as Irving turned away. A fruit wagon was passing. One man was driving the old horse while a second stood among baskets of peaches holding up one basket.

"Pee-chus! Nice fresh pee-chus!" he called, and as he saw Mrs. Klinsky, he asked in quite another voice, "Peaches, lady? We got nice ones today."

"Maybe you like some nice peaches with cream for dinner, Lilyan?" asked Mrs. Klinsky.

"Aw, Mamma, for gosh sake leave me be!" wailed Lilyan and she flounced out of her chair and into her bedroom and slammed the door. She stood there, her hands clenched into fists, breathing hard.

"And all I says is 'peaches,'" said Mrs. Klinsky helplessly. Her shoulders had completed half a shrug when a cry that was almost a scream came from Irving.

"Mamma! Mamma!" her son's voice came thrilled with horror. "Come quick, Mamma—Abie has drunken the mucilage!"

NO ONE would have believed that a woman as heavy as Mrs. Klinsky could get out of a rocking-chair so speedily. In an instant, almost, she was running to Irving. Lilyan's door flew open and Lilyan collided with her mother.

"What is it?" Lilyan cried. "Mamma, what is it?"

"Abie—Abie, he has drunken the mucilage," gasped Mrs. Klinsky.

He had, too. He was sitting on the floor with the empty mucilage bottle in his hand, not knowing whether to laugh or to cry, and there was mucilage on his mouth and his chin, and droppings of mucilage on the front of his waist. As Mrs. Klinsky came at him he decided to cry and he gave voice to a loud wail and continued to wail. Irving was almost dancing from one foot to the other in his fright.

"Abie—Abie!" begged Mrs. Klinsky, picking up the child. "Say something to Mamma. Don't die. Irving, quick, go by Zellner down and for Doctor Frastner telephone. Quick, get Papa. Lilyan—"

Abie had certainly decided now that to cry was what he should do. He opened his mouth and screamed. He threw back his head and opened his mouth and yelled at the top of his voice. Irving clattered down the stairs and Mrs. Zellner heard him and heard Abie. She came running and stood appalled, for Abie was purple in the face.

"Lilyan—Lilyan, what is it?" she gasped.

"Abie, he's poisoned—he drunk all the mucilage," said Lilyan. "What should we do, Mrs. Zellner? You know what we should do?"

"Milk, maybe," said Mrs. Zellner. "For some such poisons milk is an antidote. Anyway give him milk, Lilyan."

"I get it," said Mrs. Klinsky. "Hold him once, Lilyan."

"WAIT," said Mrs. Zellner to Lilyan. "Maybe mucilage ain't poison; I ask Solly."

She, too, went clattering down the stairs. She saw Irving coming from the Klinsky notion store, for he had had to get a nickel from his father for the telephone. Mr. Klinsky was out-speeding Irving. He was white of face and he dashed up the stairs past Mrs. Zellner. Solly Zellner had wandered down to say a word or two to Mike Capella and Mrs. Zellner ran to him calling, "Solly! Solly!"

"What?" asked Solly.

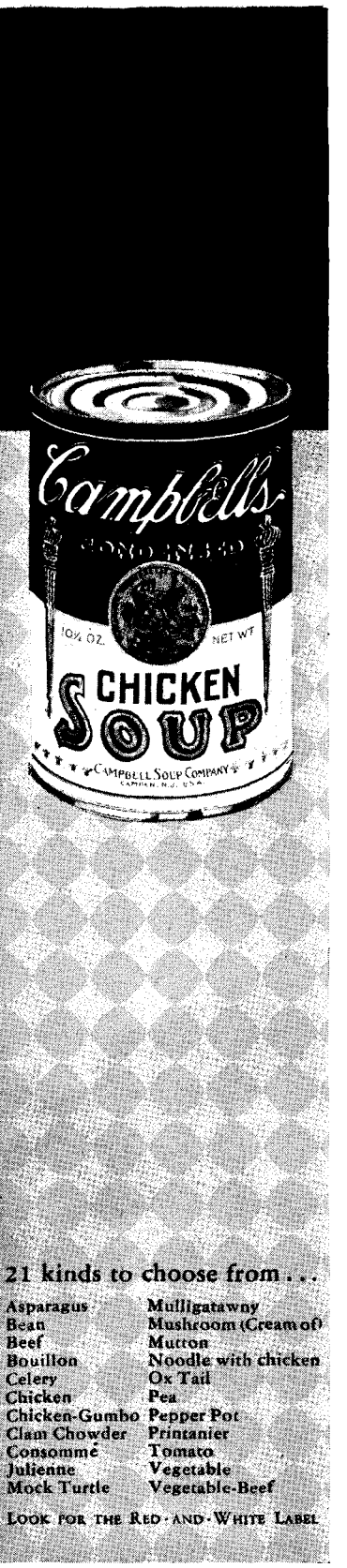
"Abie!" panted Mrs. Zellner. "Klinsky's Abie drunk a bottle of mucilage. A whole bottle. Is it poison, Solly? What is the antidote, Solly, for such a bottle of mucilage?"

In the booth in the drug store Irving

(Continued on page 46)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It's just your idea of what Chicken Soup should be!



21 kinds to choose from . . .

Asparagus	Mulligatawny
Bean	Mushroom (Cream of)
Beef	Mutton
Bouillon	Noodle with chicken
Celery	Ox Tail
Chicken	Pea
Chicken-Gumbo	Pepper Pot
Clam Chowder	Printanier
Consommé	Tomato
Julienne	Vegetable
Mock Turtle	Vegetable-Beef

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

Good Chicken Soup — the kind with the flavor that instantly appeals to the appetite — can be made only with the finest chickens. We select and prepare them with all the care and skill that the most particular housewife could exercise.

All of the meat, both white and dark, from each chicken is used in making this enticing soup, and tender morsels from the choicest parts supply the toothsome garnish. There is rice in abundance.

Campbell's Chicken Soup is made to order for your appetite. Millions of homes proclaim it their favorite — serve it often — keep it on hand always.

But that is natural. For everybody likes chicken soup — and here it is made just the way they like it. Gloriously rich in chicken — it's downright delicious. And, incidentally, every housewife knows that chicken soup made the way we make it is expensive to make — and a marvelous value at the regular Campbell's Soup price. Are you missing something?

Double rich! Double strength!

Campbell's Soups bring you condensed, concentrated goodness. You are buying double richness — double strength. So when you add an equal quantity of water in your kitchen, you obtain twice the quantity of soup at no extra cost. Campbell's Soups are the finest soups you can buy.

With Campbell's inside me,
I'm never afraid
Of missing the cheering
In any parade!

Campbells' Chicken Soup

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Jail Breaker

By W. R. Burnett

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

The Story Thus Far:

AN ALMOST perfect double of Killer Mannion, a notorious criminal who has just shot his way out of prison, Arthur Jones, a clerk in the State Bureau of Industrial Statistics, is arrested, positively identified as Mannion. He is, however, released when his boss—Mr. Rawlins (known to his office force as J. G.)—announces emphatically that he is Jones, not Mannion.

According to the papers, which scream the story, the clerk and the killer might be twin brothers; even their voices are identical. Now, armed with a "passport" which assures him immunity from further arrests, *Arthur Jones has another surprising experience.* Ben Healy, a reporter who represents a great newspaper syndicate, suggests that he write the story of Killer Mannion's life! He agrees to do so.

Surprise No. 3 awaits him when he returns to his room that evening. A caller is awaiting *him. Mannion!* The intruder calmly informs him that he must have the use of the passport *every night.* He is interrupted by the entrance of Mr. Rawlins' secretary, Miss Wicklow. The girl, it appears, has brought some important reports which demand Jones' immediate attention. Mannion is unperturbed. He explains the situation; warns the couple that his gang will kill them if they "rat," and goes out—with the passport. . . . The following day, Jones and Miss Wicklow discuss their problem at the Blue Goose, a bohemian restaurant. They must, they agree, keep silent; they agree, also, that something strange is going on at the office, that there is "something mysterious in the air." Before they part, the conversation grows personal. Miss Wicklow—a beautiful girl of mystery, who, according to the gossips, has been twice married—informs Jones that he is nice but "futile." She advises him, kindly, to take a grip on himself, set some definite goal for himself. . . .

In his room, Jones has a long talk with the killer. Mannion is vastly amused by the idea of having his life-story written. He volunteers much information about his stormy career; and he gives Jones his "philosophy of living": "There's two kinds of guys—right guys and wrong guys. A fellow ought to be one of the right sort. There's no harm in bumping the other kind. Nearly all cops are wrong; and nearly all lawyers and politicians." Then—"Give me that passport. Thanks. A dame with a car is waiting for me. I'll be seeing you!"

IV

AS SOON as the door had closed, Jones jumped up, got out his typewriter and set it on his work table; then he broke open a new box of paper and arranged the sheets in a pile at his right hand. He had the itch to work. All afternoon he had looked forward to starting and his long interview with Mannion had given him added impetus. He could see the work clearly before him, chapter after chapter. He sat down at the typewriter but jumped up almost immediately. If Mrs. Crosby had seen Mannion go out she'd certainly get suspicious if she heard his typewriter going. Of course sounds did not carry in the house; it was a huge one and very well built, not like those paper-walled things they were throwing up now and calling apartment houses. Still, it was risky. Jones began to pace the floor. He really felt like working; it was darned annoying to have to put it off.

He made up his mind quickly and, opening the door, went out. There was no one about, not a sound. He went down the stairs noisily and stopped in the hallway, listening. He heard faint music coming from the landlady's apartment, then the faint sound of voices. She was probably entertaining some of her friends and had not seen Mannion go out. He knocked at her door. It was a long time before she came.

"Were there any messages left here for me, Mrs. Crosby?"

"No, Mr. Jones. Not a thing as far as I know."

"Well, good night. I've got a little work to do."

"Good night. I've got company. Folks I haven't seen in years."

"That's nice."

"Oh, we're having quite a time."

On the way upstairs Jones suddenly realized that he had not eaten. He locked the door behind him and made some coffee. When it had boiled he drank two cups and ate a hard doughnut. Then he went to work.

From the first page, the work went easily. Jones had always written with difficulty, straining for subtlety of expression, and racking his brain for that esthetic phantom, the *mot juste;* now he took any word that came to hand, without a thought of literary values or shades of meaning. In a short while he was effortlessly writing the language spoken by a hundred million Americans; slangy, direct, simple. It seemed to Jones that he had made a great discovery.

JONES wrote as fast as he was able but his fingers simply could not keep pace with his mind. In two hours he had written well over two thousand words and at the end of four hours he had completed the first two chapters. He felt limp and made some more coffee. But the ideas were still buzzing through his mind, so after a short rest, he started in again.

He kept saying to himself: "It can't possibly be any good written at this rate." But he realized finally that he was telling himself this merely to ward off bad luck and failure; as one knocks on wood. Underneath, a conviction that he had found himself and for the first time was really writing gained ground steadily. He lost track of time and tore sheet after sheet of completed first draft out of his typewriter.

Glancing at the window, he noticed that it was getting gray. He finished the sheet that was in the typewriter, then he looked at his watch. Ten after six. He couldn't believe his eyes. He had been working almost ten hours at top speed.

Of a sudden he felt very tired and slumped down in his chair. Sitting in this relaxed position, he began mechanically to estimate the words he had written. Roughly: eight thousand. He couldn't believe it. His usual stint was one thousand, laboriously written.

He picked up the first sheet and tried to read it but the print swam before his eyes. Getting up, he got a drink of water, then lay down on the bed fully dressed and fell asleep at once.

He woke with a start and sat up on the bed, rubbing his eyes to get the sleep out of them. Something was worrying him and for a long time he couldn't figure out what it was. Finally he knew. Mannion! He hadn't come back. Maybe they had picked him up. But no; he had the passport.

Jones jumped up, ran into the bathroom and washed his face in ice-cold water. Then he glanced at his watch. Five after seven. No wonder he was so dog-tired; he'd worked almost all night at high pressure and had only slept about an hour. He began to wonder what had wakened him. He stood listening. In the distance a voice was shouting; it drew nearer and nearer. Jones ran to the window and opened it. Heads were appearing all along the street. He saw a boy with a bundle of newspapers under his arm, turning the corner. He strained his ears.

"Extra! Extra! All about the jail break!"

"Extra! Extra! Mannion frees pals!"

JONES began to tremble. After the break, things had probably got too hot for Mannion and he had skipped, taking the passport with him. Jones turned, hastily tied his necktie, got into a coat and an overcoat, then stood hesitating, trying to shake off a feeling of exhaustion, trying to concentrate. He couldn't go out without a passport now. They were probably combing the city for Mannion. The police were getting nervous; they might shoot first and argue afterward.

He heard a hubbub in the street below. There was an iron-lunged newsboy on each side of the street and their powerful, hoarse voices rebounded from the house fronts. Jones lit a cigarette with shaking hands. He was a fool to have allowed himself to get mixed up with Mannion. Some day it would all come out and then what a nice fix he'd be in!

There was a knock at the door. Jones hesitated for a long time, then he called: "Who is it?"

"Messenger boy."

Jones opened the door. The boy pulled off his cap and took a sealed envelope out of it. Jones tipped the boy, who grinned and said:

"Some noise, eh? Hear about the break?"

"Yes," said Jones hurriedly and closed the door.

He tore open the envelope, sighing with relief when he saw the passport. There was also a note which he read hastily:

Friend J:

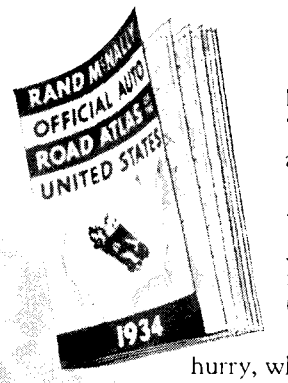
Here it is much oblige I won't be needing it now so long I am on my way listen last night at about twelve o'clock a dick buzzed me at the corner of Front and Broad I was walking west listen this dick looked like he smell a rat I show him the p. and he tells me to move on all the same look out for that dick if they buzz you tell them what I say here one thing the dick says is if I was you buddy Ide hunt a hole and craul in till things get cool okay officer I says so long remember what I say don't rat

(Continued on page 41)

Spot had fainted and Tony was fanning him with his hat

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

We want you to have this road atlas!



Here it is — Rand McNally Official U. S. Road Atlas — 1934 Edition! Covers the entire U. S. with the latest state and regional maps (48 pages — size 10¼ x 14 — 50c).

We want you to have this road atlas. We also want you to try out on your own car the amazing, new, easy-to-use Johnson Wax method. So we offer this special sale for a limited time only. $1.60 value for 98c. Includes Johnson's Auto Cleaner (75c) — Johnson's new Auto Wax (35c) — Rand McNally Official U. S. Road Atlas, 1934 edition (50c). Better hurry, while your dealer still has them in stock. (*If your dealer isn't supplied, write S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc., Racine, Wis.*)

The new Johnson Wax method is a boon to car owners — provides an easy, inexpensive way to restore and protect the beauty of their car finish. So many cars look dull and shabby, old before their time. Now the beauty of these cars can be quickly restored — and protected with a minimum of effort. Saves many car washings, increases trade-in values.

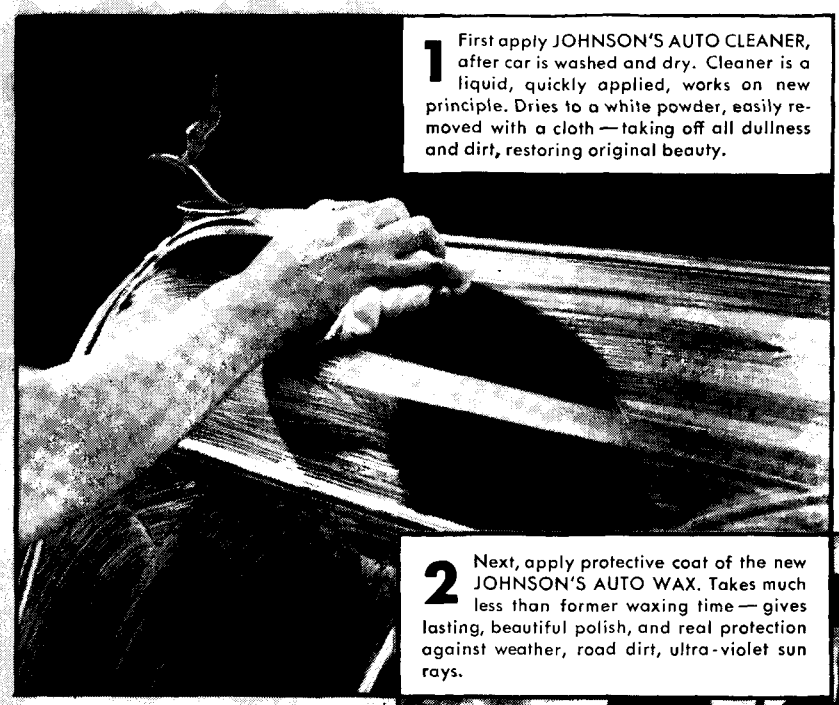
SPECIAL SALE

We want every car owner to have this useful 1934 Rand McNally Official U. S. Road Atlas (value 50c). Also, we want every car owner to try on his own car this amazing, new, easy-to-use Johnson Wax method. So we offer this special sale—$1.60 value for 98c—at your dealer's now. Limited time only.

1 Rand McNally Official U. S. Road Atlas (1934 edition)	50c
1 Can Johnson's New Auto Cleaner and Polish	75c
1 Can Johnson's New Auto Wax	35c
	~~$1.60~~

ALL FOR 98¢

Attention Jobbers and Dealers!
Supply of these special sale combinations is limited. They will be in great demand, and right now is the height of the touring season. If you are not supplied, wire us immediately.



1 First apply JOHNSON'S AUTO CLEANER, after car is washed and dry. Cleaner is a liquid, quickly applied, works on new principle. Dries to a white powder, easily removed with a cloth — taking off all dullness and dirt, restoring original beauty.

2 Next, apply protective coat of the new JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX. Takes much less than former waxing time — gives lasting, beautiful polish, and real protection against weather, road dirt, ultra-violet sun rays.

Now — clean and wax your car . . . this new easy way!

So easy you'll gladly do the work yourself!

Both the new Johnson's Cleaner and the new Johnson's Wax were designed to be labor-saving.

The wax is soft in the can, for easy application — yet it gives the hardest possible wax coat for protection against sun, weather, road dirt. And don't forget that those same ultra-violet sun rays, so beneficial in summer to yourself, are very hard on the finish of your car. The coat of wax protects the finish against this destructive element.

The Johnson Wax method is the easiest maintenance method for keeping your car beautiful. Dust slides off, rain cannot penetrate the protective wax. Between waxings, an occasional rubbing with a cloth keeps the finish gleaming. So inexpensive (the 35c can of wax is *enough for 5 waxings*). Order this combination right away — from your auto supply store or regular wax dealer — $1.60 value for 98c.

Always WAX a New Car!

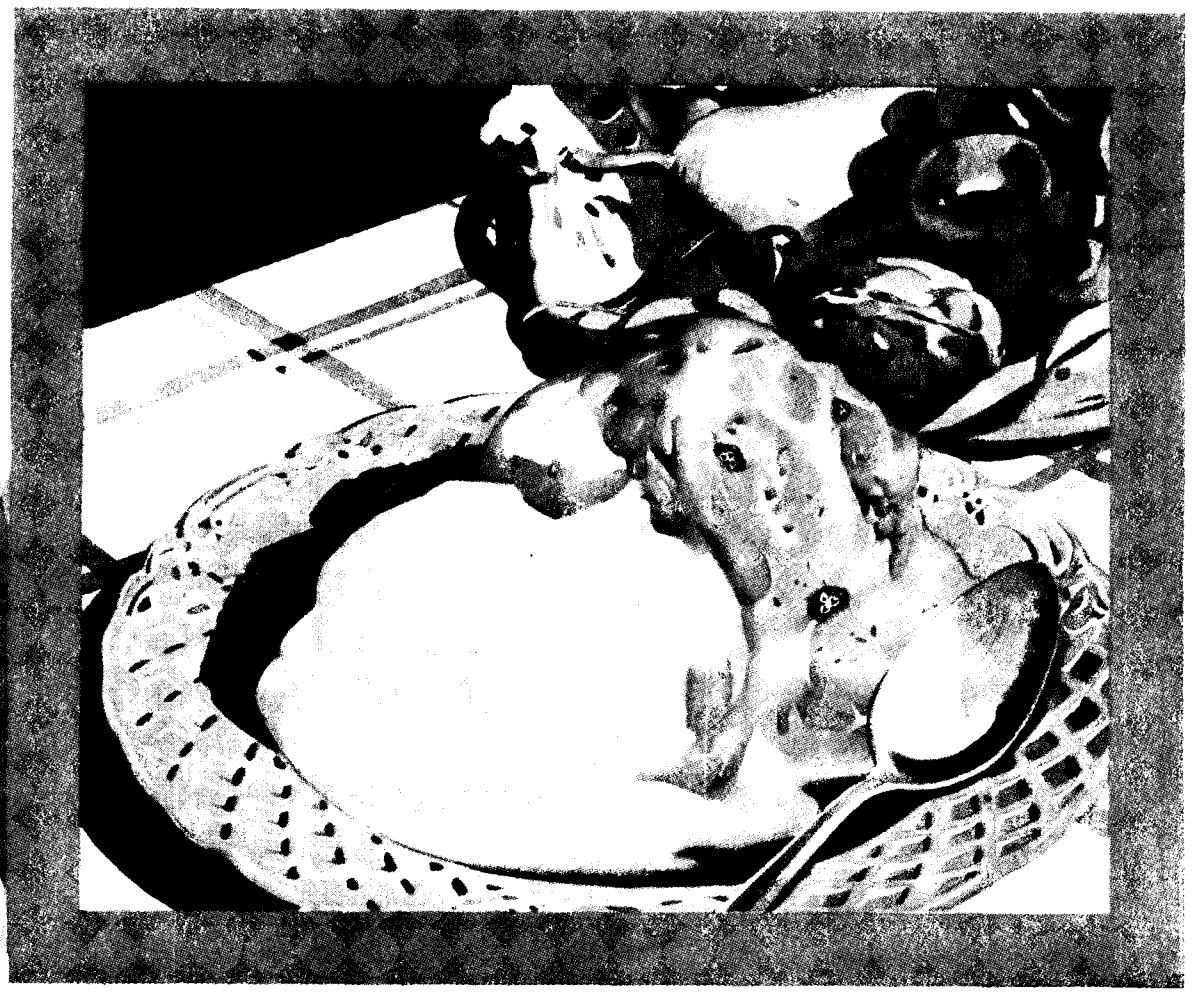
JOHNSON'S NEW WAX METHOD
1 JOHNSON'S AUTO CLEANER 2 JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Collier's, *The National Weekly*

BUY WITH

"GOOD HOUSEKEEPING BUREAU" TELLS



Before any product may display the *Good Housekeeping* seal of approval, it must meet the rigid requirements of scientific minds, methods, and microscopes. For the first time in the making and marketing of food-products, such sanction has been given to ice cream. This is important to you . . . and to every member of your family.

Bear in mind that good ice cream is a pure food, not merely an occasional delicacy. Eat it whenever you are hungry—morning, noon, or night. It is stored with the body-building vitamins of sweet cream, fresh from sparkling dairies; the quick energy of pure sugar; the nourishment of fresh fruits and meaty nuts; the tongue-teasing zest of genuine flavors.

On the next page are the brands approved by *Good Housekeeping's* staff of scientists, as being worthy of your confidence. An unbiased source reassures you of their purity, cleanliness, strict laboratory-control, freshness, and quality of ingredients. Each of these brands is made to a single quality-standard; each is justly famous in its own locality.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Collier's, *The National Weekly*

CONFIDENCE

YOU THESE ICE CREAM BRANDS ARE SAFE . . . AND SATISFYING

ALLEN'S ICE CREAM
Rockford, Ill., and Monroe, Wis.

ARCTIC ICE CREAM . State of Michigan

BREYERS ICE CREAM
Philadelphia and Eastern Pennsylvania, Metropolitan New York, New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, Southern Connecticut, and District of Columbia

CASTLES ICE CREAM
Brooklyn and Staten Island, N. Y., and Northern New Jersey

CHAPELL'S ICE CREAM
Metropolitan Chicago, Ill.

CLOVER FARMS ICE CREAM
Memphis and Western Tennessee, Eastern Arkansas, and Northern Mississippi

CLOVERLEAF ICE CREAM
Decatur and Northern Indiana

CREAM CREST ICE CREAM
Louisville and Lexington, Ky.

THE CREAM OF PITTSBURGH
Greater Pittsburgh, Pa.

CREME-FREEZ ICE CREAM
Boston, Mass.

DETROIT CREAMERY VELVET BRAND ICE CREAM
Detroit and State of Michigan

ECOMA ICE CREAM . . . . . Erie, Pa.

FRANKLIN DUBL-EX ICE CREAM
Kansas City and Missouri, Kansas, Oklahoma, and Southeastern Nebraska

FRECHTLING'S ICE CREAM
Metropolitan Cincinnati and Hamilton, O.

FRO-JOY ICE CREAM . New England States, New York State, Northwestern Pennsylvania, and Northeastern Ohio

HARDING'S ICE CREAM
Eastern Nebraska and Western Iowa

HOFFMAN'S ICE CREAM
Altoona, Barnesboro, Bedford, Pa., and Cumberland, Md.

HYDROX ICE CREAM . . Metropolitan New York, Metropolitan Chicago, Greater St. Louis, Southeastern Missouri, and Southern Illinois

JERSEY ICE CREAM . . Lawrence and Eastern Massachusetts, and Schenectady, New York

KENT'S ICE CREAM . State of Vermont

KIMBALL'S ICE CREAM
Malden, Mass.

LOCKWOOD'S ICE CREAM . Utica, N. Y.

LUICK ICE CREAM . . Milwaukee and Wisconsin, Northern Illinois, and Upper Peninsular Michigan

MANCHESTER DAIRY ICE CREAM
South Manchester, Conn.

MILLIKIN'S ICE CREAM
Youngstown and Warren, Ohio

MOGLIA'S ICE CREAM
Northern New Jersey

MOORE'S ICE CREAM
Meadville, Oil City, and Franklin, Pa.

PLYMOUTH ROCK ICE CREAM
Southeastern Massachusetts

RIECK'S ICE CREAM . . . Greater Pittsburgh and Western Pennsylvania

ROGERS' ICE CREAM
Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

ROSZELL'S ICE CREAM
Central Illinois

SAGAL-LOU ICE CREAM
New Haven, Conn.

ST. LOUIS DAIRY ICE CREAM
Greater St. Louis, Eastern Missouri, and Southwestern Illinois

SANITARY ICE CREAM
Canton, Ohio

SOUTHERN DAIRIES ICE CREAM
District of Columbia, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, West Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Kentucky, Tennessee, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, and Mississippi

SUPPLEE ICE CREAM
Philadelphia and Eastern Pennsylvania, Southern New Jersey, and Delaware

TELLING'S ICE CREAM
Ohio and West Virginia

THOMPSON'S ICE CREAM
Metropolitan Chicago, Ill.

UNION ICE CREAM
Middle Tennessee and North Alabama

VELVET BRAND ICE CREAM
State of Michigan and Toledo, Ohio

How about a cone, Boys and Girls? Buy where you see the Good Housekeeping seal of approval.

Good ice cream improves a soda or a milk-shake. Be sure it's the brand Good Housekeeping approves.

Don't forget the energy-value of a sundae, made with ice cream approved by Good Housekeeping.

LOOK FOR THE "GOOD HOUSEKEEPING" SEAL

. . . in the store . . . on the package . . . on the carry-out carton. It's really quite important. Here's why: You want the best ice cream your money can buy. Naturally! Ice cream as wholesome as it is flavorsome. Ice cream from plants and stores as clean as your own kitchen. Such ice cream is made under the brands listed above. Find your brand, and enjoy it regularly . . . in factory-filled pint packages, in bulk (packed by your dealer), in cones, sundaes, ice cream sodas, and special forms. As an *extra* guarantee of goodness, be sure you see the *Good Housekeeping* seal of safety. These brands are the *first* to secure *Good Housekeeping's* approval . . . and you can get them NOW . . . in all popular flavors.

Tested and Approved
SERIAL NO. 4844
by
Good Housekeeping © Bureau
Conducted by
GOOD HOUSEKEEPING MAGAZINE

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

COOLS, SOOTHES LIKE

ICE ON SUNBURN

NEXT time your skin gets angry with the fever and pain of too much sun, douse on cooling, soothing Absorbine Jr.

The minute it touches your skin, it wafts out a coolness that feels like the breath of an ice box. What glorious relief, nothing like you've ever known before!

The gentle, beneficial oils in Absorbine Jr. promptly aid in drawing out the inflammation, soothing the skin and muscles back to normal comfort. But most important, Absorbine Jr. guards against infection.

Thousands of people are using it. We know of no other single preparation, at any price, which combines the merits of Absorbine Jr. for complete relief from sunburn. Use it freely after every exposure. Not greasy, not sticky, won't soil clothing. And in just a few minutes the faintly pleasant odor is gone.

Wonderful, too, for insect bites

Douse mosquito and other insect bites with Absorbine Jr. It calls for another sigh of relief, the way irritation and discomfort quickly disappear—the way swellings melt away—and danger of infection is safely guarded against. At all drug stores, $1.25. For free sample, write W. F. Young, Inc., 357 Lyman St., Springfield, Mass.

Used by thousands for blistering, itching, peeling Athlete's Foot

ABSORBINE JR.

for years has relieved sore muscles, muscular aches, bruises, burns, sprains, cuts, abrasions, Athlete's Foot

Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

Chinese charity dispenses more than necessities. Sometimes the destitute, starved for opium, can secure it at a Buddhist temple. There is one in Lichow in which a life-sized idol always has a handful for those who are too poor to buy their own. The supply is maintained by the wealthy citizens of the city.

One of the oldest legends in the Christian world concerns the constant quivering of aspen leaves, even in apparently still air. A large number of persons believe the aspen tree supplied the wood for the Cross and has never ceased to tremble for the part that it played in the crucifixion. —*By T. B. Lawrie, Winnipeg, Canada.*

The only solid that can be permeated by another solid at ordinary temperature is lead—and that only by gold. When a layer of gold is covered by a layer of lead, the gold molecules will—in time—become diffused throughout the lead.—*By Muriel E. Young, Petersburg, Alaska.*

Spark photography has proved to ballistic experts that when a gun is fired the gas leaks past the bullet and emerges from the muzzle before the bullet itself.

On a sidewalk of Broad Street, Augusta, Georgia, a pillar from a market house has been obstructing pedestrians for 60 years. But the city will not remove this "Column with a Curse" because a preacher swore that the man who took it down would be struck dead by lightning. He was the preacher who had predicted that the market house would be destroyed by a cyclone. And it was!—*By Margaret Mason, Los Angeles, California.*

The number of icebergs in the North Atlantic varies greatly from year to year. In 1912, there were 1,100; in 1924, only 11; and this year about 700. As they float slowly south, they keep their size until they reach the Gulf Stream where they melt within a week or two. This warm water has even been known to melt completely one of these great mountains of ice, a city block square, in 36 hours.

Common colds, measles, smallpox, canine distemper, cattle plague and about 50 other infectious diseases are caused by filterable viruses, organisms which are so minute that they not only pass through the finest filters but cannot be seen under the most powerful microscopes.—*By Jessie L. Rice, Colorado Springs, Colo.*

For nearly a century an English family has held the right to rent chairs in the public parks of London. Although there are a certain number of free seats, this family owns 150,000 chairs, placed in the better locations. The tickets, which are good for one day, sell for four cents and entitle the owner to move from chair to chair and from park to park as he pleases.

Undoubtedly the next war will be fought largely with poisonous gases. There are more than a thousand different kinds today — suffocants, sneezers, tear gases, nerve poisoners, blood poisoners and blisterers. Then there are the incendiary liquids and substances that are inextinguishable. In fact, one of them—thermite—burns more violently when sprayed with water or chemicals.

In London during the 18th century, theatrical news was so eagerly read by everyone that a newspaper often found it profitable, from the standpoint of circulation, to pay the theater as much as $1,000 a year for the exclusive privilege of publishing not only numerous favorable comments about each play but also the daily advertisements.

About 60 years ago, Nasr-ed-din, the Shah of Persia, attended the opera in Paris and was so delighted with the ballet that he ordered his attendants to purchase the entire front row for his extensive harem. Disappointed, he took home a supply of the costumes. The new "fashion" from Paris spread rapidly and for 50 years the indoor dress of all Persian ladies was the short, fluffy ballet skirt.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Who's got Rhythm?

Continued from page 13

"You should be a very good golfer," I suggested, "as golf, the professionals tell me, is wholly rhythm."

"I am a good golfer," Vernon said proudly. "Yesterday I broke 120 for the first time and I have only been playing five years. I can hit that ball a mile but I can't putt or I'd cut my score in half—well, almost in half. The pro I work with tells me I've no sense of coördination, that I play jerkily. I can't understand it."

Now what does this all prove? Well, sir, it proves that golf is a very cantankerous game—not of course a very original contention. Never have I seen a man better equipped for becoming a great golfer than Vernon. His muscles, his mind, his nerves are all perfectly coördinated. His sense of rhythm is uncanny. Yet he can't get to first base on the golf course, if you know what I mean. Golf apparently demands a special kind of balance, a rhythm all its own. Now there was that day—

There were just two people on the putting green reserved for practice. One was a dark-eyed, dark-haired girl and the other was a dark-eyed, dark-haired man. Both looked very unhappy, as well they should have looked, because they were doing as bad a job of putting as ever I saw. The girl was sort of jabbing ungracefully at the ball and the man was hitting it with the same deft, delicate motion that a butcher might use in slaughtering a steer.

"You are both very terrible," I said with the confidence that a bad golfer has when he is talking to a worse golfer. "The trouble with you two is that you have no sense of rhythm, no balance, no coördination."

They were both very angry by now and this only made their efforts the more piteous. They gave up when I suggested that they desert golf in favor of wood-chopping or maybe horseshoe pitching.

The Great Coördination Mystery

That night I saw the dark-eyed, dark-haired girl and the dark-eyed, dark-haired man again in a night club which was filled to capacity by people who had paid quite a lot of money just to see these two perform. They were billed as Veloz and Yolanda and people in the business tell me they are the best dancers of their type in the world. I guess they are, too, because as they float out there across the floor on the wings of soft music they look like two wraiths being swayed by a gentle breeze and as you watch them you sometimes wonder if they are real.

People who sit in night clubs often have hard, ugly eyes but when Veloz and Yolanda dance you can look around and those hard, ugly eyes are soft now, touched, I suppose, with the incredible beauty and unbelievable grace of the performance. And when you watch you feel relaxed and sort of vaguely pleased with yourself and the world in general.

"Why is it, Frank," I asked Veloz, "that you are such a good dancer and such a lousy golf player?"

"I don't know," he said gloomily. "Both Yolanda and I work on our golf game almost as much as we do on our dancing. Now our dancing depends for its success almost entirely on our sense of rhythm. I own both a slice and a hook in golf. If some small hitch developed in our dancing routine we could correct it easily enough but I can't correct my drive in golf.

"Naturally Yolanda and I have developed a sense of rhythm. We sort of hook that on to the routine of our dances and we get," he added apologetically, "pretty good results."

"If you could hook that rhythm on to your golf game," I suggested, "maybe people wouldn't avoid you on the golf course."

"Suppose," Yolanda said, and, my, how those dark eyes flashed, "we leave our golf game out of this as we are both sensitive about it."

As a rule, if a man is a natural athlete he can play any game fairly well because underlying practically all games is the basic principle of mind and muscle coördination. A good ball player could easily become a good horseback rider or a good hand-ball player or a good ice skater. But it does not necessarily follow that he could become a good golf player. Golf is a law unto itself with its own rules and its own requirements, though what they are goodness only knows.

Col. Bogey Fans the Babe

There is Babe Ruth, for instance. Ruth is a pretty good golfer. In fact, he is a very good golfer, but it is because he spends about half of his waking hours on the course. He is not a natural golfer by any means and his uncanny sense of rhythm hasn't helped him much on the golf course.

The Babe always hurries to Florida several weeks before the official practice season begins and plays golf. This spring, I saw him playing on the Bellair Country Club course, not far from St. Petersburg, where the Yanks were training. It was the first day of training. This was in the morning. The Babe and his partner came to the last hole all even.

Their opponents made fives on the last hole. Babe's partner had a five too. Ruth was the last to putt. He had been playing good golf. Now his ball was just a foot and a half from the hole. If he made that putt his team would tie. If he failed to sink it, it meant the loss of the match and incidentally the loss of twelve dollars. It was a tense moment as the Babe took his stance. He had sunk hundreds of putts much longer than a foot and a half, but the ball hit the hole, curled around and then gleefully bounced two inches to the right. He had missed. Something had gone wrong. For a fraction of a second his mind, his eye and his muscles had not been coördinating properly.

That afternoon he made his 1934 baseball début. He hadn't had a bat in his hand for several months. He stepped to the plate. "Hit a couple over the fence for us, Babe," a photographer asked.

"Sure I will, kid," Ruth laughed. The pitcher tossed three balls at Ruth. He swung three times as only he can swing and all three balls sailed majestically over the fence. Months of inactivity hadn't dulled the Ruth batting eye. His sense of rhythm and the amazing coördination which have always been his didn't desert him at the plate. It was second nature for him to slap that ball out of the park. But they did desert him when he tried to push a little white ball a foot and a half along a green strip of earth.

Well, golf is like that. A thick-necked, barrel-chested wrestler, or a flat-footed traffic cop might be a greater "natural" golf player than a dancer or an athlete who is an expert in a game that demands precision of timing, rhythm in execution and perfect coördination.

SOME SMOOTH ADVICE TO

YOUNG SHAVERS

It's the old ones who have a hard time shaving. Their beards are tough—yes, really tough. Most of them, at one time or another, have tried every kind of shaving cream. The wise ones change no more, once they've discovered Williams.

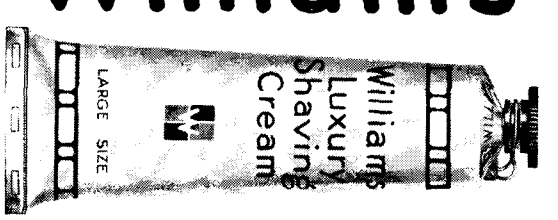
And they give advice quite freely to the young ones—whose shaving problems may be simpler but whose need for smooth, clean faces—faces that are Fit—is even greater. Young and old alike have learned that Williams stands for Face Fitness. They know that the mild, soothing, gently cleansing Williams lather is lather for the skin as well as the beard.

Experience (a hundred years or so)—ingredients that are the choicest the world affords—go into Williams.

There's efficiency, comfort, and true economy in every tube of Williams. Why not find out for yourself today?

JUST NOTICE THE FINE SKINS OF MEN WHO USE

Williams



Shaving Cream

THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY, GLASTONBURY, CONN., U. S. A.—LaSalle, MONTREAL, Can.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The senator frowned. "And what else?" he asked in a voice that had lost the resonance of rage

The Thirty Thousand Dollar Bomb

Continued from page 17

appeared three signatures she devoted a brief thirty seconds. She reached for the telephone on her desk and called long distance.

"Burn a line through for me to Washington," she directed, and then, becoming explicit, "this is an official rush call for Bradford Garnett at the State Department. Senator Colton calling."

Enjoying precedence over other traffic, the call went through to Bradford Garnett in fifty-eight seconds. Instantly when she heard Garnett's voice, "Who is your hot spot ace out here?" Sylvia asked. "Is Seventeen still working in San Francisco?"

"Seventeen is on the other side of the Pacific," Bradford Garnett informed her. "What sort of a job is it? We have three men in San Francisco right this minute."

"The senator has bought some dynamite. Documents. Who is the high man in that game?"

"Chinese, six feet tall, weight one hundred and sixty-five pounds, Yale—name James Lee. His telephone number is China 7707. Ask for Lee Wong and say that Gettysburg is calling. Incidentally, how are you?"

"Thank you, Brad. I'm fine."

"Married or single?"

"Still single. Goodby."

"Congratulations. Goodby."

Thirty seconds after she hung up on the Washington call Sylvia rang through to China 7707.

Waiting, she fumbled mentally with the word Shenandoah but instantly when the call was answered, "I wish to speak with Lee Wong," she said. "Tell him Gettysburg is calling."

THEN in even tones a vibrant voice over the wire said, "James Lee speaking," and suddenly Sylvia seemed to realize that the burden of her problem had shifted to stronger shoulders.

"This is Sylvia Deane speaking for Senator Colton. The senator has picked up some dangerous documents. When can I see you? Where can I see you?"

"Turn to your left from Grant Avenue at Jackson Street. A man will be waiting for you at the entrance of Ross Alley. He will guide you to my apartment."

At the door of James Lee's apartment, which was on the second floor of a building that stood on the west side of Ross Alley, Sylvia's guide knocked softly.

When the door opened, Sylvia faced a Chinese man who smiled at her. "I am James Lee, Miss Deane," he said. "Mr. Garnett called me from Washington since you telephoned me. I am at your service. What is your problem?"

The girl handed the manila folder to James Lee. "Senator Colton paid thirty thousand dollars for these documents. He is spending the afternoon with Desmond Cross. Do you know Desmond Cross?"

"I know him," James Lee said.

"Mr. Cross is coming back to San Francisco tonight with the senator to see these documents. Look at them. The senator intends to turn them over to Mr. Cross. Read them. You will understand what it might mean if the senator permits Mr. Cross to publish them in his newspapers. Read that ten-page affair first."

Halfway through the ten-page manuscript James Lee quit reading. He turned to the last page of this document and inspected the three appended signatures. "This is very interesting, Miss Deane," he said. "If it is authentic it means that Germany and Russia are better friends than Washington thinks."

Sylvia Deane frowned. "And what else does it mean?"

James Lee looked straight at the girl for a moment and then, "Probably another world war," he said quietly. After a moment, "If I remember correctly, the senator is inclined to specialize in luxuries of this kind."

"DO YOU refer to the Bernal papers?"

"I had forgotten that case. I was thinking of the French indemnity memorandum that upset the Geneva tea party."

Sylvia Deane nodded. "They cost him a hundred thousand," she said. "I was too late to save him—that time."

"But this time—you flatter me."

"You will do what you can? It isn't the money—it's the . . ." Smiling then at James Lee, "It isn't the first cost of these things. It's the upkeep of the senator's self-respect among other things. I think he's been hooked. Won't you please see what you can do?"

"Where did he get them?"

"They were turned over to him this morning in one of his rooms at the Pal-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Now You Can Buy a BIG DODGE

117" WHEELBASE

for $645*

Big 117-inch wheelbase Dodge Sedan with inside luggage compartment. Also Form-Built trunk available. A sensational value at $695*.

At New Reduced Prices this 5-Passenger Dodge Sedan Costs Less than Many Small Cars

No wonder there has been such tremendous buying of Dodge cars since the drastic new price reductions have been announced.

Dodge gives you such outstanding advantages as Hydraulic Brakes that stop instantly and smoothly, don't swerve, yet save tires and brake linings. All-steel body for complete safety. Valve seat inserts that save gas and postpone valve grinding thousands of extra miles.

Also such modern comfort advantages as "Floating-Cushion" Wheels that step over bumps. Modern ventilation with windshield that can be opened. Floating Power engine mountings that smother engine vibration. Nothing changed but the price!

You not only get these outstanding engineering advantages... In every Dodge you also get the 20 years of manufacturing experience that has made Dodge famous for dependability.

Why do without any of the great Dodge features... why put up with small car discomforts and inconvenience—when you can enjoy the comfort and pride of this big, dependable Dodge at such an unheard of low price? Ask any Dodge dealer to let you compare Dodge against rivals with the "Show-Down" Plan. Ride in a Dodge today. See what a difference there is between Dodge and other cars.

DODGE BROTHERS CORPORATION, *Division of* CHRYSLER MOTORS

NOTHING CHANGED BUT THE PRICES

BIG DODGE SIX 117" WHEELBASE

Coupe	$645	Touring Sedan	$695
Rumble Seat Coupe	$690	Sedan	$745
Convertible Coupe	$745		

DELUXE 117" WHEELBASE

Coupe	$665	Touring Sedan	$715
Rumble Seat Coupe	$715	Sedan	$765
Convertible Coupe	$765		

SPECIAL 121" WHEELBASE

Brougham	$845	Convertible Sedan	$875

**All prices f. o. b. factory, Detroit. †Special equipment extra. Time payments to fit your budget. Ask for the official Chrysler Motors Commercial Credit Plan.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Thirty Thousand Dollar Bomb

• Continued from page 30

ace. I don't know who brought them to him. He paid thirty thousand dollars for them."

The tall Chinese closed his eyes for a moment. "That has a reminiscent flavor," he said. "Let's go into my library and have a better look at these little gems of literature."

Following James Lee into the room that he called his library, Sylvia observed that it was lighted by three windows in the west wall. Under these windows there was a long table littered with a miscellany of apparatus. The tall Chinese waved his hand toward the long table. "Cameras, microscopes, bottles, test tubes, junk in general—that's my stuff. All very portable when it's packed. First, let's have a look at this ten-page affair. I'll take a couple of photographs of the signature page and then I'll run a test on the paper. Nice clear typewriting, isn't it?"

"It's perfect work," Sylvia agreed. "Almost too perfect."

"That fact alone is significant," the Chinese declared. "Five or six of the big-shot forgery crew have tendencies toward perfection. . . . How much time have I on this job?"

"If the senator has dinner with Desmond Cross in Burlingame he won't be back until ten o'clock. They might decide to come back to the hotel for dinner. Five o'clock is the deadline."

"That gives me three hours. I can't read Russian script, can you?"

"Not a word of it."

WHEN the signature sheet of the ten-page manuscript had been photographed, "That final paragraph alone is war material enough to start another scrap," James Lee said. "Specific, aren't they! Listen: 'The Munitions Corporation of America guarantees to the governments of Russia and of Germany that high authority in government of the United States of America possesses full knowledge of the terms of this agreement and that the United States of America will in no way interfere with the deliveries of naval guns, salt, cotton or quicksilver to the ports designated.' "

James Lee scowled. "That's a big order," he declared. "I wonder who the high authority in government may be."

"That's probably the phrase that the senator paid for. You remember the documents that the senator procured covering the bribery of the Bolshevists by Germany."

James Lee nodded. "Quite well. Document Sixty-eight was the important one."

"You have a good memory," Sylvia complimented.

"I played a small part in that show," James Lee said.

"What do you make of this layout?" The Chinese waved his hand in the general direction of the six documents that lay to his left on the work table beside the manila folder. "Tell me in ten words. I have use for your opinion."

"It means that the United States rides with Germany and Russia against France and Japan."

James Lee nodded. "You ran over ten words but I agree with you. And what about England?"

"England may be fortunate enough to keep out of it—for a while. Then she would smash Japan—and France. . . ."

"How about shoving all of these papers into the fire and telling Senator Colton that you lost them?" James Lee suggested.

Sylvia's eyes widened. "That's absurd," she said. "That wouldn't change anything. If these documents are forgeries they mean nothing. If they're authentic, destroying them would mean less than nothing."

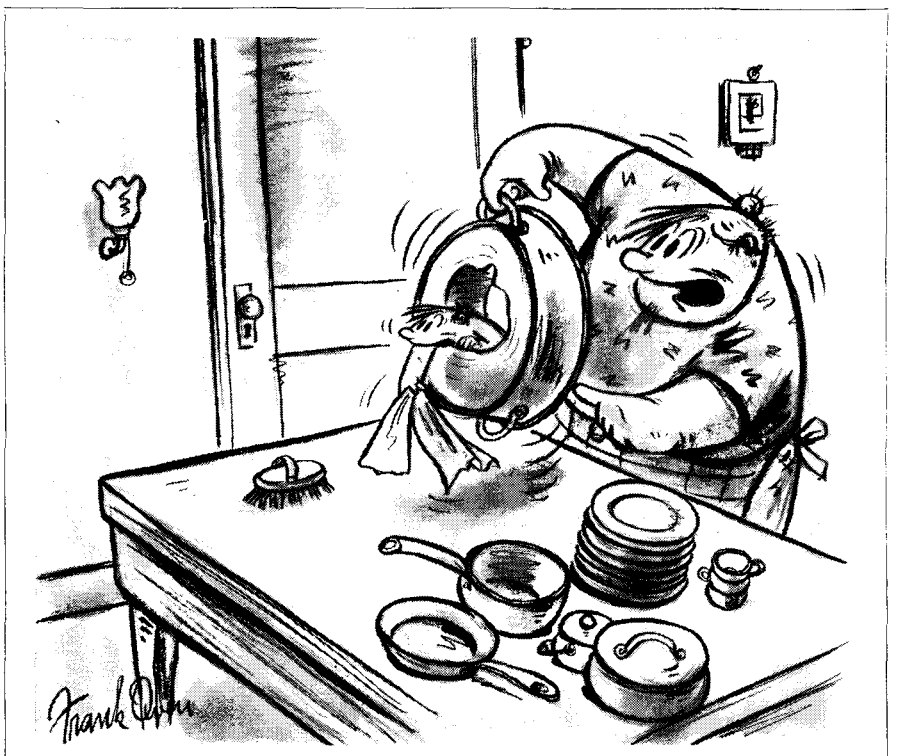
James Lee smiled. "I will telephone to you at five o'clock," he said. "You had better return to the hotel now. If the senator is dining in Burlingame it will afford me more time to work on them. One way or another we shall have to prevent their publication." Then, observing a quick look of doubt in Sylvia's eyes, "Have no fear," he said. "I will return the documents to you. I think I can persuade the senator not to publish them."

"I cannot leave without them. I pledged my word to the senator."

"Right! I'll see what I can do with photographic copies and samples of the paper. You don't mind if I clip a sliver of paper from each one of them, do you?"

"Of course not. I'm sorry that I cannot let you keep the originals."

WHEN James Lee had finished with his photography and after he had clipped sample slivers from the corners of each page of the documents Sylvia gathered up the seven documents and put them back into the manila folder.



"Can't you polish Mamma's pans without overdoin' it?" FRANK OWEN

At five o'clock, answering James Lee's inquiry, "The senator is on his way up here now with Desmond Cross," she said. "What luck?"

"So far not much luck," James Lee answered. "I'll call you later."

After he hung up the telephone he returned to the work table against the west wall of the room. He picked up the sliver of paper that he had clipped from the signature sheet of the ten-page document and dropped it into a small beaker. He poured an ounce of a dilute solution of sodium hydroxide into the solution and boiled it for ten minutes. He poured off this liquid and washed the sliver of paper a dozen times in distilled water. He transferred the sliver of paper then to a small porcelain mortar and broke it up into a mass of fibers. He dried these between two sheets of filter paper. Then with a microscope needle he lifted a minute mass of these fibers to a glass slide. He stained the fibers with a zinc-chlor-iodine solution and put the slide on the stage of a microscope. He swung a one-eighth-inch objective into place and after a quick adjustment of the sub-stage mirror he focussed the instrument.

"Three blue fibers! Esparto grass in linen! That's funny. I wonder why that great patriotic organization known as the Munitions Corporation of America, operating in the grand old state of Pennsylvania, uses an English paper for its documents! Item one."

He wrote a brief note in a memorandum book. "Now," he said, speaking half aloud, "we'll have a look-see at the type faces that wrote this perfect manuscript."

Eight minutes after he began the study of this element of his work he placed a New York call and got his number after a four-minute delay.

"James Lee speaking," he said. "Locate some of the Garwood typewriter officials and find out when they shipped their first electric carriage machines to Germany. Find out the date those new models went on the market in the United States. Find out when the first delivery of these machines was made to the Munitions Corporation. That's all. Burn it through to San Francisco—China 7707—wait a minute! Tell me what big shots in the forgery game are enjoying the climate of North America right now . . . Wendell, 'London Red' Riley, Ceriga, Kameneff. . . . Wasn't Ceriga the man who specified currency in fifties in the Field blackmail case? . . . What—in San Francisco! . . ."

JAMES LEE hung up the telephone and walked rapidly to the door of the room. In the hallway he turned to the left. At the far end of the hallway he opened the door of a room. In the room at the moment there were four men busily engaged in the great American game of trying to make two pair beat three of a kind.

"Hold the deal," James Lee ordered, smiling. "All bets are off for an hour or so. I want you to find Alexander Patros for me. Bring him in, if you find him. Five feet two, black hair, Greek, scar on the left of his chin, cigars, always tan shoes. . . . What else? Edwards, you know him better than I do."

"That's complete, Mr. Lee, except the trotting-horse watch chain—and Patros is an alias. Ceriga is his right name."

"Check. You cover Third and Townsend. Mr. Walker, have a look at the airports. Mr. MacDonald, you and Mr. Stanley will get a line on the steamships. Where is young Mr. Francis?"

"He's probably at that joint on Grant Avenue."

"Drop in and tell him to go over to the Hall of Justice. Tell him to ask the police department on my authority to get a teletype order up and down the coast for Ceriga's arrest. No radio. The radio is out! You lose more fish than you catch with radio. Bring Ceriga, alias Patros, in here to me. That's all."

James Lee left the room and returned to his work table in the library of his borrowed apartment.

WHEN Desmond Cross had finished reading the ten-page typewritten document, "This is the biggest piece of news that's busted since the Lusitania was torpedoed!" he exclaimed, facing Senator Colton and Sylvia Deane in the parlor of the senator's suite. "We've got to break it to the world tonight!"

The senator nodded. "Okay," he said. "Shoot the works."

To Sylvia Deane, "Please call Brook 6000, and tell Mr. Forest to come over here at once," Desmond Cross directed. "He's the managing editor of my San Francisco paper. Tell him to send some photographers over here."

To the senator, "Forest will handle everything," he said. "The story will be on the streets of the world in the next hour."

Sylvia reached for the telephone and when Central had answered, "I want China 7707," she said, lowering her voice in an attempt to keep Desmond Cross from hearing the number that she called.

On the instant, alert, "That's the wrong number!" Cross exclaimed. "Call Brook 6000. Let me have the phone!"

Frowning at Sylvia, "What's the matter with you?" Senator Colton asked in a quick flash of anger. "You've been trying to gum up this deal for the last fifteen minutes. Explain yourself."

THE girl's eyes seemed to darken for an instant. Then meeting the senator's glare with a flaming glance. "You'd better hold this deal, as you call it. Do you realize the risk you run? Both of you?" Directly to the senator. "If there's anything wrong with these documents you will be the world's champion fool. You'll be the big joke of two continents—until somebody's hired man blasts you full of lead!"

"Call Desmond's editor or give him the telephone!"

"I'll sock him with the telephone! Take five minutes out of this battle, both of you, and use a little common sense. Use some of mine if you haven't any of your own! In the first place, no newspaper has a right to these documents. In the second place, if they're forgeries Mr. Cross will sell his papers easily enough, but there will be a broken-down ex-United States senator among the newsboys. What's your big target—another world war or a new administration? Both of you make me sick!" The girl jerked the telephone out toward Desmond Cross. "Here's your telephone. If you're fool enough to call your editor, call him!"

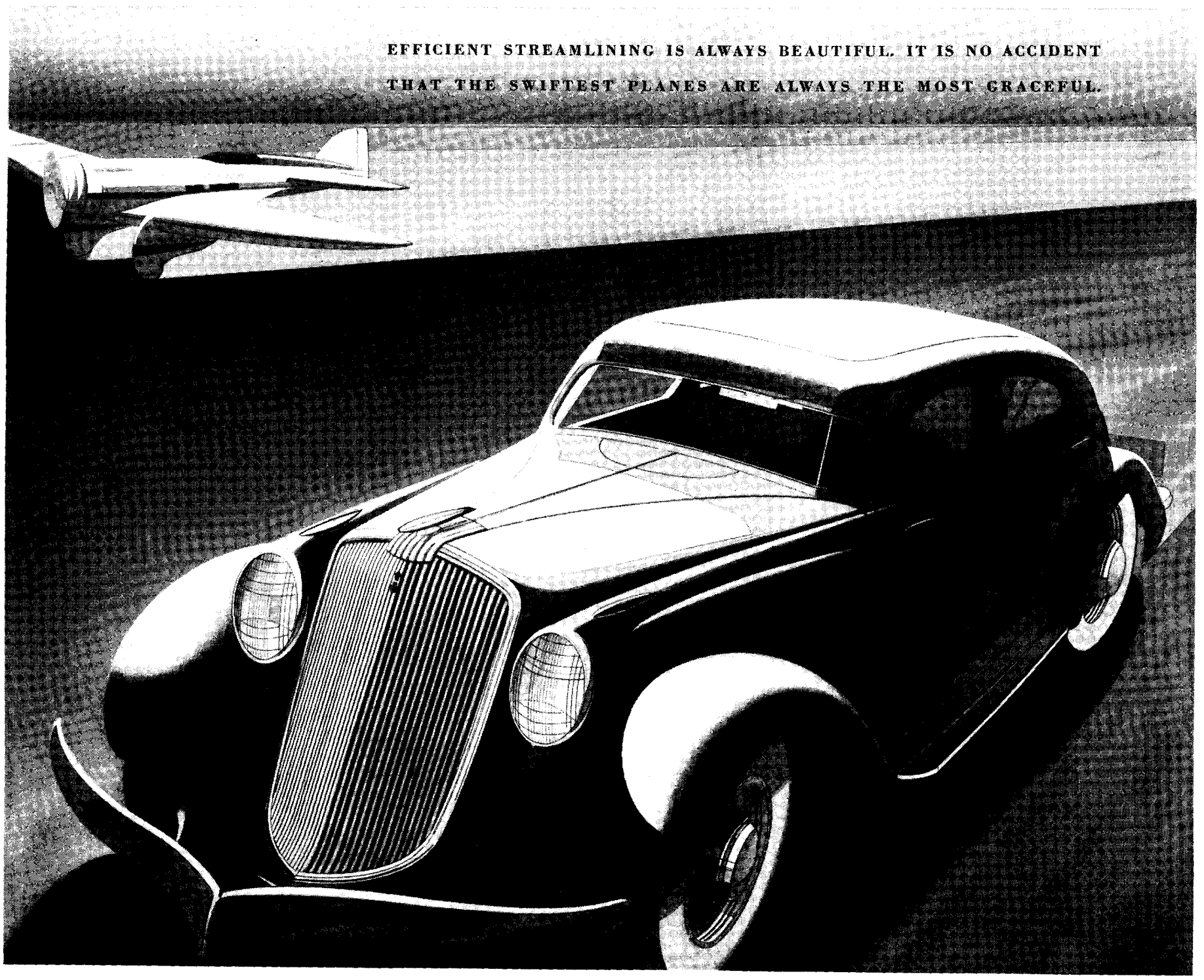
Cross took the telephone from Sylvia's hands. Hesitating, he turned to Senator Colton. "Are you sure these things are authentic?"

"Of course they're authentic!" the senator barked, but his voice seemed to lack its former element of dominant confidence. "Get your man up here."

Desmond Cross, enjoying a brief self-comforting moment of defiance, nodded at Sylvia Deane. When the operator

(Continued on page 34)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"As a builder of planes I can tell you that Hupp is a *pure* Air-line design."

W. WALLACE KELLETT
Mr. Kellett is President of the Kellett Autogiro Corporation of Philadelphia.

"IN AIRCRAFT" continues Mr. Kellett, "beauty of line is virtually a measure of efficiency. To me, Hupp's beauty signifies the superior performance that inevitably results from sound air-line design."

Once *you* have experienced the incredible smoothness of the new Hupmobile's gliding flight . . . once you have felt it ease into effortless high speeds . . . once you have enjoyed the relaxation of its expensive interior . . . then you too will know that Hupp's beauty is simply the outward sign of a deep-seated revolution in automobile engineering.

Hupp's ultra-modern design means wider seats, bigger windows, a pilot-house windshield, larger doors, scientifically distributed weight, Hupmobile's exclusive "coördinated suspension" with side-sway eliminator and now "sealed cooling," the most important cooling improvement since the water pump.

But the new Aero-dynamic Hupmobile tells its own story best. Ask your dealer for a demonstration ride . . . the most thrilling ride a motor car has ever delivered.

Hupmobile Prices

127-inch wheelbase, six-passenger Sedan . . .	$1245
121-inch wheelbase, six-passenger Sedan . . .	$1095
117-inch wheelbase, four-door Sedan	$795
117-inch wheelbase, Coupe with rumble seat .	$795

Prices f.o.b. factory . . . tax and special equipment extra.

AERO-DYNAMIC Hupmobile

VISIT HUPMOBILE'S EXHIBIT AT THE CHICAGO WORLD'S FAIR (TRAVEL & TRANSPORT BUILDING). DRIVE AMERICA'S MOST MODERN CAR IN A THRILLING SPECTACULAR TEST.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

He has two mothers

...but still he's lonesome

Johnny Rogers has two mothers. He sees his real mother for only a few moments each evening—because she has to work all day.

His substitute mother is *organized charity*, which does the best it can for him during the day.

If Johnny's father were alive, things would, of course, be different. But unfortunately he put off taking out life insurance; that is why Johnny's mother cannot give him her full time now.

You may think this just couldn't happen to your child. Why not get the suggestions of an Equitable agent and make sure it won't?

* * * *

The Equitable agent is trained to recommend a plan to fit your requirements exactly. This is what is meant by The Equitable Case Method. The special conditions of your case are considered—the ages of your children, your income, whether or not you own your own home, and other vital factors.

We shall be glad to mail a booklet describing this "made to your measure" insurance planning. Simply fill in and mail coupon.

To the EQUITABLE Life Assurance Society
393 Seventh Avenue, New York City

Please mail a copy of your booklet describing the Equitable Case Method of Life Insurance Planning. 59-C

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

AGE

THE EQUITABLE
FAIR — JUST
LIFE ASSURANCE
SECURITY — PEACE OF MIND
SOCIETY
MUTUAL — COOPERATIVE
OF THE U.S.
NATION-WIDE SERVICE

Thomas I. Parkinson, *President*

The Thirty Thousand Dollar Bomb

Continued from page 32

answered him, "Brook 6000," he said harshly in the approved masculine manner. To his managing editor, "Rig the shop for a big story," he directed. "Please come up to Senator Colton's suite in the Palace at once. Bring some photographers with you. We want to plaster the front page with pictures of some documents."

Hanging up the telephone, he turned to Sylvia Deane. "Everything is all right, my dear," Desmond Cross began, pitching his voice to the tone he might use in soothing a child who had been robbed of a stick of candy.

A knock on the door of the senator's parlor interrupted him.

Sylvia opened the door to confront James Lee.

"We'll receive no one for the next hour," the senator ordered.

Ignoring this, "Come in, Mr. Lee," Sylvia invited; and when the visitor entered, "Senator Colton, let me introduce Mr. James Lee. Mr. Cross, Mr. Lee. Mr. Lee is on the Coast for the State Department."

BOWING to Desmond Cross and to the senator, proceeding directly with his business, "Senator, the documents that Miss Deane submitted for my inspection are forgeries," the Chinese man pronounced.

In a new outburst of anger, "What the hell is all of this?" the senator exploded. To Sylvia Deane, "What have you done—sold me out? How did this Chinese happen to get a look at this stuff?"

In an even voice, "I showed them to him," Sylvia said.

Intervening before the senator could speak, "They are forgeries, Senator."

"What do you know about it?"

James Lee raised his eyebrows. "I beg your pardon," he said. After a moment's silence, "The documents are forgeries," he resumed.

"You're crazy," the senator contradicted. "How do you know they're forgeries? What right have you to—"

Interrupting the senator, James Lee raised his hand, and when the senator, impelled to silence, had cooled to a degree where he could comprehend plain language, "For one thing," James Lee began, "the ten-page manuscript was written on a typewriter that was not manufactured until eight months after the date of the document. I refer to the Munitions Corporation contract. The Garwood typewriter people began work on the type face used in the text of that document more than five months after the date on the document."

The senator frowned. "And what else?" he asked in a voice that had lost the resonance of rage.

"Several things," James Lee suggested. "The paper on which the document was written was manufactured in England. The Munitions Corporation stationery happens to be manufactured in a paper mill in Massachusetts. Then, abandoning his easy manner, "One moment, Senator—perhaps I have some additional evidence that may convince you."

The Chinese walked rapidly to the door of the room. He opened the door. Speaking quietly to a man in the hallway, "Mr. Walker," the Chinese said, "ask Mr. Edwards and Mr. Stanley to bring Ceriga up here," he directed.

Returning to face the senator, "A couple of my assistants picked up the man who sold you these documents. They found him at the Third and Townsend station. He was leaving for Los Angeles."

When Malio Ceriga, alias Alexander Patros, was brought into the room, handcuffed, to face the senator, "Tell your story, Ceriga," James Lee ordered. "Make it brief."

"The documents I sold you are forgeries," the Greek faltered. "I made them myself. I will give you back the money if you will use your influence to—"

"Enough of that!" James Lee interrupted sharply. Then to Senator Colton, "He has signed a full confession."

Nodding to his three men, "You can take him out," James Lee said. He reached into an inner pocket of his coat and hauled out a thick package of banknotes. "Here is your thirty thousand dollars." He handed the currency to Senator Colton. "You can reach Ceriga whenever you want for the next ten or fifteen years. He'll be in Alcatraz. He'll have to serve that long on another charge we have against him."

James Lee turned from the senator and held out his hand to Sylvia Deane. "I'll bid you good night, Miss Deane," he said. "It's been a pleasure to have been of service—to you."

He nodded curtly in the general direction of Senator Colton. "Good night, sir," he said. "I hope you'll forgive Miss Deane for letting me in on this game."

"Just a second," the senator said. He got to his feet and held out his hand to James Lee. "Mr. Lee," he said, "west of the Rocky Mountains there is a strange animal known as a jasper louse. I apologize for being a jasper louse. I can't tell you how much I appreciate what you have done for me."

A moment after James Lee left, the senator pulled himself together with a visible effort. He walked toward a decanter of whisky that sat on a table against the west wall. He poured himself half a tumbler of bourbon, and then nodding at Desmond Cross, "You'd better join me," he said weakly.

When his companion had poured his drink, the senator lifted his glass toward Sylvia Deane. "I won't presume to drink this one to you, Sylvia," he said. "I'm using it for medicinal purposes only."

The girl smiled in the manner of a mother forgiving a wayward child. "Drink hearty," she said cheerfully.

THE senator drank heartily, and then, with a bravado born of humility, facing Sylvia, "You see what you've gone and done!" he said. "You spoiled a big story for poor old Desmond!" Following up this new indictment, when he had set his glass down the senator reached into his pocket and hauled out the thick bundle of currency. With a threatening gesture he waved the bank notes toward the girl. "Thirty thousand dollars! You know what I'm going to do with this? I'm going to take it down to Shreve's and trade it for a diamond ring as big as your ear! Then I'm going to make you a present of the ring."

Sylvia shook her head. "Not in a million years," she said. "I never accept presents from the members of the Committee on Foreign Relations."

The senator batted his eyes a couple of times. "Have it your way," he said. "If you don't want the ring as a present you'll have to take it as an engagement ring. Make up your mind and be quick about it! I'm tired of all this monkey business."

Hesitating a moment, Sylvia smiled at the senator. "If you're sure it will be a genuine diamond—" she began.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Fearless Frances

Continued from page 16

members of the Administration. She is, to use the expression so often heard, "the best man in the Cabinet." She has had a real part in preparing and administering the major relief and recovery measures, and no co-worker except Wallace appears more often before congressional committees as a presidential spokesman. When, as he does again and again, the President names Miss Perkins a member of a Cabinet committee to make a preliminary survey, to discuss and propose specific legislation, and to iron out difficulties, it is no mere honorable mention. She works.

She has what, in a masculine member of the Cabinet, would be characterized as "guts"—and few Cabinet members ever dare to indulge in that political luxury. She often shocks mild associates by mussing up their completed work. With her straightforward attack, and her constructive modifications, she helped to nurse along the Black thirty-hour bill until it grew up into the National Recovery Act. Although they were carried on discreetly, mostly by telephone or intermediaries, she has had many serious quarrels with the pugnacious Hugh Johnson. She is almost the only member of the presidential family who dares to stand up against his supposed omniscience and barrack-room vocabulary; her philosophic calm is proof against his attack.

Always thinking of the workers' interests, she has severely criticized many of the codes and enforced changes in some of them. She has held out for greater labor representation and for stronger emphasis on "collective bargaining." She even went so far as to urge Congress to adopt resolutions to the effect that the hours specified in some codes were too long. Indeed, the suspicion is inescapable that this quiet, reserved, factual, social expert of New England heritage does not wholly approve of the drum major of the NRA.

Despite her breathless rushing to and fro, to conferences at the White House and the Capitol, her appearances before labor organizations and welfare bodies, and breakfast and luncheon get-togethers with departmental confidantes, she has cleaned up the department like a woman going through a ramshackle house with an army of renovators. Burdened with no preconceived notions except that of serving the working men and women, she has relied upon the advice of expert, impartial committees in her reorganization. For the first time in years the Department of Labor is no longer a rich source of political patronage.

Puzzling the Capital

Her first act was to fire the strong-arm immigration squad whose brutal and lawless round-ups of aliens had often provoked judicial strictures. After combining the immigration and naturalization bureaus at a yearly saving of almost $2,000,000, she recommended legislation designed to eliminate the hardships of needlessly separated families and facilitate deportation of criminally inclined aliens now shielded by legal technicalities.

In other respects she is trying to do for labor what Mr. Hoover accomplished for business and industry by broadening the scope of the Department of Commerce. She has set up, under congressional authorization, a national employment exchange so as to keep the out-of-work man in touch with the job market at home and in other sections of the country. She has created a service division to assemble and distribute data on all questions which concern the employed and the unemployed—a factory-to-home intelligence system never dreamed of by her predecessors. She has reorganized the statistical section until it is now a fact-finding and fact-reporting agency. When employment and pay rolls drop, she says so with a frankness which appalls certain colleagues.

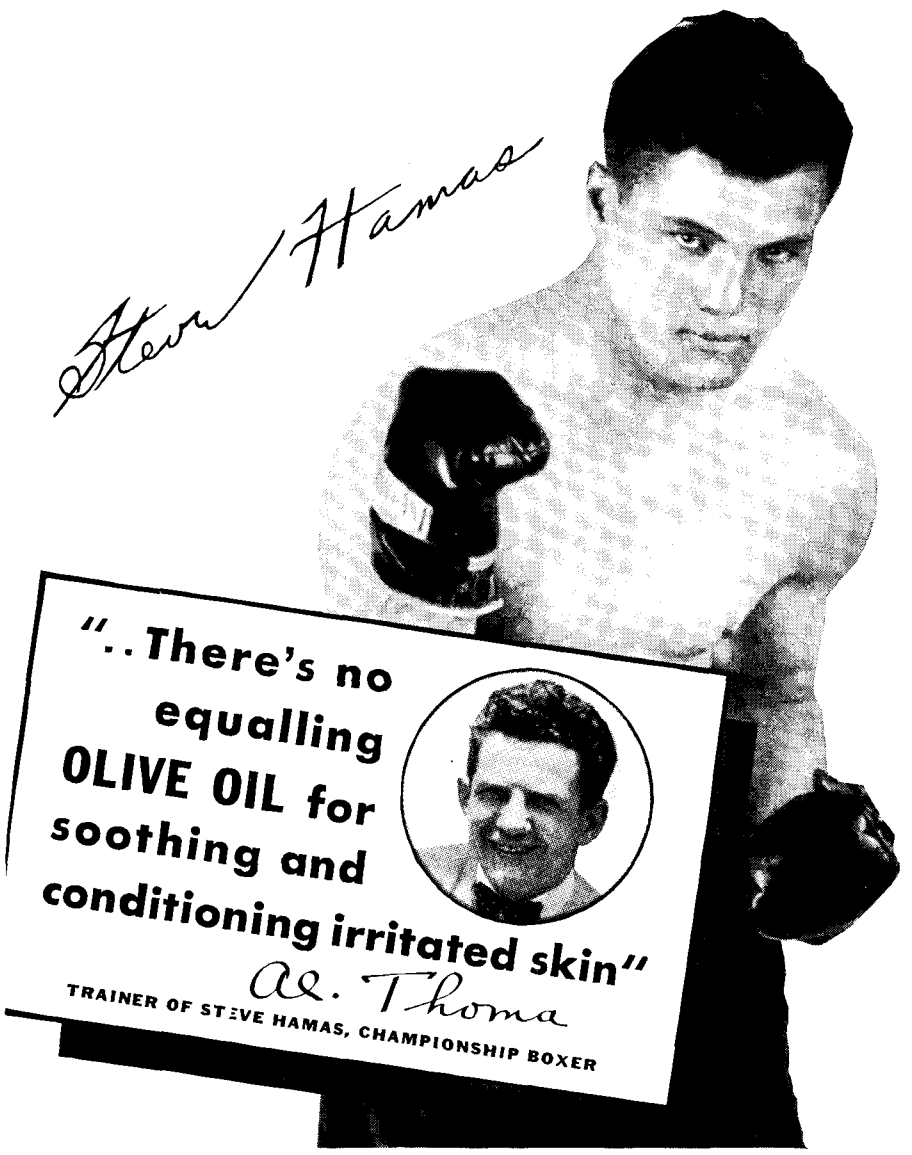
An enigma to the capital, she shies away from personal publicity. She stiffens when questioned about the human details a curious public likes to know. She resents references to her sex. "Being a woman," she asserts, "has only bothered me in climbing trees." She has a pathological desire for personal privacy and solitude that rivals Mr. Hoover's, as does her prejudice against noise. The sounds of radios, telephones and automobiles, she confesses, produce a state of mind so distracted that one newspaper described it as "technological exasperation." It seems to be a peculiar frailty for a Secretary of Labor.

An Old New England Adage

It is for her personal idiosyncrasies rather than official performances that she is still suspect and unpopular in certain important circles. She has flouted every respectful notion of how the first woman Cabinet member should behave, and in such a conventional capital as Washington that is a grave error. Whereas it was thought that she would be meek and retiring at Cabinet meetings, congressional sessions and press conferences, she speaks up sharply and stubbornly. Quite unconventionally, even for a man, she flew out of her office and flounced through blast furnaces and coal miners' hamlets to study actual working and living conditions on the eve of code hearings. It was as bad as if the Secretary of War, or even the Chief of Staff, had gone over the top.

Instead of being emotional and feminine, she has been abrupt, chilly, impersonal, and scornful of the amenities which youthful reporters and veteran legislators expect. The admiration of a large section of the newspaper corps is tinged with resentment and misunderstanding. Although she said that she did not intend to be a "schoolmistress to Congress," many members have been made to feel like bad or dull boys by her pedagogic manner and remarks. They retaliated, as they always do, by cutting almost $2,000,000 from her appropriation for the national employment exchange. To put it bluntly, they hazed her and may do so again. Due partly to her "conference" method, and partly to secretarial carelessness in her outer office, she is almost inaccessible, and the boys on "the Hill" don't like it.

Such things may seem trivial, and these embarrassments may be inevitable as a result of the load of work she carries. Nevertheless, they weaken her in the performance of what should be her most effective rôle, which is that of fervent and factual apostle for the reforms associated with her name and the Administration. By interviews and contacts and friendships at the capital even more than by speeches before legislatures and welfare groups, can she most easily endow with permanence, through state and federal action, those industrial changes which are now only emergency steps. Inasmuch as she has given her life to this cause, even her friends wonder, now and then, why she does not remember the old New England adage: "You can catch more flies with molasses than with vinegar."


Steve Hamas
"..There's no equalling OLIVE OIL for soothing and conditioning irritated skin"
Al. Thoma
TRAINER OF STEVE HAMAS, CHAMPIONSHIP BOXER

SHAVERS! KEEP SKIN FREE FROM IRRITATION

. . . always use the Shave Cream made with Olive Oil . . . Palmolive

YOU can't tell Al. Thoma much about keeping skin in condition! And he, like thousands of other trainers, athletes and skin specialists, agrees there's nothing like olive oil for keeping skin smooth, and supple and healthy . . . in perfect shape!

For this very reason, olive oil in just the right amount goes into the making of Palmolive Shave Cream.

Note how fine your face feels after a Palmolive shave. No sting. No burn. No irritation. That's due to Palmolive's unique *lotion-effect.* You'll find, too, this same soothing action tends to produce a permanent improvement in the condition of your skin!

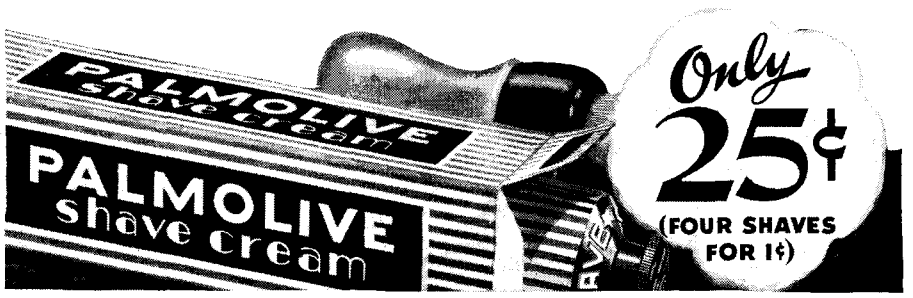
And it's the unique Palmolive formula, including olive oil, that explains Palmolive's full, creamy lather. (One inch of cream from the tube makes 1 quart of lather!) This lather *stands up* for a full 10 minutes on the face—never dries or wilts while it gives you a closer, cleaner, *easier* shave.

New Low Price!

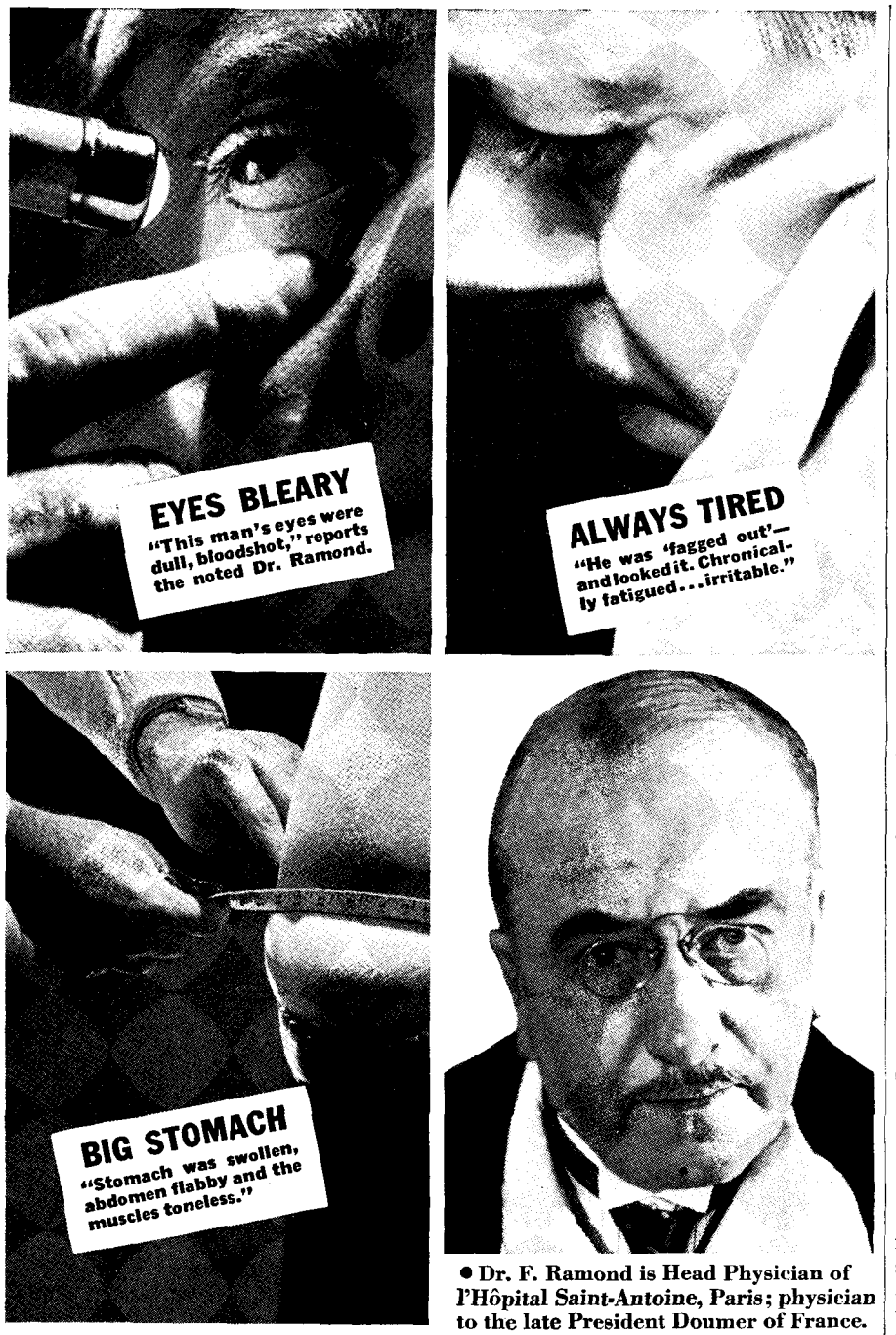
The large tube, formerly 35¢, is now only 25¢. Only 25¢ for the largest-selling, most popular shave cream in the world—four shaves for a penny. Get a tube of Palmolive today.

• • •

Try these after you shave—Palmolive After-Shave Lotion and Palmolive After-Shave Talc. See how grand your face feels!



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED


EYES BLEARY
"This man's eyes were dull, bloodshot," reports the noted Dr. Ramond.
ALWAYS TIRED
"He was 'fagged out'—and looked it. Chronically fatigued...irritable."
BIG STOMACH
"Stomach was swollen, abdomen flabby and the muscles toneless."

● Dr. F. Ramond is Head Physician of l'Hôpital Saint-Antoine, Paris; physician to the late President Doumer of France.

"His case showed *great improvement* in 3 weeks"

says DR. RAMOND, great French stomach specialist.

If you have any of the troubles shown above, this typical "case history" can greatly help you!

"MR. Z——," Dr. Félix Ramond reports, "had been overworking, lacked exercise." In addition to dull eyes, tired body and swollen stomach, he "had bad headaches, couldn't sleep . . .

"The X-ray," he adds, "showed his whole digestive system was 'lazy.' He was constipated—his digestion slow.

"My advice—yeast—proved just the treatment he needed. As his digestion and elimination improved, his headaches stopped, he slept well—regained his former energy."

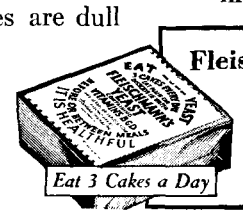
Perhaps *your* eyes are dull and bleary. Perhaps *you* are lacking "pep," have a big stomach . . . constipated . . . unable to digest your meals without distress.

As Dr. Ramond says, "Poisons formed when intestines do not function properly are absorbed by the tissues and affect health in *many* ways . . . To counteract this condition, I recommend fresh yeast."

Then poisons cease to flood your blood. Eyes get brighter. Normal digestion returns. You feel relieved, energetic, much healthier.

Why not eat Fleischmann's Yeast for 30 days, at least? You can get it at grocers, restaurants and soda fountains. Just eat 3 cakes daily.

Start to eat Fleischmann's Yeast (rich in vitamins B, D and G) . . . now!



Fleischmann's Yeast does 3 Things for You—It (1) stimulates the flow of your stomach juices (2) strengthens the muscles of your stomach and intestines (3) softens waste so it passes easily—and *regularly*—from the body.

Copyright, 1934, Standard Brands Incorporated

NRA CODE

Woman in Love

Continued from page 20

was the obligation to profess an unbounded admiration for Dolores' talents and to display an unlimited interest in Dolores' affairs. Tamara sometimes felt somewhat guiltily that she was not quite sincere in her enthusiasm.

In the early winter after Tamara's return home Dolores had a real success in Romance, and Tamara watching from the wings, could honestly be enthusiastic. Dolores had always wanted to play Juliet, the Duke of Reichstadt, and Magda; now she redoubled her importunities to Markisohn to be given the chance at one or all of these.

"You'd be marvelous in L'Aiglon, Dory," Tamara said.

"Well, I don't know whether I would or not," Dolores said, modestly frowning at her image in the mirror as she carefully creamed her face. "I'm funny, like that. Until I'm actually on the stage the opening night I'm as shy as I was in The Rose of the Rancho. I wish you'd seen me in that, Tam. I wasn't but nineteen—they almost tore the house down. I wish Markisohn would revive it. But you know, no matter what the critics say or how much fuss they make, I'm like that. Scared to death!"

"Of all people to be scared!" Tamara said amusedly.

"Yes, you are scared, Dory. You'd show 'em how scared you were if anyone tried to cut out ten lines of your part!" Maynard Mallory said. A visitor in the city for a week or two, he had come in between the matinée and the evening performance to see the actress. Tamara was watching their affair with deep interest. Was Mayne in love with Dory, or was she with him?

Maynard Mallory was in pictures. He had come up to San Francisco from Hollywood especially to see his old friend in her big success; Tamara had seen him several times. Without being a sensational film favorite himself he was yet well known; his name was always listed first after the big stars. He played second leads with women stars, and leads in "all-star" productions; he had the usual affectations when he was talking with persons of his own profession, but aside from that he was genuinely simple and amusing and friendly, and Tamara liked him.

"WHEN you going to give Tam here a part?" he asked.

"Honestly, I get scared to death, Mayne," Dolores said, with all the actress' passionate earnestness. "I may not show it. But I get just as scared now as I ever did!"

"She can afford to say that," Tamara observed with a significant glance for the man.

"When you going to give Tam here a part?" Maynard asked again.

Dolores glanced at her in the mirror.

"Whenever she wants it," she said, rather cooled by the change of topic.

"Which will be a long time," Tamara laughed.

"Don't like it?" Maynard asked, arching his dark brows as he raised both fine hands to his mouth, lighting a cigarette.

"Well—too many people in it—" Tamara stammered, laughing and flushing.

"Yes, but you can say that about anything. The thing is," the man said, "that with your nose you'd panic 'em in pictures. You've got a short nose, turned up a little. That's one thing you've got to have."

"Not turned up much," Tamara protested, studying it in a big hand mirror.

"I want that when you're through with it," Dolores said, bored. Tamara was quick to sense her change of mood.

"Sandwiches?" she asked, reaching for the telephone.

"I can't. I went to that devilish lunch. I'm stuffed."

"I'm starving," Mayne said. "I'll take Tamara to dinner and we'll be back for the second act."

"You don't have to come back for the second act," the actress said.

"I know I don't have to come back for the second act," Mayne agreed. "I don't have to come up from Hollywood instead of going off with Bellows on the Yucca. Do I, Dolores? Do I, Dolores?"

"You idiot—" Dolores said scornfully. But her tone was gentle and pleased. "If you do come back stop and ask for tickets. I'll have 'em at the box," she offered.

FOR answer Mayne took two small pasteboard slips from his pocket, and moved them with his fingertips to show that there were two.

"I happen to like that second act," he said. "I happen to think it's the biggest piece of acting that's ever been done on the American stage. I may be wrong—probably am. Probably it's lousy."

Dolores' look was gratified as she wiped the streaked cream from her face, showing the skin underneath firm and fresh and clean.

"I wish I'd seen Doris Keane do it, but I was only a kid then," she mused. "I'm going to take an aspirin and try to get some sleep. I had to get up for that devilish lunch! You two beat it!" she said.

Tamara and Mayne walked out through the empty, echoing theater. Someone was working the curtain with shouting and the creaking of pulleys; girls were flitting up and down the aisles with programs; the stage was set for the first act in the clergyman's study. They went out into a grimy, late afternoon street upon which papers and chaff were idly blowing in a cool November wind.

"Where do you like to eat, Tam?" Mayne said, returning the beaming bow of two young women with a careless touch of his hat.

"Oh, anywhere."

"St. Francis? It's only a quarter to six, they'll still be having tea dancing there," the man mused. "Let's see, where shall we go? Where'd you go last time a handsome man took you to dinner?"

"Nowhere," Tam answered, pretty in her buttoned-up fur collar and brimmed dark hat, with her rosy cheeks squared in a wide smile. Mayne looked at her suddenly.

"Want some violets?" he demanded, diverted.

"I'd love them!"

He fussed a little selecting them, pinned them on her collar himself; the fine big hands scented with soap and glove-leather were close to her face. The flower girl in the big hotel knew him; the telegraph girl whispered to her companion as Maynard Mallory went by.

"How d'you mean you didn't dine anywhere the last time you went out?"

"Because there never was a last time, Mister," Tamara said with her joyous, youthful giggle.

"Honest? No fooling? For heaven's sake," Maynard commented. "Then we'll have to make it memorable. Where've you been all this time?"

"In a convent in Canada. I just got home in June."

(To be continued next week)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Man of Honor

Continued from page 9

"I couldn't help overhearing," he said. "Yes, he has you and the children; that makes a difference. But I'm the last of the Renwicks, and Ursula has her trust fund. . . . I suppose you have some property, haven't you? Something of your own, besides your Great Valley stock?"

"This house," she said. "A car, clothes, jewels; that's about all. Ross was so sure Great Valley was better than anything else. . . . Why?"

"I'd like to think you'll be comfortable; and I know practically all Ross' money was in Great Valley. Mine wasn't; but of course I'm turning over all I have to the receiver—the house, and—"

"The house? The—the Renwick mansion? But, Willis! Why?"

"Because I'm responsible. I want to make what reparation I can."

"You're no more responsible than Ross is! It was Paramore!"

"But why," he asked with a thin smile, "did Paramore sell himself to Eastwood? Because he'd sold himself to me. He was backed by the name of Renwick, a name built up by four generations of conservative management and unquestioned integrity. . . . I understand how Ross feels; he made a career, neglecting everything else in the making, and now it's gone. But he doesn't understand how I feel. . . . Yes, I overheard that, too. Even if I've lost everything I'm still a Renwick. A Renwick who has ruined his friends, his neighbors—ruined the town that never questioned anything a Renwick had indorsed. . . ."

"But, Willis, it isn't your fault! You're doing all you can!"

"Don't cry, my dear," he said. "We'll all do what we can. . . . Be kind to Ross; he doesn't realize yet how much he's lost. . . . I wish I'd known you twenty years ago—but I'm grateful for knowing you at all. . . . You'd better try to sleep, Lucia; worrying won't help. Good night."

He kissed her—the first time he had ever kissed her in her husband's house—and went away.

As she went to bed she found herself thinking of Willis' curious withdrawnness; he acted as if— The last of the Renwicks. . . Grateful that he'd known her. . . . And he had kissed her, in her husband's house—

Startled by a dreadful surmise, she sprang up, turned on the light; she snatched up the telephone, dialed Willis' number. . . . Busy. . . . If only she could talk to him, before . . . As she dialed again she heard Ross getting out of bed, coming to see what was the matter; then a voice answered—the butler, of course.

"Bowles! This is Mrs. McQuinn. I must speak to Mr. Renwick at once!"

"I'm sorry, madam. Mr. Renwick has just shot himself."

AFTERWARD, she supposed it was lucky that she had fainted at the telephone. It gave Ross something to do—something instant and urgent; concern for her overrode all his other troubles, an indispensable anodyne.

But there was no anodyne for her. Willis had had her, and she hadn't been enough; he had cared more about his honor, the honor she had helped to stain. But for her he might have kept a sharper eye on Paramore; but for her he might not have felt, at the last, that a bullet was the only way out. . . . And once again life had slipped away from her; it wasn't likely that she'd ever get her hands on it again.

On the second evening Ross was followed home by a police car, with a squad of patrolmen; they stayed, stationing themselves around the house.

"Are you under arrest?" Lucia gasped. He chuckled cheerlessly.

"They're here for our protection, in case of a mob. . . . Yes, it's as bad as that. Eastwood is broke; the banks are closed temporarily; I've been hooted in the street—and this afternoon, when I went to the club for a drink, men I've known fifteen years turned their backs on me."

"But it isn't your fault! Not very much, at any rate."

"But I'm the one that's left to face the music. Paramore and his wife got away to the Caribbean before this broke; and Renwick—I'd never have thought he'd be such a coward."

"Coward?" she blazed, her sympathy all soured by that word. "He wasn't! He felt that he'd stained his honor and this was all he could do. . . . Yes, I've been reading the Evening News, but I felt that anyway."

For an Evening News editorial, that day, had summed up—or created—Eastwood's verdict on the suicide of Willis Renwick; an editorial headed "The Roman Touch." There was something in it about Japanese hara-kiri, too—the gesture of a gentleman who could no longer live when he had stained his honor.

"MAYBE you're right," said Ross listlessly. "We weren't experts on honor around Snyder Junction. . . . Maybe you'd think better of me if I'd taken the same way out." She cried out in horrified protest—sincerely enough; yet she knew she'd think better of him if he were able at least to comprehend that gesture of atonement. "But I couldn't do it," he said. "I've got children." (She noticed that he no longer said that he had her.) "I'm partly to blame for this and I've got to do what I can to help clean it up. It isn't much, of course; I've got practically nothing I could turn over to the receiver—"

"He can have what I've got," said Lucia. "Even if it were decent for us to go on living in a house like this, we can't pay the upkeep."

"And who in Eastwood could buy a three-hundred-thousand-dollar house now?" he demanded. "Or pearls and diamonds and sable coats?"

"I don't care," she said. "They can have what I've got for what it will bring. . . What about Paramore? Is he giving up anything?"

"All his money was in Great Valley too—but I happen to know that he put a million in government bonds in his wife's name. . . . No use telling the receiver that; he can't get at it. And I don't blame Paramore; a man's got to take care of his wife. I wish I'd done a better job of it. . . . Sell the house and your jewels if you can, but keep the money. You'll need it, you and the children."

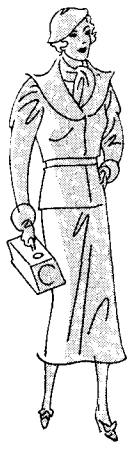
"We weren't experts on honor on the South Side either," she said. "But—" No use telling him that she felt partly responsible; he had troubles enough now. "But I hope," she said, "that I'm a little bit like Willis Renwick. Not just a Paramore!"

Unexpectedly, the sacrifice had its priceless compensation; trying to realize on her property gave her something to do. A trip to New York to sell her jewels and the sable coat; consultations with realtors all over the state before she finally took an offer for the house

(Continued on page 38)

IN YOUR CAR, a musical arm-rest that may be used in either the front or back seat

Take your music with you... even when you park your car!



A TOURING case of music . . . an overnight bag of entertainment—

You get *both* in the new General Electric *Portable* Auto Radio!

For this strikingly different type of auto radio not only rides with you in your car—

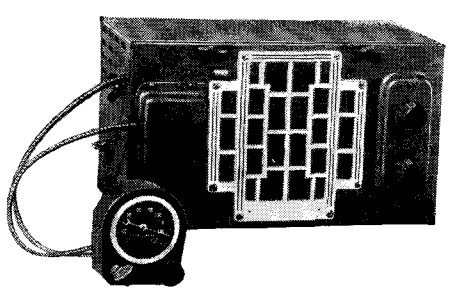
It also goes with you everywhere—into your home, hotel or summer cottage . . . to brighten your leisure hours. And the change from car use to indoor operation is merely a matter of changing two simple, convenient connections.

On the road or indoors, the tone of this new G-E portable set is full and brilliant . . . and even the notes in the high register, so often lost in auto radio, are clearly heard. The program range is wider . . . volume is pleasingly ample. And an improved automatic volume control maintains all stations at a constant level.

IN YOUR HOME, hotel or summer cottage, a source of brilliant radio entertainment

Tested on boulevard and highway under all conditions of travel, the new G-E portable set is a dramatic leader of a new line of General Electric Auto Radios. See them! Hear them! At your nearest G-E Auto Radio Dealer's. Or write the General Electric Co., Section R-487, Mdse. Dept., Bridgeport, Conn.

Four notable models, ranging in price from $39.95 to $69.50. Prices slightly higher in the West, Mid-West and South. Subject to change without notice.



Model C-61—A new, de luxe Auto Radio of conventional design . . . with greater performance, improved tone, and wider range.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

Auto Radio

"Now is the time to buy"

NRA CODE

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SMALL CUTS IN CASINGS · · *CUT* TIRE MILEAGE IN HALF....

Moisture seeps in, rots fabric, hole gets larger, blowouts result.

Look for service stations and repair shops displaying this sign . . . they are authorized Bowes "Seal-Fast" dealers.

These service stations are equipped to quickly and economically repair small cuts in your casings with Bowes "Seal-Fast" Patent Process Casing Repair Materials.

Small breaks or holes entirely through casings can be safely and permanently repaired . . . at low cost, with this new and economical system of repair . . . by men trained by factory experts.

SEAL RADIATOR LEAKS for 75¢

Beware of cheap substitutes . . Bowes "Seal-Fast" Radiator Repair Liquid seeks out and seals leaks permanently and safely through scientific principle of coagulation . . . 10 oz. can, 75¢ at reliable non-chiseling dealers . . . costs a few cents more . . . but it stops the leak.

BOWES "SEAL-FAST" CORPORATION
INDIANAPOLIS . . INDIANA

(Continued from page 37)

(ridiculously low, but the best she could get)—all that wasn't life, but at least it was occupation; it gave her a sense of being useful, in a low-grade way. And when the papers carried the news that she had turned over everything, little as it was, to the receiver, she began to note a change in the temper of the town. Women who had been her friends, and who of late weeks had crossed the street to avoid meeting her, began speaking to her again; and no more was heard of indictments.

If Paramore had stayed in town, the district attorney would have had to act; but Paramore was out of reach, and the McQuinns, who had stayed to face the music, were obviously eager to make all the reparation that was within their power. Too eager, Lucia used to think with a shiver of distaste—like prisoners fawning on their captors, trying to propitiate them; there was more dignity in Willis' gesture, spacious and final. But when you had children—

ROSS still looked licked, but he had recovered from that first disintegration; a sense of the feeling around him had hardened him to a silent sullenness—apologetic at first, but gradually it became almost defiant. There were still people, plenty of them, who would speak to Lucia but not to him; he saw no one if he could help it, except on business. But the disaster, Lucia used to think, had had at least this much mitigation—it had given them something to talk about once more. In personal relations they were still constrained, aloof; but she'd been of some use to him after all, and in a shy, preoccupied way he seemed to appreciate it.

But when they moved out of the house to a second-rate downtown hotel—the children, with tuition paid, could be left at school till June—he took two single rooms, explaining that the work he was doing for the receiver would keep him up pretty late at night. . . . So he didn't really need her, even after Great Valley that had been his life had gone to pieces.

She had no idea, yet, where or how they were going to live, after the children came home; once or twice she asked Ross about it, but he always said he couldn't see that far ahead. March came, and April, and then May; they'd have to do something soon. And one May evening he came home with something on his mind—something that he wouldn't talk about till they were smoking in his room after dinner.

"I've done all I can for the receiver," he said. "Luckily he doesn't have to liquidate, and some of the underlying properties are perfectly sound. The operating companies—Power & Light and Eastern Counties Gas. If we only hadn't let Paramore talk us into building that inverted pyramid of securities on them— But that's water that's gone over the dam. . . . Anyway, I'm an operations man; I know the utility business. And I had an offer today from down in Texas—twelve thousand a year. There was a time, and not so long ago, when that would have looked like a lot of money."

"It *is* a lot of money, Ross! We could keep the children in boarding school, live in perfect comfort— And I admit," she said, "that it will be a relief to get away from Eastwood where you never can tell who's going to speak to you and who isn't; where as long as we live people will never be able to forget what Great Valley did to them."

"Yes," he admitted, "there's that. We wouldn't be able to live it down for years, if ever; it might hang over the children— Still—"

"Still what?" she asked as he paused, fussing over his pipe.

"Still I feel I owe the stockholders of Great Valley all I can give them. . . . Those fellows that ran Power & Light after I moved upstairs didn't do as good a job as I used to. If I were general manager I could net another hundred thousand a year at the same rates—money for Great Valley creditors and stockholders. . . . But that would mean living in Eastwood. . . . Also, if the receiver gave me that job he'd have to be damned careful what he paid me—and he ought to be. People are willing to let us live but they won't stand seeing us live well, and I don't blame them. If they see you wearing a fur coat again, or me driving a car that cost more than eight hundred dollars— The most I could get would be four or five thousand a year." She studied him somberly.

"But you want to take it, don't you?" she said. He shrugged.

"I'd feel a little better, I think—uncomfortable, often enough, but a little cleaner. . . . But I've let you in for enough trouble already."

"Oh, you have? . . . Let's take it, Ross. Four or five thousand isn't poverty. We could have a decent apartment, and a little car; and the children could go to high school; and I'd do my own housework, the way—" Her voice broke. "The way I used to on Poplar Street. We did it once and we can do it again; and I'd be of some use—"

She broke off; he looked old and tired.

"You would say that," he sighed. "But it wouldn't be like Poplar Street. We were young then, working our way up—beginning a success story. No success story this time; I might get more money later, but we'd only be—playing out the schedule."

"That could be a success story too, Ross. A new kind—and maybe a better one. Doing what we ought to do, and getting along in decent comfort, and feeling that we could respect ourselves. I have an idea that there'll be a good many success stories like that in this country from now on—more than of the other kind, perhaps. . . . Let's do it, my dear!"

"But it wouldn't be like Poplar Street," he insisted wearily. "The way we felt about each other then— An emotion like that is a power house; it makes you able to do anything. You couldn't feel the same about working for me after— Well, after Willis Renwick."

SHE stared at him in blank stupefaction.

"You knew?" she said at last. "Oh, my dear—I always hoped you'd never know! I didn't want to hurt you! . . . How long have you known?"

"When you fainted that night at the telephone— You never fainted before in your life. Then I remembered that you'd known about Mingo before I told you; and after that a hundred things came back to me—things that hadn't meant anything at the time. . . . Oh, I can't blame you; I was crazy about success, and I suppose I didn't do much for you—"

"I can't blame you," she said. "Not much. It might never have happened if you hadn't forgotten about me; but it was real, Ross. Not just fooling around." She hesitated; but she had to ask him this, had to come to a complete understanding with him if they were ever to start again at all. "How—how much do you know?" she asked, crimson.

"I know you," he said simply. "You don't do things halfway. If you once made up your mind— I'm not blaming you, Lucia. Only—"

"Only you don't want me any more. . . . I don't wonder."

"I do want you! But when you're thinking about another man—and a dead man, a man I can't compete with—"

"I know. But things like that are so mixed up. There are things between you and me that Willis never interfered with and never could. If only I could be of some use to you—! Let's try to start again."

"I'd like to," he said. "My God, I'd like to! But at our age it isn't easy to pick up the pieces and try to put them together again. . . . I'm thinking of how you might feel after the first eagerness has worn off—when you realize that you're forty, and tired. A woman has got to have some respect for the man she lives with; and any woman who remembers an old-school gentleman like Willis Renwick—I'm simply not that kind of man, and unfortunately you know it."

"No," she said, "we can't call ourselves first-generation aristocrats any more. . . . But there's another kind of *honor—an unromantic bourgeois honor.* The sort of thing that makes you pay your debts, even after the law's discharged you. That makes you go on playing out the schedule even if you know you can't finish in the first division; even if your old friends still hate you as the man that ruined them, while all the glory goes to the man who picked out the nearest exit. I have an idea that that sort of honor may be worth more, in the times we live in, than the kind of honor that leaves somebody else to face the music. . . . I think, Ross, I respect a man with that kind of honor more than I ever respected anybody else in my life. Anybody else . . . That is, if—if respect is what you want."

"You're what I want!" he said, and gathered her into his arms.

FOUR or five thousand a year would have looked like dire poverty to Mrs. McQuinn of Ridge Avenue; but Mrs. McQuinn of Poplar Street found that you could live on it comfortably enough. . . . Yes, they'd moved back to Poplar Street; the apartments that had replaced that old row of bungalows were the best for their price in town, fitted with all sorts of gadgets that made housework easier than it used to be. The children seemed to be getting educated, in high school; the public golf course, the municipal swimming pool, were good enough if you couldn't afford the country club; and the landscape you saw from an eight-hundred-dollar car was the same landscape that you saw from an eight-thousand-dollar car. . . . There was another side to the picture, of course; but when you could feel that you were of some use to somebody—Whatever it wasn't, it was life—the life she had to live; and she liked it.

One evening when Ross came home to dinner she emerged from the kitchen, swathed in a big apron; and after he had kissed her she handed him a letter. She had opened it—it was addressed to them both; and she eyed him with some apprehension as his eyes ran over the engraved card:

The
IRIDESCENT SECURITIES CORPORATION
of Los Angeles
announces that
MR. DUDLEY PARAMORE
has joined its staff as
Executive Vice President

She knew that would remind him of everything—of the luxury they had lost, through Paramore; of the old friends who would no longer speak to him, though they candidly confessed their admiration for the spacious gesture of Willis Renwick. But he read it, and laughed.

"These Californians always talk as if they had a lot of money," he observed. "Well, they won't have it long, now that Paramore's got there. . . . Do I smell pork chops? Swell! Ready for me to help you set the table?"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Misrepresentative Government

Continued from page 11

groups have been able to mount the back of the Republican party and ride it up a blind alley. This power alliance has been blamed for Republican disaster for twelve years.

Meantime, Governor Lehman, who was once a Wall Street banker, but who is a liberal Democrat, has been carrying on a major offensive against the power companies. He caused to be introduced a number of bills making up a comprehensive program at the first session of the legislature following his inauguration in 1933. There were twelve bills. The principal ones were as follows:

1. A proposal to permit a municipality to furnish gas and electric service to its residents after a referendum by the people.

2. A law which would compel utility companies to pay a part of the expense of the Public Service Commission in revaluing and investigating utility properties.

3. A bill which would permit the Commission to fix rates and put them into effect temporarily, but at once, thus preventing utility companies from holding up new rates by long drawn-out lawsuits.

When Macy Exploded

Other bills proposed to put all gas and pipe lines under state control; to bring holding companies under jurisdiction of the Public Service Commission; to permit villages now operating public service plants to supply power to their adjacent territories, and several other bills of lesser importance.

The governor was unable to get the legislature even to consider these bills in committee during the first session. This was also true of the Senate, which was dominated by the Democrats. The Senate committee would not report them out. In the present session they were again blocked in committee. Neither House nor Senate Committee would report them. With the governor, the leader of the Democrats and the Republican chairman demanding that the bills be reported out, some power was able to hold them in the two committees.

It was at this point that Macy exploded and denounced the Republican leaders. The Democratic leaders in the Senate were equally culpable, he charged, but because the Democratic governor took a socially popular stand, all the blame was being put on the Republican party, which was being ruined by the alliance.

The Machold element in the party and the power people vigorously deny all this. They insist that Machold has earnestly tried to keep out of politics since his retirement from the trying game; that the Niagara Hudson Power Company has never made any effort to influence the mind of the legislature save by presenting its case through accredited counsel; that it has never used sinister instruments of control and that it has failed signally to induce the legislature to pass bills in which it was interested.

Machold, they point out, because of his old associations, is frequently consulted by party leaders and, what is more, Macy is unpopular with these party leaders. He is chagrined because the leaders have refused to take his advice and is aflame not with piety but with jealousy because he believes that Machold has interfered with his grip on the party machinery. The failure of the Assembly committee to report out the governor's bills they attribute to the fact that these committees are made up chiefly of conservative business men who honestly believe that municipal ownership should not be encouraged and that government interference in business has gone too far already.

Mr. Macy was arriving nowhere swiftly with his revolt and the governor was getting nowhere with his bets when an incident in an unexpected quarter changed the whole aspect of the battle. Up popped the devil in the shape of the Federal Trade Commission in Washington. The Commission had been rummaging through the files of the very much harried and harassed Associated Gas and Electric Company, which has been pursued lately by the Commission, various stockholders and the Senate Banking and Currency Committee. Just as the legislature was trying to hurry up with its affairs to get out of Albany the Commission brought to the surface a lovely batch of eleven letters of a self-made state senator to his utility company. The letters had been written by Senator Warren T. Thayer of Chateaugay to various persons in the Associated system.

Thayer was once the chief owner and head of the Chasm Power Company, a small utility in Chateaugay, New York. He was elected to the Senate in 1920 and later, singularly, made chairman of the Public Service Committee of the Senate which considers all utility measures. Then in 1926 he sold the Chasm Power Company to the Associated Gas and Electric Company. And thereafter, while chairman of the Public Service Committee, he received $3,600 a year from the Associated, although he performed no obvious services for that company. During that time he wrote numerous letters, the most damaging one being to the vice president of the Associated in which he said: "I hope my work during the past session was satisfactory to your company, not so much for the new legislation enacted, but from the fact that many detrimental bills which were introduced we were able to kill in my committee."

Sprinting in the Home Stretch

The effect of this in Albany was sensational. A legislative investigation of Thayer was ordered in which the authenticity of all the letters was admitted and a special session of the Senate called to consider the question of expelling Thayer from that body. The other effect was to force out the governor's eleven utility bills from committee and bring about their swift passage in both houses. The third effect was to provoke a resolution for a general investigation of the whole question of the power industry and its relation to the legislation and the regulatory authorities of the state.

Senator Thayer attempted to beat the gun by resigning from the Senate just as that profoundly shocked body was about to convene to consider his sins. But the senators, ignoring the resignation, voted on the senator's misconduct and unanimously adjudged him guilty.

There is, of course, no evidence connecting any other utility company than the Associated with the Thayer incident and some of the utility men have assured me that they will welcome the investigation as an opportunity to dissociate themselves from the whole unsavory episode.

Of course, the picture is a little confused. The cartoon of the large-

(Continued on page 40)

GREATER 3-TON TRUCK VALUE

A NEW GMC 3-TON FOR ONLY $925

CHASSIS ··· F.O.B. PONTIAC

● Never before have truck operators been offered such an exceptional value. Think of it! A big, husky General Motors Truck in the 3-ton range at the extremely low price of $925. Typically GMC in the way it will work and the way it will earn. Typically GMC in the way it is built and engineered in every inch of its rugged makeup.

Only the General Motors Truck Company, with its wealth of experience in the design and construction of quality trucks, could offer such an amazing value. Only in a truck bearing the GMC emblem are operators assured of a full measure of "truck-built" power, economy, reliability and long life.

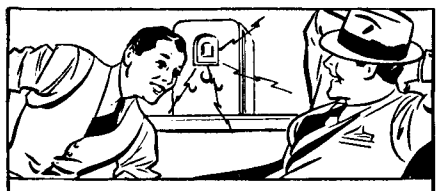
At your earliest opportunity inspect this new 3-ton or any one of the other GMC types available.

Gross Rating—12,500 Lbs . . . Payload Capacity—2½-3½ Tons . . . Wheelbases—142"—166"—184" . . . GMC Valve-in-Head Engine—69 H.P., 155 Ft. Lbs. Torque . . . Frame 8" Deep . . . Centrifuse Brake Drums . . . Needle-Bearing Universal Joints . . . Maximum Tire Size, 8.25/20 10-ply Duals . . . Full Floating Rear Axle.

GENERAL MOTORS TRUCKS AND TRAILERS
GENERAL MOTORS TRUCK COMPANY PONTIAC, MICHIGAN
Time Payments Available Through Our Own Y. M. A. C.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RADIO ANN
She Gets Her Man



VOICE FROM RADIO: You are listening to Ann Mansett, the dream singer.
Phil: I could fall for that girl just from hearing her sing.
Ralph: Why, I know Ann. Come along, I'll introduce you.

Ann: How do you do! I'm always glad to meet any friend of Ralph's.
Phil: I had no idea Ralph knew you.

Phil: What a disappointment! Ann's a beautiful girl but what a terrible complexion!
Ralph: Ann used to have a lovely skin!

Ann: Doctor, you've helped thousands with your broadcasts. What *can* I do to clear up my skin?
Doctor: The true cause of your trouble is a bad intestinal condition. Yeast Foam Tablets will do wonders for you.

Ralph: I just saw Ann Mansett! What a change! She's completely cleared up that awful skin!
Phil: 'Nuff said, Ralph. I'm phoning her tonight.

Ann announces her engagement to her friends at the studio.
Doctor *to himself:* There's another romance I must credit to Yeast Foam Tablets.

Why don't you see what Yeast Foam Tablets will do for you? At any druggist's!

FREE INTRODUCTORY PACKAGE
NORTHWESTERN YEAST COMPANY *C-7-28*
1750 North Ashland Avenue, Chicago, Illinois
Please send free sample of YEAST FOAM TABLETS and descriptive circular.
*Name*_____
*Address*_____
*City*_____ *State*_____

(Continued from page 39)

paunched, bulbous Power Trust with the little wriggling legislature in its pocket is a bit oversimplified. The old visions which many citizens have of the legislature suffocated under the heels of the lobbyists is no longer literally true. The colorful but wicked days of flowing quarts, sumptuous feasts, gaudy blondes and little black bags are gone. The wear and tear on the senator's buttonhole now comes almost entirely from the embattled women's leagues, the irate landlords, the eternal enemies of the demon rum and, above all, the relentless swarm of teachers and city employees who harry their representatives mercilessly.

There are 141 registered paid lobbyists in Albany. For the most part they represent large corporations, including power companies and railroads. But they seldom show up. They are chiefly lawyers and put in appearances before committees and departments to argue bills. Occasionally one hears of a money bill or a "dough bill" as it is called around the legislature, but they are rare.

How do the leaders reduce the legislature to subjection? It is quite simple. The technique has been worked out over many years of experimentation. The legislature meets in January. It tries to adjourn before the end of April. Usually it does. Sometimes it finishes in March. Occasionally it runs into May. A few turbulent legislatures have wrangled into June. As a rule, therefore, the Assembly and Senate have around four months in which to finish their work.

The flood of bills starts in January. Before it ends, around 4,000 measures are introduced. At the last session it was nearer 5,000. The members could not even read half of them if they did nothing else and many of them are not swift readers. But this at least is certain: To give even passing attention to any portion of them the members should work incessantly from January to adjournment. But during the first two months and sometimes into March the two houses do almost nothing.

At the last session the Assembly spent the first five weeks voting on the clerkship. Ordinarily they meet Monday night in a brief session and then go back home to attend to their own business until the next Monday. A few leaders remain behind and run whatever of the show is permitted to go on. By the middle of March the two bodies are thinking about adjournment.

In the final weeks the members attend more regularly. There are some perfunctory committee hearings. The Ways and Means Committee of the Assembly, the Finance Committee of the Senate, the Codes Committee, the Affairs of Villages Committee and the Judiciary Committee meet and consider some bills. Many other committees never meet at all. The clerk of the committee will poll the members on any bill the chairman wishes reported. The result of all this is that the legislature finds itself jammed up against the last week of the session with almost all of its work unfinished. In that last week it begins to grind out the laws at the rate of 100 per day.

For His "Dear Peepul"

Why is this done? Those who know the machinery understand well enough. It is all carefully fostered to give a few leaders complete control of the two bodies. First, you must understand, bills are of three kinds. There are a mass of bills introduced by members by request and in which they have little interest. There are the local bills introduced by the members for their districts and in which almost all their interest is centered. The assemblyman wants a bridge, an appropriation, a government fish hatchery or a normal school for his district.

Here is a sample: A single member introduced 38 bills. One is to pay for losses caused by forest fires in his district. Another is to change the constitution of the government of his county. Another is to improve the shores of a lake in his county. When he goes back home, his utility as a legislator will be judged by the number of these local bills he can get passed. The folks won't bother so much about how he stood on the revision of the criminal laws or the laws affecting receiverships or the regulation of banks.

It is impossible for this member to get any of his bills acted on unless they are reported out of committee. He cannot get them reported out unless the chairman, who is part of the organization, permits it. All these bills hang over until the end of the session. And when that time arrives, that is, ten days before adjournment, all bills automatically go to the Committee on Rules, which is made up of the Speaker, the majority leader and the minority leader. They then decide what local bills will be reported out. If the member has voted properly on the bills of general public policy which the Speaker and majority leader favored or opposed, then he will get a reasonable amount of his local bills reported out and passed. Otherwise he will go back to his home county empty-handed.

Passing Petty Laws

One result of this is the very opposite to the popular impression about legislatures. It is that it is almost impossible to get a law of general state policy passed, but very simple to get a local bill passed. There is a notion that legislatures flood the land with laws and strangle society in a tangle of endless legislation. This is really not so. The legislature is a kind of board of directors of the state. Almost all of the laws it passes are mere regulations of the state government, authorizations to pay money, to put up a building, to enlarge the staff of a department. A large number are little rules extending the game season in certain counties, changing the name of a state school and so on.

Out of all this vast maze of bills passed at the last session—over a thousand—all but about a hundred were of this variety. Of the remaining hundred, many were changes in the criminal and civil laws of the state, many of them repealing old laws. The actual number of new laws of a general economic or social character—laws regulating business or interfering in the ordinary affairs of citizens—were extremely few in number. It is very difficult to get such laws passed or even discussed in Albany.

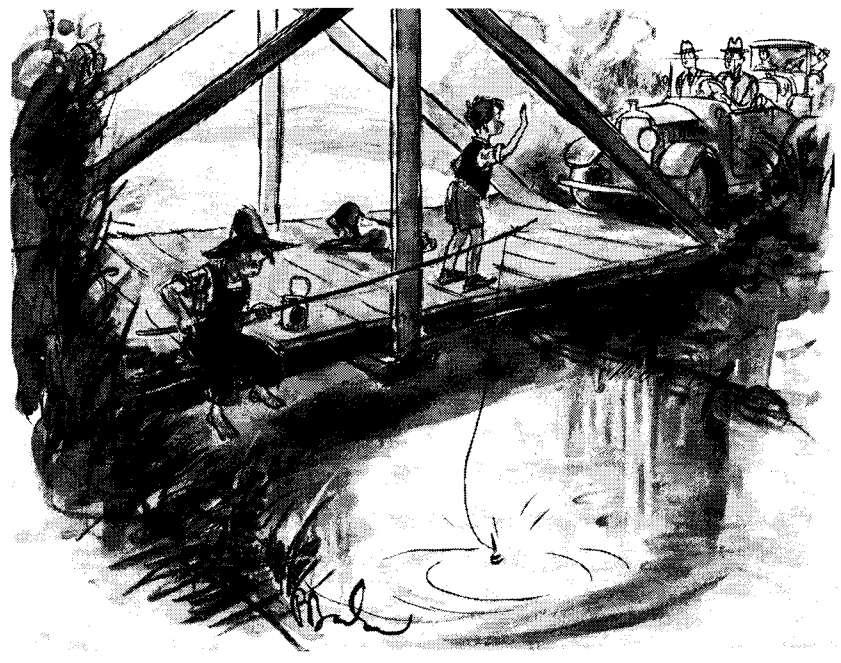
Three Remedies

As a matter of fact, some serious reforms are needed here. Governor Lehman, who was kind enough to discuss this whole subject with me, offers what I believe to be an important suggestion. I found the governor after adjournment, at the end of a long day considering bills—hundreds of them awaiting his signature and requiring action within thirty days. He vetoed about 300 of these bills. That is one of the little schemes of the legislature. It passes hundreds of local bills to please the folks back home and puts them up to the governor to be killed.

"I think three important things are essential," the governor said. "First our people have to find some mechanism for electing a higher grade of men to the legislature. Second, the rules ought to be changed to make it very difficult to pass these numerous little local bills and simpler to bring the great, important measures of general public policy before the legislature for discussion. Third, and most important, we should have a trifurcated session of the legislature. It should meet for a brief period during which bills could be introduced. Then it should adjourn. Then the committees should be called and all bills considered carefully, hearings held and reports made.

"The committees should then go home and full reports on all bills from them sent to all members and a reasonable time permitted for consideration and study of them. Then the legislature should be convened again in the final phase of its work. That should be limited to considering the bills reported and acting on them. No bills, save of an emergency character, ought to be permitted to be brought forward save in that first session."

One thing is certain. Whatever it is, this New York legislature ought to be subjected to a major operation of some sort. As it stands it is neither an instrument of democratic nor of representative government. It is instead a masterpiece of misrepresentative government.



"Please, Mister, will ya wait a minute? Ira's got a peach of a nibble!"

PERRY BARLOW

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Jail Breaker

Continued from page 24

Jones sighed with relief and even smiled a little at Mannion's note. The handwriting was as immature as that of a child; the letters big and uncertainly made. He wanted to keep the note, but decided not to, as it might be dangerous. He burned the note and the envelope, threw the ashes into the washbowl and washed them down; then he slipped the passport into his billfold, put on his hat and went out.

HE HAD gone only half a block when he noticed that two men were following him. He was pretty sure that they were detectives and it worried him. He had the passport, all right, but Mannion had shot up the jail and released his pals, and the city was in a hubbub about it. He began to wish that he was back in his room.

Near the car-stop the men came up to him. They had their right hands in their right coat pockets. One of them said: "Are you Jones?"

"I am."

"Have you got that so-called passport I been reading so much about in the papers?"

"I have."

Jones took it out and showed it to them. They nodded. One of them said: "Take a little walk with us, Jones. We ain't through with you yet this morning."

"But I'll be late to work."

One detective laughed.

"Now won't that be too bad."

The other one scowled.

"Come on, Mannion; don't give us that stuff. Fan him, Buck."

Buck whirled Jones around, patted all his pockets, slapped his legs, then took off his hat and looked into it. Jones flushed with rage and jerked away from the detective.

"What's the matter with you fellows? Haven't I got the passport? What do you want, my birth certificate?"

A small crowd had gathered and stood staring. One man came up, grinning. He worked on the floor above Jones and went downtown on the same car with him almost every morning.

"Excuse me, officers. But this is Arthur Jones. Take my word for him. I've been riding the same car with him for nearly five years. He tooks like Mannion, all right, but he isn't."

Several people laughed. The detectives ignored them.

"Well," said Buck, "no matter who you are, we got orders. Come on. Let's take a ride."

Jones shrugged and turned to the office worker.

"Would you mind telling Seaver that I've been arrested again?"

The man laughed.

"I'll be delighted. You're getting to be quite a public character, Jones."

THE detectives took Jones to a squad car parked around the corner. They shoved him into the front seat, then Buck got in beside him; the other detective got into the back seat. The car started off with a roar, throwing Jones' head back.

"This is getting good," he said, gritting his teeth, but he was quietly thanking his lucky stars that Mannion had thought to send the passport back. Mannion was all right at that. He stood up very well compared with these iron-jawed, bungling detectives. Jones remembered what Mannion had said: "Most all policemen are wrong." Jones wondered if they were.

The man in the back seat, a big, red-headed fellow with a tough, Irish face, touched Jones on the shoulder and said:

"Why don't you come clean just once, Jake? The D. A.'s going to ask you a lot of funny questions this morning. For instance," the detective hesitated craftily, then shouted: "What did you do with Jones' body?"

Jones started, then laughed. Buck turned: "Lay off, Mickey. Don't give this guy no leads."

"I'm doing this."

Jones turned.

"Listen," he said quietly, "it's a very simple matter to take my finger-prints, isn't it?"

Mick said nothing. Buck turned down into the poorer district and pulled up at the courthouse, which was across from the jail.

Buck pointed.

"You made a nice mess of that, didn't you?"

Jones stared. All the windows on either side of the entrance to the jail were shot out. Glass and plaster littered the pavement. Workmen were already repairing the damage.

This sight made a very unpleasant impression on Jones. It made him realize what a terribly dangerous person Mannion was; a genuinely desperate enemy of society. He began to wonder if he shouldn't tell the D. A. the whole story.

Would he be held for complicity? Would Mannion turn up and rub him out? Suddenly he thought of Miss Wicklow and compressed his lips. No; it wouldn't do.

THE detectives took Jones into the district attorney's office. Mr. Nichols was sitting at his desk. He was pale and looked as if he hadn't slept very well the night before.

"Here he is, Mr. Nichols," said Buck.

Nichols looked wearily at Jones.

"Sit down, whoever you may be. Make yourself comfortable. Buck, tell Bronson and Cafferty to come in. And you and Mick wait outside."

"Yes, sir."

The two detectives went out.

"This is Jones, I believe," said the D. A. with a sad smile. "But I'm sorry to say we'll have to run the finger-prints again. A nuisance, isn't it?"

Jones nodded and studied the D. A. He distrusted his friendliness. Mr. Nichols hummed to himself and sat staring at his desk.

Two men came in and stood looking at Jones. The D. A. said:

"Finger-print him, Bronson."

While Jones was being finger-printed, Cafferty came up very close and stared at him, then he looked at Mr. Nichols and shook his head. Bronson sat down to compare the finger-prints.

"Well, Cafferty?" said Mr. Nichols.

"I ain't sure. Say something, you."

"Do you think we will have snow for Christmas?" said Jones.

"Look me right in the eye," said Cafferty.

Jones did so.

"No," said Cafferty suddenly. "That ain't the guy."

Mr. Nichols cleared his throat.

"Mr. Jones," he said, "don't you remember Cafferty here?"

Jones was very much irritated. He stared at Cafferty for a moment; then he had an inspiration.

"Say something," he said suddenly.

"Roses are red," stammered Cafferty.

The D. A. held his head. Jones laughed.

"You know, Mr. Nichols," he said,

(Continued on page 42)

SIMONIZ YOUR CAR!

65,000 Miles of Sparkling Beauty

"I am delighted how beautiful Simoniz keeps my 1930 car. It looks better than many new cars, although driven over 65,000 miles." —H. P. Krieger, Grand Rapids, Michigan

Sparkles Like New Through 70,000 Miles

"Thanks to Simonizing, my four-year-old car looks as good as new after 70,000 miles of hard usage. Simoniz does all you claim for it, and more." —H. W. Seymour, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

Simonizing a car is amazingly easy! A few strokes with the wonderful Simoniz Kleener make the finish sparkle like new. Restores the lustre quickly, safely, easily. Then apply Simoniz. It protects the finish and keeps cars beautiful for years.

EVERY CAR NEEDS SIMONIZ TO KEEP IT BEAUTIFUL!

Simonizing is more than a quick, easy way to restore a car's lustre and beauty. Millions know that besides making a car sparkle like new, Simonizing gives protection the finish must have to stay beautiful.

Nothing guards a car's beauty like Simoniz! It positively stops dirt and harmful elements from dulling and destroying the finish. Makes it last longer and keeps colors from fading.

New or old, the sooner any car is Simonized, the better. So Simoniz your car! Then you can be sure it will stay beautiful for years.

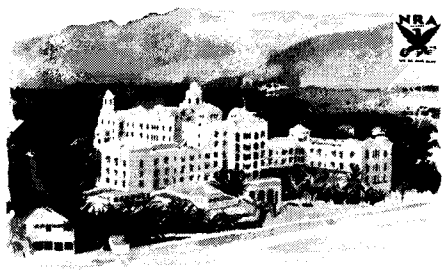
There's nothing like Simoniz and Simoniz Kleener. Be sure to insist on and get them for your car. Leading hardware, auto accessory stores and garages everywhere have them.

THE SIMONIZ COMPANY, CHICAGO, U. S. A.

Motorists Wise **SIMONIZ**

MAKES FINISH LAST LONGER!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Jim writes Jane from the Royal Hawaiian Hotel

Dear Jane: *Honolulu, May 2*

Just a note. Supper on the beach last night. They served me real DOLE Hawaiian Pineapple Juice. Perfectly delicious! Want me to send you some?

Love,
Jim

and this is Jane's reply—

Dear Jim: *Chicago, May 11*

Silly! Didn't you know you could get DOLE Pineapple Juice at our grocery store around the corner? Believe me, I wouldn't miss a morning without it!

Love,
Jane

REWARD!

Extra cash for spare time representing this magazine.

The Crowell Publishing Co.
250 Park Ave., New York, N.Y.

WHY LIFE INSURANCE *Bought Direct* COSTS SO LITTLE!

You have no agents' commissions or branch office expenses to pay. You deal direct-by-mail with the Company and SAVE! It is significant that in the depression years of 1933 and 1932 Postal Life of New York sold more life insurance than in any other two years of its history. In 1933 its business increased 45% and in 1932, 43%.

Postal offers a guaranteed saving of 9½ per cent per year on every premium (including the first) as well as a contingent (or second) dividend as earned and declared. No other insurance company we know of guarantees dividends.

Postal is a 29-year-old safe company that has paid over $10,000,000 to policy-holders and beneficiaries. It is under the strict supervision of the New York State Insurance Department and is subject to the U. S. Postal Authorities.

Find out what you save on sound Legal Reserve Life Insurance. Just send the coupon indicating the type of insurance. Or fill in the consultation blank as well and we will recommend the kind best suited to your needs. No obligation.

FREE INFORMATION—MAIL TODAY

Postal Life Insurance Co., Dept. 650
511 Fifth Ave., New York.

Send free information on: ☐ Ordinary Whole Life; ☐ Special $5000 Whole Life; ☐ Limited Pay. Life; ☐ Endowment; ☐ Term; ☐ Annuities.

Amount of insurance desired.....
Exact date, year of birth.....
Occupation.....

If you want our recommendation, please answer these questions:

Amount of life insurance now in force.....
Total amount premiums paid each year.....
Ages of dependents.....
Annual Income..... *Approximate Debts*.....

Name.....
Street and Number.....
City..... *State*.....

(Continued from page 41)

"I'm getting mighty tired of this. If I had any money I'd get out of town."

The phone rang. Mr. Nichols answered it, but talked so low that Jones could not understand any of the conversation. Cafferty realized finally that Jones had been kidding him and he glared. Bronson stood up and waited for the D. A. to finish talking. When the D. A. hung up, Bronson said:

"This is Jones, Chief."

Mr. Nichols rubbed his hands over his face and yawned.

"The Siamese twins," he said softly; then: "No, just twins. I wish you and Mannion were Siamese twins, then I'd know where to find both of you. Mr. Jones, excuse me for bothering you any further, but are you sure you don't remember Cafferty?"

JONES was puzzled and hesitated.

"Let me see your passport."

Jones showed it to Mr. Nichols, who turned and handed it to Cafferty. The big detective stared at it, frowning, but said nothing. Suddenly Jones remembered Mannion's note.

"Excuse me," he said. "Cafferty, didn't I talk to you last night?"

"Did you?"

Mr. Nichols was studying Jones.

"I'm not sure. It was pretty dark. But a detective stopped me last night while I was taking a walk."

"Which way was you going?" Cafferty asked suddenly.

"West."

"What street was you on?"

"Broad Street."

"Did I say anything to you?"

"Yes, you told me I'd better hunt a hole . . ."

"Well, I'll be . . ." said Cafferty.

Mr. Nichols got up and began to pace the floor, swearing softly.

"All the same, Chief," cried Cafferty, after some thought, "that's not the guy I talked to. His eyes was different. This guy—well, a kid would take a crack at him. The guy I saw—well, Jack Dempsey would think twice. I tell you it was Mannion."

Mr. Nichols shouted:

"Why didn't you pick him up, then?"

"Well, you see he had the passport."

"Roses are red," said Nichols with contempt, and Cafferty winced. "To tell you the truth, Jones," Nichols went on, "my head is swimming. I guess you can run along."

Jones got up, took the passport from the desk, and said:

"I'm afraid I'll need this."

"Just a minute. I'll give you another one. Tear this up, Cafferty." The D. A. wrote steadily for a few minutes, then he handed the sheet he had written on to Bronson and said: "Photostat that. Sorry, Jones. I was a little premature. You'll have to wait a few minutes. You can go, Cafferty."

Cafferty glared at Jones, then went out. Nichols tapped with his pencil.

"Mr. Jones," he said, "it seems to me this business has aged you somewhat. The first time they picked you up you looked pretty scared to me. I was sure you weren't Mannion. But that crack you took at our friend Cafferty was worthy of a hardened criminal."

"He irritated me."

"Cafferty is a very good irritant. I've wanted to shoot him myself several times." Nichols lowered his eyes and went on quietly. "It seems very strange to me, Jones, that a man like you would be so very interested in a wolf like Mannion as to clutter up your room with newspaper clippings about his career." Nichols glanced up; his eyes flashed. "You haven't, by any chance, had a visit from our worthy friend?"

Jones started. A voice within him cried: Tell it all. Get it over with. But he said:

"I'm writing a life of Mannion to be serialized in the papers. I'm a writer. Ben Healy of the Journal will vouch for that statement. He sent the clippings over."

"I see, I see." Mr. Nichols smiled wearily. "Well, we seem to be getting nowhere fast. As soon as you get your new passport you can run along. Don't mind us. We're all getting a little screwy."

Jones did not get to the office till nearly eleven o'clock. Just as he was leaving the district attorney's he remembered the eight thousand words he had written the night before. He took a bus home, hastily made a few corrections in pencil on the typescript, then he hurried downtown and left the typescript at Healy's office. Never in his life had he felt so confident and at peace. He knew that the work he had done the night before was good, because it had held up under a cold morning reading—a severe test; also he was pretty sure that he was now rid of Mannion. His worries had all miraculously disappeared. He felt like singing.

He came into the office smiling and humming to himself. Seaver looked up, nodded several times, then said:

"Your criminal life seems to take up a lot of your time, Jones."

The clerks laughed. Jones was ready to make some retort when he noticed that Seaver was smiling very pleasantly. Only a few days ago Seaver had made a fuss because he was five minutes late; now he was merely facetious. Jones realized that he did not give a damn what Seaver thought and it rather startled him.

There was a note on his desk signed by J. G. It read:

> I understand you have been arrested again. What kind of reputation are you giving my office?
>
> Seriously, I want to thank you for the excellent work you did on those shipping reports. Your name will certainly go in on the new recommended list.

Jones smiled grimly. No wonder Seaver was on his best behavior; he, along with everybody else in the office, had probably read the note.

AT FIVE minutes to twelve Miss Wicklow came out of J. G.'s office. He thought that she looked pale and preoccupied. He got up hastily and followed her out to the water-cooler in the main corridor.

"Well," he said, "I think our troubles are over. Mannion's gone."

Miss Wicklow did not look up.

"That's a relief."

"You don't seem very enthusiastic."

"Oh, I'm not feeling so well today. I've got a slight cold. Did you have any trouble this morning?"

"Very little. But I had some fun. I'd like to tell you about it. Let's go round to the Blue Goose."

"I can't."

"Won't J. G. let you off this once? I've got a lot I want to tell you."

"It isn't that. I've got a lunch date."

"Oh."

She looked up for the first time. Her glance was steady and not very friendly. Jones' heart sank. What an imbecile he was to think that he had been making any progress with the superior Miss Wicklow! It seemed strange now that yesterday he had been calling her Dorothy.

"Some other time, maybe," he said, drawing away slightly.

"Yes," she said hurriedly, "some other time."

At four o'clock Healy burst into the office, and without a greeting, pulled up a chair beside Jones' desk and cried:

"Jonesy, shake. You surely did do it. No fooling. The office is ga-ga. Even old iron-face smiled over that stuff of yours. It's colossal; it's bigger than that."

"I see you like it. Who is iron-face?"

"The city editor. He's going to run it here. I wired the whole first chapter to the Cleveland office and sent the rest air mail. You'll get a coast-to-coast spread on that stuff, keed; and old man Healy will get a two-dollar raise. Didn't I tell you?"

"Well, I—I was getting worried. I thought maybe . . ."

"Snap out of it, Jonesy. You're made. You're an author. Cut the modesty." Healy slowed down a little and stopped grinning. "No kidding. If you can keep it up at the rate you're going now it'll be a big thing. Nothing like it ever been done. And the publicity angle is so damn' good. 'The man who is the dead image of Mannion writes his life' stuff. See? The syndicate will send out reams of it. Ten publishers will be at your throat before the week is out. Hollywood will be calling long-distance. That's an idea, by gosh. Can you act?"

"Act? Of course not."

"BUT don't you see? The movies will grab at this story. It's a natural. But who will take the part? You, Jonesy, old boy. Who better? Even the cops can't tell you from Mannion."

Jones was bewildered.

"But . . ."

"I'm not kidding. In a year from now you won't speak to old Healy. Do me a favor, will you? I've done you several. Now you do me one."

"Anything I can do."

"Spoken like a true gentleman and scholar. A friend of mine in New York, Sid Low, is just starting up business as an agent. Let him work for you, eh?"

"Work for me? Why . . ."

Healy groaned.

"You can't seem to get it through your head, Jonesy. With the slightest kind of break, you're a big shot. You'll be worth dough to an agent. Ten per cent, see? And the agent does the work. All right. I turn you over to Sid Low and he splits with me; that is he will if I keep my eye on him."

"It's . . . it's all right with me. But I don't see . . ."

"You will. You will. Now let's run over to the Cerulean Gander and stoke up."

"It's not five yet."

"What of it? Listen, if I was you, I'd chuck this place. I'll bet you don't get fifty a week here."

Jones laughed.

"Thirty-two fifty."

"Good heavens! Even I make more money than that."

Seaver's well-modulated voice broke in.

"Run along, Jones, if you like. It's all right."

But Jones hesitated. He wanted to see Miss Wicklow and tell her the good news.

Healy turned to Seaver:

"Quite a boy you've got here."

"We think so," said Seaver complacently.

Jones looked at him but said nothing. While he was hesitating, Miss Wicklow came out of J. G.'s office. Healy jumped up immediately and went over to her.

"Hello, Dorothy," he said. "How do you feel after all that high-hat food?"

She smiled. Jones thought the smile a little forced but he was too bewildered to wonder why.

"You see," said Healy, "Dorothy has made friends with me. She's seen the heart of gold shining through my rough exterior. Eh, Dorothy?"

Miss Wicklow avoided Jones' eyes.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"You'll do if nobody else is handy."

"Well spoken. Well spoken. Jonesy and I are off to the Blue Goose. Come along?"

"Can't. I'm sorry."

Jones said nothing. He had wanted to tell Miss Wicklow about how well Healy had liked his story, but he felt that now she wouldn't be particularly interested.

She handed Seaver some letters, then without another word she went back into the boss' office.

On the way to the restaurant, Healy said:

"Nice girl, Dorothy. She thought I was poison at first, but she's changed her mind."

"But how . . . when . . . ?"

"Oh, it's a long story. I'm not cutting in, am I, Jonesy? You told me yourself one day that she was just office furniture to you."

"I told you!"

"Skip it. She's too expensive a gal for either you or me, but I always was a dumb cluck. Say, there's . . ."

But Jones interrupted.

"Healy," he said, "I don't like the way you talk about Miss Wicklow."

"All right. We won't let her come between us. I won't mention her again. Say, there's something I want to ask you. Where did you get all this new dope on Mannion?"

"What new dope?"

"Now, Jones. There's a lot of stuff in those two chapters you never got from us. About him hiding behind a billboard in Brooklyn, for instance."

"I made it up."

"Really? Well, you could have made up something a little more plausible than that. But the way you tell it, it clicks. And, say, that episode with the tag: 'But what would George say?' is a lulu. Everybody down at the office is going around saying it. It fits in every place. Did you make that up, too?"

"Certainly."

"Well, it surely has a ring to it. Most people don't think of bandits going around having fun. Jones, I believe you're a mobster at heart. You better go see a conk doctor. I think you're suffering from repressions."

There was a short silence, then Jones asked:

"Did you have lunch with Miss Wicklow?"

"You haven't heard a word I've said, have you? You've just been thinking about the gudgeous gel. Yes, I had lunch with her. But not alone. She's an old friend of Carey's. It was a threesome."

"Oh!"

Jones thought that the Blue Goose looked more bedraggled than usual. He sat staring at the dirty red tablecloth while Healy talked on and on.

JONES stood hesitating in Miss Wicklow's doorway, hoping that she would ask him to take off his coat and stay a while. They had been to a movie and it had been very pleasant for Jones sitting there in the blue dusk touching shoulders with her. But she had had very little to say and had been so much affected by the movie that he was puzzled. It was all about an "office wife" who took the rap for her boss and finally for the boss' daughter.

Jones knew that she was waiting for him to go. Finally he said:

"Rather boring picture, didn't you think?"

"It interested me."

"Really? I thought it was pretty bad."

She said nothing. Jones pulled at his necktie. He had hoped that she might give him some idea why the picture had affected her so.

"Well," he said.

"Good night," said Miss Wicklow hurriedly. "Many thanks for the dinner and the movie."

"It's early yet. Would you like to talk? I'd like to talk over a part of my story I'm going to start on tonight."

She lowered her eyes.

"Do you mind if I say I'm tired?"

"No. Of course not. I . . ."

"I'm very tired."

Jones hesitated, then blurted out:

"Why don't you tell me what's wrong? Maybe I could help."

"There's nothing wrong."

"Yes, there is. You've been very different the last few days."

"I've been working hard."

Jones took her hand and tried to get her to look at him.

"Please tell me."

She pulled away.

"No."

"There *is* something wrong, then."

"I didn't say so."

"I know there is or you wouldn't be going around with Healy. I could see what you thought of him the other day in the Blue Goose."

Her laugh puzzled him.

"He improves with acquaintance."

"I don't like the way you say that."

"Oh, Healy is a brute, but amusing. I need to be amused."

"Don't I amuse you at all?"

"Of course."

"I know something's up."

"Will you please quit talking about it?"

THERE was a certain sharpness in her voice which silenced him. He turned toward the door. With his back to her, he said, hesitating over each word:

"If you knew how I felt about you, you wouldn't be so offhand."

"I'm not offhand, Arthur." Her voice rose. "I'm just pestered to death."

He turned and stared at her, astonished by her vehemence.

"Who's pestering you?"

"It doesn't matter. You can't do anything about it. Please go. I'm worn out. I want to get to bed."

Jones stiffened slightly.

"Well . . . good night . . ."

Just as the door was closing she called:

"I really did have a nice time. Many thanks. Good night."

Outside, the stars were shining with a frosty glitter and a cold fall wind was sweeping up the street. Although it was early, there were very few people abroad. Jones' footsteps rang hollowly.

His room was about a mile from Miss Wicklow's but he decided to walk. He was pretty sure that the cold wind would make him feel very wide awake, alert, and ready to sit down to his typewriter. He had not been getting enough sleep, working in the office in the daytime and working on his story at night, but the grind would soon be over at the rate he was going.

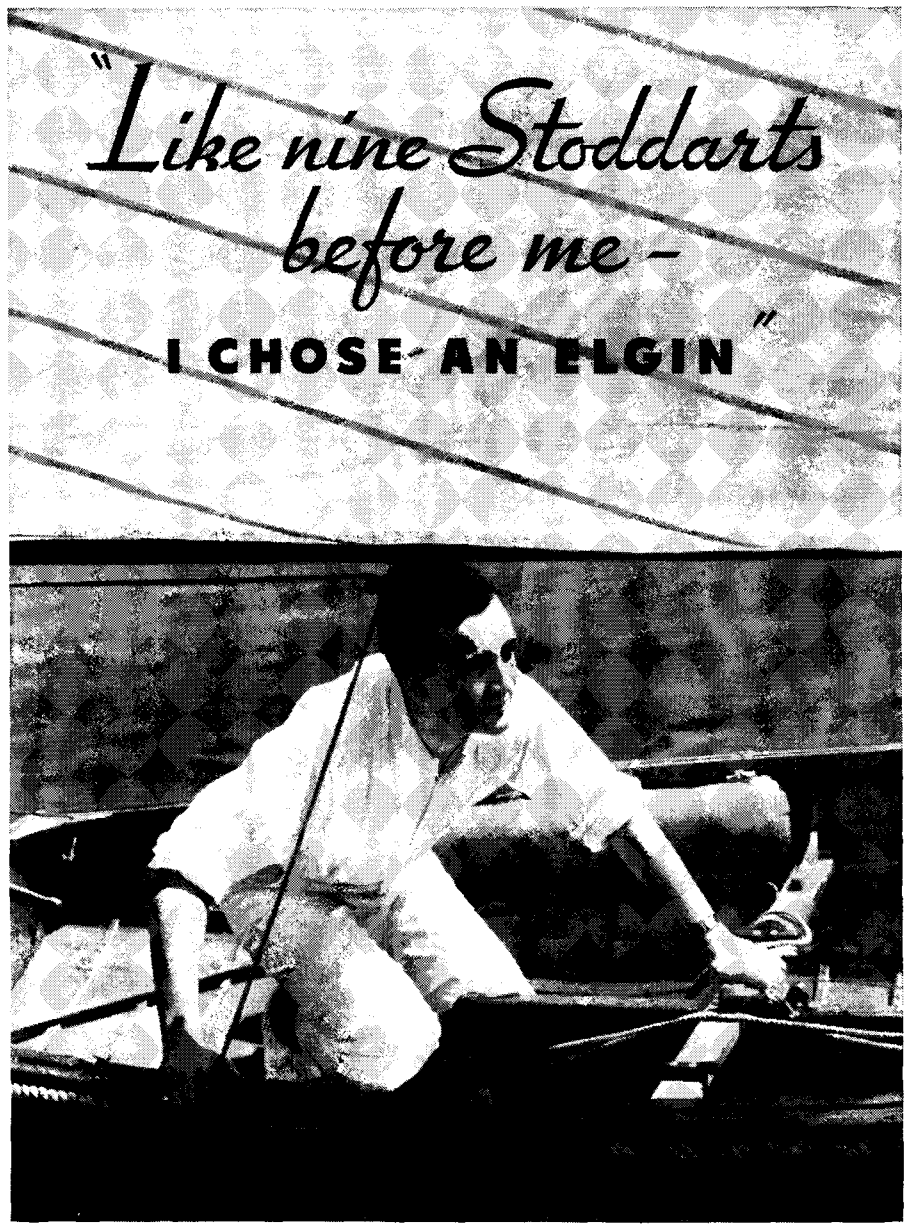
The wind was colder than he had thought. In a few minutes he began to shiver. He had taken a short cut and the neighborhood was strange to him. On his right hand he saw lights reflected in water. Ahead of him arched the deserted Broad Street bridge, ghostly gray in the night. He did not like the looks of this river-front street but he saw an all-night restaurant sign and turned in to get a cup of hot coffee. He still had three quarters of a mile to walk.

The place was dingy and narrow, with booths on one side and a long counter on the other. A mechanical piano was playing sadly and discordantly. There was a tough-looking foreigner in a dirty apron behind the counter. He glanced at Jones sharply.

"Cup of coffee," said Jones. "Cold night, eh?"

The man turned, without speaking,

(Continued on page 44)



writes **JOHN ORVIS STODDART** of Philadelphia

He races famous Herreshoff model sloops at Newport and Bristol . . . spends vacations adventuring in out-of-the-way corners of the world . . . plans to practice law in Pennsylvania.

"The first ELGIN in our family," writes young John Orvis Stoddart, "was carried by my grandfather, a Captain of the Pennsylvania Grays in the Civil War. Mine is the ninth!"

ELGIN watches have the qualities that modern, value-minded men want in timepieces. Trim, good-looking as fast sailing ships. Built on functionally correct lines. Watches for real men!

Craftsmen working alone have never been able to produce timepieces like these. It takes something more—*a merging of modern science with age-old craftsmanship in a unique partnership!*

Three generations of master watchmakers at ELGIN have labored to perfect this distinctly American union.

Today it is accomplished! Why? Because at ELGIN every part of every movement is planned, created, and assembled in a single factory.

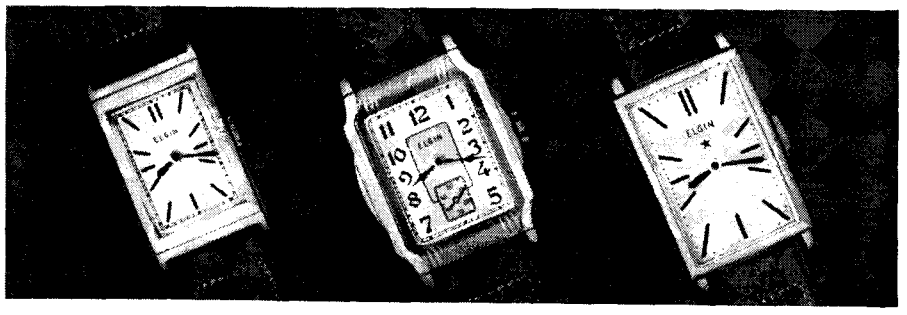
At each step, scientist and craftsman can collaborate to work out and prove the watchmaking advances you find today in every ELGIN.

Before an ELGIN watch is offered to you, the microscopes of experts must prove it flawless in workmanship and design. Its timekeeping ability is checked to the absolute standard of the stars!

So—when you seek dependability as well as style in a watch, ask your jeweler to show you the latest ELGINS. Prices range from $19 up to $500.

★ ELGIN ★

MARK OF AMERICAN LEADERSHIP SINCE 1865



★*Elgin movement in natural gold filled case. Embossed index dial. Model 1191. Price $27.50*

★*17 jewel movement. Model 1653, natural gold filled case; model 1652, white gold filled case. $37.50*

★*17 jewel movement. Embossed index dial. Model 1190, natural gold filled; model 1189, white gold filled. $47.50*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PET HATE (NO. 5)

"Sorry, old man, I guess I splashed you." ● *"That's all right—but I hate to be reminded of the splashings I used to get melting ice cubes out of old-fashioned metal trays!"*

Deep-sea diving is *one* thing. Getting ice cubes *should* be another!

You don't have to combine them. Simply use Flexible Rubber Trays or Grids.

Then, when you want ice cubes you simply pop them out at the refrigerator, one or two at a time—or a whole trayful.

You don't have to *melt* them out under the kitchen faucet and splash yourself like a sparrow in a bird-bath!

INSIST on having Flexible Rubber Trays or Grids in the mechanical refrigerator you buy. All the leading makes now come so equipped. See your refrigerator dealer.

THE INLAND MANUFACTURING CO., DEPT. B-72, DAYTON, OHIO

FLEXIBLE RUBBER TRAYS & GRIDS

Ice Cubes Instantly—Tray to Glass

MONEY! *for Your Summer Vacation*

MR. GEORGE P. WELSH of Ohio uses his car for vacation and pays for gas and other expenses out of his Crowell earnings. Let us help you earn extra money for vacation or something you want even more by taking care of subscriptions for COLLIER'S, THE NATIONAL WEEKLY. Write to:

Chief of Subscription Staff, Desk C-90
The Crowell Publishing Company
250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

GLIDDEN *Paints*
GLIDDEN *Varnishes*
GLIDDEN *Lacquers*
GLIDDEN *Enamels*
★
GLIDDEN *Everywhere*
on everything
★
GLIDDEN *In the air*
GLIDDEN *• on water*
GLIDDEN *• on land*
★

DEALERS . . . We guarantee you an increase in paint sales. Write for details.
THE GLIDDEN COMPANY • *Cleveland, Ohio*

Stop Itching Skin

It's wonderful the way soothing, cooling Zemo brings prompt relief to itching, burning skin, even in severe cases. Itching stops the moment Zemo touches the tender and inflamed skin because of its rare ingredients. To clear away Rashes, Pimples, Eczema, Ringworm and restore the skin to normal, always use clean, soothing Zemo. All druggists', 35c, 60c and $1.

zemo
FOR SKIN IRRITATIONS

(Continued from page 43)

and began to draw the coffee from a steaming nickel urn. When he put the cup down on the counter in front of Jones, Jones held out a nickel, but the man waved it aside.

"Your money ain't good here."

Jones stared.

The counterman leaned on the counter, humming to himself. Jones noticed that his face was grayish.

The mechanical piano stopped on a low, slurred discord.

"Here," said Jones. "I want to pay."

The counterman turned and smiled weakly.

"No pay. No pay."

LIFTING the coffee cup to his lips, Jones glanced absent-mindedly into the mirror behind the counter; then he started and spilled coffee down the front of his coat. Two men in a booth directly behind him were standing staring at him, their eyes wild, their faces ghastly. Then Jones knew. They thought he was Mannion. Were they enemies? Would they try to kill him? He hesitated, wanting to run but afraid to. He kept his eyes on the men. They were arguing. Finally one of them stepped up and touched Jones timidly on the shoulder.

"For God's sake, Jake, they got you tipped wrong. Spot and me, we didn't have nothing to do with it. Bugs was on his own then. Honest. Give us a break, Jake. We're lamming tonight." The man hesitated. "If you let us."

The other man stepped up, evidently encouraged by Jones' silence. In the mirror behind the counter Jones saw the saddest, the most abject smile he'd ever seen in his life. Suddenly he made up his mind. There was only one thing for him to do. He'd have to brazen it out. They might cause trouble if they found out he wasn't Mannion. They'd certainly regret the show they were making of themselves. They were like well-whipped dogs trying to evade the lash.

The counterman was still humming to himself but Jones saw him looking on fearfully. Jones said nothing but raised his cup, controlling his trembling hand by a great effort.

"Yeah, Jake. Tony is right. We didn't have nothing to do with it. Why, Sid was like a brother to us. Honest he was. Ain't that right, Tony?"

"He sure was. Me and him and Spot was like this." He held up a dirty hand with three fingers pressed tightly together.

Jones finished his coffee.

"Straight," said Spot. "Listen, Jake, you give us a break and we'll spill something. Won't we, Tony?"

"You said it."

Jones nodded without speaking.

The men brightened. Color began to come back into their faces.

"Gee," said Spot, "let us stake you to a feed, Jake. We got a little dough. It would be a pleasure, eh, Tony?"

"You said it."

"Talk," said Jones hoarsely.

"Look," said Spot, "we got it from Humpy. He's been stooling for headquarters and he gets things straight. They're gonna spring Bugs."

Spot hesitated, waiting for the effect of his revelation. Jones made an effort and coughed loudly. The men started back. There was a long silence. The counterman began to polish a glass furiously.

"Straight," said Tony.

"It's a right spring, too. He's gonna get pardoned, that's the caper. He'll see green grass in less'n a month. So Humpy says."

There was another silence. Finally Jones got up and turned up his collar. Icy shivers were running down his spine. He'd have to get out while he still had them fooled. Spot and Tony drew back.

"Ain't that good news?" said Tony.

Jones nodded and went out. The wind had a knife edge to it, blowing up from the river, but it felt good. Jones glanced into the restaurant. Spot had fainted and was lying back against the counter. Tony was fanning him with his hat. The counterman was drawing a glass of water.

When Jones got home he sat for a long time without taking off his coat or hat, thinking. He was still too nervous to work. Mannion! He'd never escape him. The bandit's destiny seemed to be inextricably mixed with his own.

In about an hour he forced himself to his typewriter. For a long time he sat staring at the clean, white sheet of paper on the roll, thinking confusedly of Mannion, and Miss Wicklow, and his strange, farcical encounter with a tough mug who fainted; then he got to work.

(To be continued next week)

In a Glass Darkly

Continued from page 12

Major Oldham and his wife. I asked him then if Mrs. Oldham had very fair hair and when he replied dryly that she was dark I began to realize that I was probably making a fool of myself. I pulled myself together, made some lame explanation and we went downstairs together. I told myself that I must have had some kind of hallucination—and felt generally rather ashamed and a bit of an ass.

And then—and then—Neil said, "My sister Sylvia," and I was looking into the lovely face of the girl I had just seen being suffocated to death . . . and I was introduced to her fiancé, a tall, dark man *with a scar down the left side of his face.*

Well—that's that. I'd like you to think and say what you'd have done in my place. Here was the girl—the identical girl—and here was the man I'd seen throttling her—and they were to be married in about a month's time. . . .

Had I—or had I not—had a prophetic vision of the future? Would Sylvia and her husband come down here to stay sometime in the future, and be given that room (the best spare room) and would that scene I'd witnessed take place in grim reality?

What was I to do about it? *Could* I do anything? Would anyone—Neil—or the girl herself—would they believe me?

I TURNED the whole business over and over in my mind the week I was down there. To speak or not to speak? And almost at once another complication set in. You see, I fell in love with Sylvia Carslake the first moment I saw her. . . . I wanted her more than anything on earth. . . . And in a way that tied my hands.

And yet, if I didn't say anything, Sylvia would marry Charles Crawley and Crawley would kill her. . . .

And so, the day before I left, I blurted it all out to her. I said I expected she'd think me touched in the intellect or something but I swore solemnly that I'd seen the thing just as I told it to her and that I felt if she was determined to marry Crawley, I ought to tell her my strange experience.

She listened very quietly. There was

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

something in her eyes I didn't understand. She wasn't angry at all. When I'd finished, she just thanked me gravely. I kept repeating like an idiot, "I *did* see it. I really did see it," and she said, "I'm sure you did if you say so. I believe you."

Well, the upshot was that I went off not knowing whether I'd done right or been a fool, and a week later Sylvia broke off her engagement to Charles Crawley.

After that the war happened, and there wasn't much leisure for thinking of anything else. Once or twice when I was on leave, I came across Sylvia, but as far as possible I avoided her.

I loved her and wanted her just as badly as ever, but I felt, somehow, that it wouldn't be playing the game. It was owing to me that she'd broken off her engagement to Crawley, and I kept saying to myself that I could only justify the action I had taken by making my attitude a purely disinterested one.

THEN, in 1916, Neil was killed and it fell to me to tell Sylvia about his last moments. We couldn't remain on a formal footing after that. Sylvia had adored Neil and he had been my best friend. She was sweet—adorably sweet in her grief. I just managed to hold my tongue and went out again praying that a bullet might end the whole miserable business. Life without Sylvia wasn't worth living.

But there was no bullet with my name on it. One nearly got me below the right ear and one was deflected by a cigarette case in my pocket, but I came through unscathed. Charles Crawley was killed in action at the beginning of 1918.

Somehow—that made a difference. I came home in the autumn of 1918 just before the Armistice and I went straight to Sylvia and told her that I loved her. I hadn't much hope that she'd care for me straight away, and you could have knocked me down with a feather when she asked me why I hadn't told her sooner. I stammered out something about Crawley and she said, "But why did you think I broke it off with him?" And then she told me that she'd fallen in love with me just as I'd done with her—from the very first minute.

I said I thought she'd broken off her engagement because of the story I told her and she laughed scornfully and said that if you loved a man you wouldn't be as cowardly as that, and we went over that old vision of mine again and agreed that it was queer, but nothing more.

Well, there's nothing much to tell for some time after that. Sylvia and I were married and we were happy. But I realized, as soon as she was really mine, that I wasn't cut out for the best kind of husband. I loved Sylvia devotedly, but I was jealous, absurdly jealous of anyone she so much as smiled at. It amused her at first. I think she even rather liked it. It proved, at least, how devoted I was.

As for me, I realized quite fully and unmistakably that I was not only making a fool of myself, but that I was endangering all the peace and happiness of our life together. I knew, I say, but I couldn't change. Every time Sylvia got a letter she didn't show to me I wondered who it was from. If she laughed and talked with any man, I found myself getting sulky and watchful.

At first, as I say, Sylvia laughed at me. She thought it a huge joke. Then she didn't think the joke so funny. Finally she didn't think it a joke at all—

And slowly, she began to draw away from me. Not in any physical sense, but she withdrew her secret mind from me. I no longer knew what her thoughts were. She was kind—but sadly, as though from a long distance.

Little by little I realized that she no longer loved me. Her love had died and it was I who had killed it. . . .

The next step was inevitable. I found myself waiting for it—dreading it. . . .

Then Derek Wainwright came into our lives. He had everything that I hadn't. He had brains and a witty tongue. He was good-looking, too, and —I'm forced to admit it—a thoroughly good chap. As soon as I saw him I said to myself, "This is just the man for Sylvia. . . ."

She fought against it. I know she struggled . . . but I gave her no help. I couldn't. I was entrenched in my gloomy, sullen reserve. I was suffering like hell—and I couldn't stretch out a finger to save myself. I didn't help her. I made things worse. I let loose at her one day—a string of savage, unwarranted abuse. I was nearly mad with jealousy and misery. The things I said were cruel and untrue and I knew while I was saying them how cruel and how untrue they were. And yet I took a savage pleasure in saying them. . . .

I remember how Sylvia flushed and shrank. . . .

I drove her to the edge of endurance.

I remember she said, "This can't go on. . . ."

When I came home that night the house was empty—empty. There was a note—quite in the traditional fashion.

In it she said that she was leaving me—for good. She was going down to Badgeworthy for a day or two. After that she was going to the one person who loved her and needed her. I was to take that as final.

I suppose that up to then I hadn't really believed my own suspicions. This confirmation in black and white of my worst fears sent me raving mad. I went down to Badgeworthy after her as fast as the car would take me.

She had just changed her frock for dinner, I remember, when I burst into the room. I can see her face—startled —beautiful—afraid.

I said, "No one but me shall ever have you. No one."

And I caught her throat in my hands and gripped it and bent her backwards.

And suddenly I saw our reflection in the mirror. Sylvia choking and myself strangling her, and the scar on my cheek where the bullet grazed it under the right ear.

NO—I didn't kill her. That sudden revelation paralyzed me and I loosened my grasp and let her slip onto the floor. . . .

And then I broke down—and she comforted me. . . . Yes, she comforted me.

I told her everything and she told me that by the phrase "the one person who loved and needed her" she had meant her brother Alan. . . . We saw into each other's hearts that night, and I don't think, from that moment, that we ever drifted away from each other again. . . .

It's a sobering thought to go through life with—that, but for the grace of God and a mirror, one might be a murderer. . . .

One thing did die that night—the devil of jealousy that had possessed me so long. . . .

But I wonder sometimes—suppose I hadn't made that initial mistake—the scar on the *left* cheek—when really it was the *right*—reversed by the mirror. . . . Should I have been so sure the man was Charles Crawley? Would I have warned Sylvia? Would she be married to me—or to him?

Or are the past and the future all one?

I'm a simple fellow—and I can't pretend to understand these things—but I saw what I saw—and because of what I saw, Sylvia and I are together—in the old-fashioned words—till death do us part. And perhaps beyond. . . .

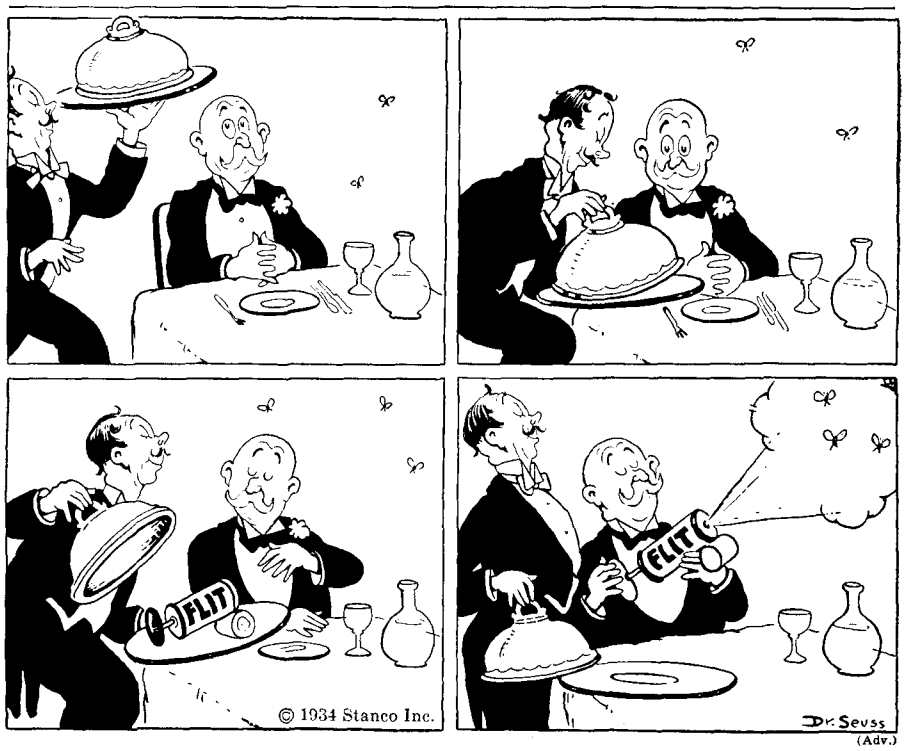
If you want to keep your hair, stop slicking it down with water. Reach for the Wildroot bottle instead. A daily massage with this refreshing tonic is guaranteed to keep hair healthy and free from dandruff. Get the new large size bottle . . . 40% more Wildroot for the same price.

For healthy hair, use **WILDROOT HAIR TONIC** *instead of water*

. . . NAME AND ADDRESS PLEASE

IF YOU want a pleasant way to earn extra money, send us your name and address on a penny post card. You will receive by first class mail full information about our profitable plan. Even if you have only a little spare time, you may make $1.00 or more an hour. How? By taking care of new and renewal subscriptions for COLLIER'S, THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE and WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION. Don't hesitate because there's no coupon. Just paste this advertisement with your name and address on a penny post card and mail to:

Chief of Subscription Staff, Desk C-91
The Crowell Publishing Company
250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.



(Adv.)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SPENCERIAN
The best pens then

AND NOW We are having the

For 76 years the standard of pen quality the world over. Today, Spencerian Fountain Pens continue to set new heights of value.

$2.00 Spencerian Fountain Pen with 14kt. solid gold nib, genuine hard iridium tip, and other features usually expected only in expensive makes. Fine, Medium, or Dome point; black or colored barrel.

$4.50 Spencerian INK-SEE Fountain Pen. Transparent barrel shows amount of ink in pen. Positive worm-drive pump filler; heavy grain weight solid gold nib with hard iridium tip; choice of points and colors.

If your dealer has not yet received his Spencerian Fountain Pens, order direct, mentioning his name.

TESTED STEEL PENS
"Quality Since 1858"

For home, office, school. Fine, medium, stub, and dome points—every pen individually tested. Unfailing smooth writing and long, long wear. Send 10c for samples of the most popular styles.

SPENCERIAN PEN CO., 349 Broadway, N.Y.

YOU may earn extra money in spare time by taking care of new and renewal subscriptions to COLLIER'S and the other Crowell Magazines. Write to:
The Crowell Publishing Company
250 Park Avenue New York, N.Y.

ITCHING FEET AND TOES?

Symptoms of "ATHLETE'S FOOT"

Look between your toes if they itch, or if the skin is moist, red, cracked, thick, dead-white or breaking out in tiny blisters. These are symptoms of ringworm, "Athlete's Foot"—an infectious disease that should be treated at once. Dr. Scholl's SOLVEX immediately relieves the itch, quickly kills the germs and soon restores the skin to normal. Insist on Dr. Scholl's SOLVEX — compounded especially for this foot condition. 50¢ and $1.

TO PREVENT RE-INFECTION of "Athlete's Foot"—sterilize your shoes with Dr. Scholl's Shoe Deodorizer and Sterilizer. Destroys fungus, kills shoe odors caused by sweaty feet, 50¢. At drug, shoe and department stores.

Dr Scholl's SOLVEX

Boy Friend Wanted

Continued from page 22

on tiptoe was saying, "Give me, now, Doctor Frastner," and the Central was saying, "Number, please," and Irving was saying again, "Abie drunk the mucilage; give me Doctor Frastner—I want Doctor Frastner."

"I'll give you Information," said Central.

Otto Schultz and Mike Capella joined Mr. and Mrs. Zellner on the walk.

"What is it happens?" asked Otto Schultz.

"Abie—Abie Klinsky drunk a bottle of mucilage," said Mrs. Zellner, "and we don't know is it poison or not."

"You should ask Hurwitz," said Otto Schultz. "Ain't it from Hurwitz the moocilage comes?"

"Poison or not," said Mr. Zellner, "what he wants is a good emetic."

He hastened to his store on the corner. Irving was asking "Is this Info'-mation? I want—now—Doctor Frastner. Abie went and—now—swallered the mucilage."

"Frastner?" asked Information. "Effrrrr-a-ess-tee-en-ee-rrr—Frastner?"

MRS. KLINSKY had secured the milk bottle from the refrigerator but there was no more than a cup of milk in it. She put the milk bottle to Abie's mouth while Lilyan up-ended him and Abie screamed louder than ever. He hated milk as completely as he liked the peppermint flavor that had enticed him to swallow the mucilage, and his screams and one free hand sent the milk spattering over himself and Lilyan and Mrs. Klinsky.

"Aw, Abie!" wailed Mrs. Klinsky, but she knew what to do. She grasped the milk bottle and hurried down the stairs. The grocer on the corner across from Zellner's sold milk.

Mrs. Zellner was in David Hurwitz's stationery store.

"Please, Mr. Hurwitz," said Mrs. Zellner, "Abie Klinsky went and drank a bottle of mucilage—"

"And but just now he bought it from me!" mourned Mrs. Hurwitz. "A ten-cent bottle only five minutes ago, and all gone already!"

"And is it poison?" asked Mrs. Zellner. "We got to know quick so he could have an antidote."

"And this now!" exclaimed Mr. Hurwitz, who always was flustered. "I should know is mucilage poison! How should I know? But wait once."

His telephone was in a booth and he felt in his pocket for a coin. He found it and went into the booth. The nickel tinkled.

"Elbury seven-six-six-six-six," he called. "Grossman? Listen, now, Grossman. Life and death this is. This is Hurwitz, at Westcote. Hurwitz—David Hurwitz. You sold by me in January—February maybe—half dozen mucilage. No, I am not complaining, Grossman. Would you shut up and listen once? A baby—now—drunk a bottle of that mucilage I got by you—"

"For that we are not responsible, Mr. Hurwitz," said Mr. Grossman. "Could we be everywhere to see that babies do not drink mucilage?"

"Would you listen, Grossman?" demanded Mr. Hurwitz angrily. "Do I say you should be everywhere to see that babies do not drink your mucilage? Have sense, Grossman. What I ask you is this, Grossman—is that mucilage poison or is it not?"

"How should I know?" replied Mr. Grossman. "Do I make the mucilage, Hurwitz? I am a wholesaler, Hurwitz, and not a mucilage-maker. I am not responsible for what is in mucilage, Hurwitz. If you want to know what is in the mucilage, Hurwitz, you could telephone the K & S Glue Company which makes the mucilage, Hurwitz. One minute. Miss Cafferty, what is the number of the K & S Glue Company?"

Mr. Hurwitz scowled at the telephone while Miss Cafferty doubtless looked up the number. Jake Fellman spoke to Mrs. Zellner.

"Where is this kid?" he asked.

"Klinsky's. Up over the drug store," she told him.

"Yes?" said Mr. Hurwitz to the telephone. "Am I waiting? What should I be doing but waiting?"

Jake Fellman slipped his order book into his pocket and went out of the stationery store.

"Yes?" said Mr. Hurwitz. "Carston three-five-four-five-four?"

He hung up and found another coin among those that jingled in his pocket. He called the number and Central repeated it, and presently a voice more distant said, "Kayaness Glue."

"Listen," said Mr. Hurwitz. "You should answer me a question quick and no talking. Is your mucilage in ten-cent bottles—Yetta, hand me once such a bottle of that mucilage!"

Mrs. Hurwitz pulled open the drawer and brought a bottle of the mucilage and Mr. Hurwitz held it at the distance that accommodated his eyes.

"Stickola," he read aloud. "Stickola Mucilage. Is it poison when a baby drinks from this Stickola Mucilage a whole ten-cent bottle, huh?"

"Wait a minute," said the voice at the other end, and Mr. Hurwitz waited.

In the drug store Irving was still trying to get Dr. Frastner. Mrs. Magruder and Otto Schultz and Mike Capella and Joe Bassi together with the boys who had been playing tippy-up and the barber from across the street were gathered at the foot of the stairs that led up to the Klinsky flat. Solly Zellner was mixing a strong emetic behind his prescription screen. He worked hastily.

IT WAS as Solly Zellner started for the door with the small beaker of emetic in his hand that Mrs. Dr. Frastner said over the wire to Irving, "The doctor is out; maybe if you try Sol Zellner's drug store you'll catch him—he was going to stop there."

"Mr. Zellner—" Irving called.

"What?" asked Solly.

"Is—now—Doctor Frastner here?" asked Irving.

"No," said Solly.

He was pushing open the screen door to go out when Jake Fellman, the candy salesman, came down the stairs from the flat above. He had Abie, kicking and yelling, in his arms, and Lilyan came close behind. Onto the front seat of the delivery van climbed Lilyan, and Jake Fellman thrust Abie into her arms. He ran around to the far side of the car and leaped to the seat.

"Hey! Wait! I got an emetic," shouted Solly Zellner, but Jake had already set his delivery van in motion.

"Taking the kid to the hospital," shouted Jake Fellman, and his car swung around the corner on two wheels and shot down the street.

"Abie! My Abie!" screamed Mrs. Klinsky, coming out of the grocery with a full quart of milk in her bottle.

"They go to the hospital," Solly Zellner called across to her, and he emptied the emetic into the gutter. Mrs. Klinsky crossed the street. She was weeping now. Mrs. Magruder put an arm around her—partly around.

"Go on up, Mrs. Klinsky," urged Solly Zellner. "Soon as we hear we will let you know."

In the stationery shop Mr. Hurwitz was learning about Stickola mucilage from Mr. Millingham of the K & S Glue Company.

"And peppermint for the smell," Mr. Millingham was saying. "That is all—plain glue, a small proportion of gum arabic, water and a small dash of preservative that could not possibly be harmful in such a small quantity. The same preservative that is used in jams and jellies."

"It ain't poison?" asked Mr. Hurwitz.

"Listen," said Mr. Millingham. "I would eat a quart of it—you could spread it on bread and eat it, if you liked it. Why, man, they put it on envelopes and people lick it. They wouldn't do that if it was poison, would they? You can believe me that your child is not poisoned."

"It ain't my child," said Mr. Hurwitz, "but I am much obliged just the same," and he hung up and turned to Mrs. Zellner. "Such foolishness!" he said. "It ain't got no poison in it; a quart of that Stickola I could eat on bread already and it don't hurt me."

"I'll tell Mrs. Klinsky," said Mrs. Zellner and she hurried out.

FROM the corner Mike Capella and Otto Schultz walked back to their little shops and the barber strolled across the street. He stopped to tell the grocer what he knew of the mucilage and Abie. Mrs. Klinsky sat in her chair by the window over the drug store and fanned herself, and Irving went back to his project. There was enough mucilage left in the bottle to paste two or three pictures in his book; he did not think it a good time to ask Mr. Klinsky for a dime for more mucilage. Mr. Klinsky was walking up and down nervously. He had left his shop untended but he had to wait until he had news of Abie. Mrs. Zellner came to his relief.

"You could go back to the shop," she said. "I will tell you when we get a telephone."

So he went. Mrs. Magruder, saying "Tut, tut!" to herself, went homeward. The tippy-up boys went back to their play. Mid-afternoon reigned again. Then, in a minute or two, Solly Zellner came out of his store and called up to Mrs. Klinsky.

"He's all right," he said. "He ain't hurt at all. Lilyan is fetching him home again."

"Thank you," said Mrs. Klinsky. "Thank you—thank you—thank you!" and Mrs. Zellner hurried to tell Mr. Klinsky the good news.

Twelve minutes later Jake Fellman's delivery van stopped in front of the drug store and the candy salesman reached up his arms and took Abie from her and stood him on the walk. He put up his arms again and helped Lilyan down. She jumped and she laughed as she landed beside Abie. Solly Zellner strolled out of the drug store but a few hasty words passed between Lilyan and Jack Fellman before Solly reached them.

"O. K.?" asked Solly.

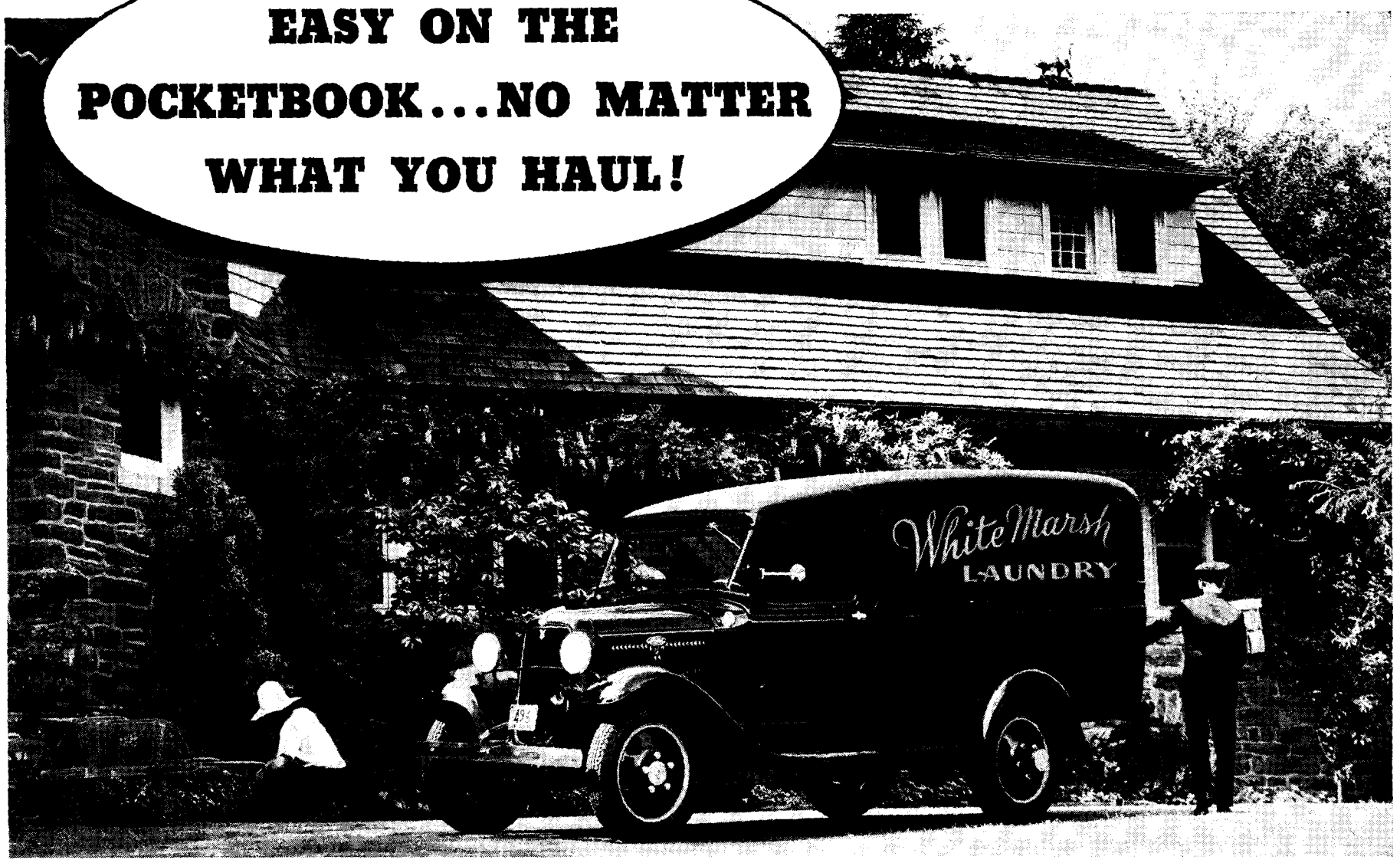
"It wouldn't hurt him at all," Lilyan said, and she picked Abie up.

"All right then for tonight?" Jake Fellman asked.

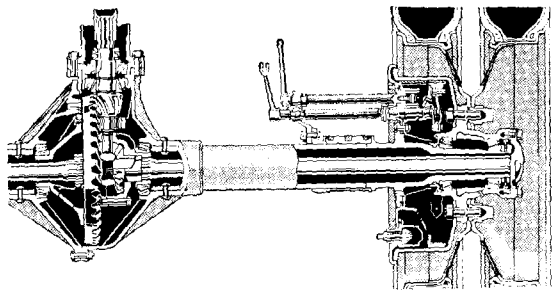
"Oh, sure!" laughed Lilyan and Jake Fellman got onto the seat of his delivery van and backed it to a place before David Hurwitz's stationery shop. Lilyan carried Abie upstairs. Her mother met her in the hall and took Abie from her.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EASY ON THE POCKETBOOK...NO MATTER WHAT YOU HAUL!



NO TRUCK IN AMERICA IS LOWER IN PRICE OR HIGHER IN QUALITY CONSTRUCTION

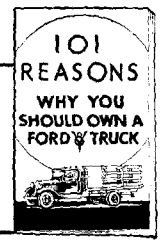


FULL-FLOATING REAR AXLE

Entire weight of truck and load carried by heavily reinforced axle housing. Axle shafts have nothing to do but turn the wheels. Axle shafts can be removed without jacking up the truck.

101 FEATURES IN ALL

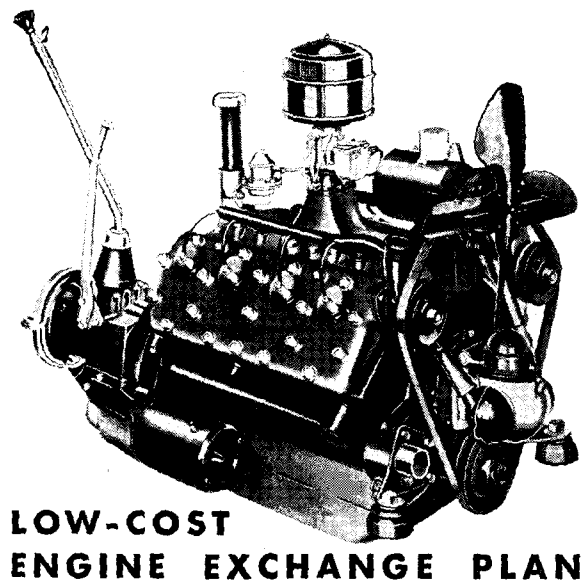
Get this FREE book from your Ford dealer. It tells the "inside story" of the wealth of quality built into the New Ford V-8 Truck.



TRUCK owners in every line of business are changing to the New Ford V-8 Truck and saving money in two ways. They save on first cost, because there's *no lower priced truck in America*. And they save on operating costs, because it gets more miles to a gallon of gasoline, uses less oil, stays on the job and out of the repair shop and gives them 101 *important features* every truck owner wants and needs for reliable, economical truck operation.

V-8 PERFORMANCE WITH PROVED 4-CYLINDER ECONOMY

Uses no more fuel than a "four." 80 horsepower. Dual carburetor. Copper-lead connecting-rod bearings will not burn out, pound out or spall. Valve seat inserts triple mileage between valve grindings.



LOW-COST ENGINE EXCHANGE PLAN

After thousands of miles of service, you can exchange your original engine for a block-tested, factory-reconditioned engine without tying up your truck more than a few hours, for less than an engine overhaul.

THE NEW FORD V-8 TRUCK

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Shooting Stars

Continued from page 15

Partner's Hand: Spades, K Q J 9; Hearts, K 7; Diamonds, Q 10 8 5 4; Clubs, K J.

She made a dealer's bid of one club! With the opponents constantly passing, the auction then went thus: Her partner one spade, she three no trump (a slam signal in their system), he four no trump, she five spades, he six spades and she seven spades. The opponent, instead of his natural lead of a club, led a singleton diamond, with the result that the grand slam was made, North's losing club being discarded on one of South's diamonds.

Her husband, gigantic Hal Sims, who was ranked at the top for the 1932-33 season, got a fine score on this hand:

North
S. None
H. K Q J 6 4
D. 10 7 6 4
C. J 9 6 2

West
S. K 9 6 5 3 2
H. 8
D. K J 9 8 5
C. 10

East
S. A Q J 10 8 4
H. 10 5 3 2
D. A Q 2
C. None

South
S. 7
H. A 9 7
D. 3
C. A K Q 8 7 5 4 3

East began the bidding with a spade, Mr. Sims doubled in the South, West jumped to three spades, North squeezed in a four-heart bid, East four spades, Mr. Sims five clubs, West five spades, North passed, then East six spades. At most tables of the tournament the South player at this stage either passed or doubled. Mr. Sims, however, reckoned that, with his partner's showing of hearts, the opponents could probably run their small slam with spade and diamond tricks—a surmise in which he was correct. So he bid seven clubs, seeing a chance to make it if a diamond was not led. As it happened, a spade was led, and the hand became a spread for a grand slam, the losing diamond being thrown on the dummy's hearts.

A Try That Failed

"Shooting" frequently depends on partner's ability to infer just what the shooter is "aiming at." Incorrect deductions can prove costly. A shot at Mr. Sims, which went astray, was attempted on this deal:

North
S. 3
H. 8 4 3
D. A J 9 7
C. A 9 6 4 3

West
S. 6 5
H. 10 9 7 6 5 2
D. K Q 10 3
C. J

East
S. 10 8 4
H. None
D. 8 5 4 2
C. K Q 10 8 7 5

South
S. A K Q J 9 7 2
H. A K Q J
D. 6
C. 2

Mr. Sims was in the North and Philip L. Coffin, Jr., Assistant Attorney-General of New Jersey, was his partner. Sims' three bid showed a suit so powerful that partner need have none of it and requesting the partner, by his response, to show what Aces he holds, if any. So, after Mr. Coffin's three spades, Mr. Sims showed one Ace with five diamonds, Mr. Coffin another with five hearts, Mr. Sims a third with six clubs, whereupon Mr. Coffin bid the grand slam in spades. When this passed around to East, the latter doubled, hoping for a first-round ruff if his partner led hearts. Had West done so, inferring that the double in the face of unanimous Ace-showing called for the lead of his longest suit, the contract would obviously have been defeated. West, however, missed his cue and led his King of diamonds, making the slam easy for Mr. Coffin. The only result of this "shot" was to give the opponents the doubled value of their contract.

Profit in Slam Sets

Ira S. Dunkle, of Palm Beach, has the rare distinction of being one bridge player against whom a defensive grand slam was made, doubled, and yet who got a fine score thereby. He held this hopeless collection of rags:

Spades, 7 4; Hearts, 9 8 6 2; Diamonds, 8 3; Clubs, 9 8 6 3 2.

After his partner's pass, East bid one heart. Mr. Dunkle, seeing a sure game in sight for the opponents and a possible slam, made a desperation psychic bid of one no trump, to impede them. West doubled, and the opponents took every trick, defeating him 1,750 points. Imagine their chagrin when they learned that they could have bid and made a vulnerable grand slam in spades, worth 2,960! It actually cost them a loss of 1,210 points for the pleasure of setting him.

One of the favorite types of "shots" is a lead-steering bid, the reverse of a lead-director, striving to keep the adversaries from opening some particular suit. One of these was used effectively by Robert W. Halpin of Chicago on this hand:

North
S. J 9 7 5 2
H. Q 6
D. 10
C. 10 7 6 3 2

West
S. A 3
H. 8 5
D. 8 7 5 4
C. K Q J 8 5

East
S. 4
H. A K 9 7 4 3 2
D. J 9 6 3
C. 9

South
S. K Q 10 8 6
H. J 10
D. A K Q 2
C. A 4

He bid a spade in the South, West two clubs, North two spades, East three hearts. Now ready for a spade game call, he decided to seek extra tricks by preventing a heart lead if he could. He made the conventional bid of the opponents' suit, four hearts, which shows no losses in that suit, probably ability to trump the first round. His partner took the bid to four spades, where it ended. West fell for the ruse and refrained from a heart lead, offering the King of clubs. Consequently the losing hearts of the North hand were tossed on South's diamonds and five odd were made, the spade Ace being the sole winner for the adversaries, whereas with a heart lead the contract could have been beaten.

One of the most spectacular of all shots at a top score was made by E. L. Scofield, of Pinehurst, N. C., in a game at the Roosevelt, in New York. He had the South cards of this deal:

North
S. 10 3 2
H. Q 6
D. K J 8 6 4 3
C. J 3

West
S. A K
H. A J 10 8 7 3 2
D. 9 5
C. 5 4

East
S. Q J 9 7 6 5
H. 9 4
D. 10
C. 10 7 6 2

South
S. 8 4
H. K 5
D. A Q 7 2
C. A K Q 9 8

It was near the close of play, and he felt that a few extra good scores were needed to win for him and his partner. He opened with a normal bid of one club, West bid one heart, North two diamonds, East two spades. Here he saw his opportunity. He knew East as a player who prided himself on reading psychics by the opponents. With a fit assured with his own partner's diamonds, he felt that a slam might be there in case he could induce East to lead clubs. So with that in mind, he decided to make psychic bids of both hearts and spades, before supporting the diamonds. Over East's two spades, therefore, he bid three hearts. West's prompt double was passed around to him, whereupon he bid three spades. This rode to East, who doubled. Mr. Scofield, to make his original club bid seem still more like a psychic lead-preventer, now bid four clubs. North bid four diamonds, and Mr. Scofield then raised to six diamonds.

"He can't slick me," East thought to himself, as it appeared plain to him that the original club bid was a psychic. He doubled, then led a club, and the result was just too bad; Mr. Scofield's partner was able to run the six diamonds without difficulty, throwing the losing spades on the clubs and dropping only one heart trick.

William J. Huske, a very shrewd and canny player, was South in this case. It now was quite plain to him that North could have made the diamond cue bid at the beginning. Why, then, had he forced with clubs first? Knowing his partner as a thoughtful bidder, he decided it must be for this reason—the clubs were so solid and long that all necessary losers could be discarded as soon as South could get in. In other words, North was asking him how soon he could take a spade trick. If on the first round, he could bid seven; if on the second, six; if not until the third round, he should sign off at five hearts. Having the Ace, he could take the first spade trick, so he bid seven, and the pair made the grand slam, which nobody else bid. The writer of this article, who sat North in that case, believes it should become conventional that forcing with a side suit and later cue-bidding the opponents' suit shows a solid side suit, and that cue-bidding first and showing the side suit later warns partner that the suit is not solid.

A Double-Barreled Plot

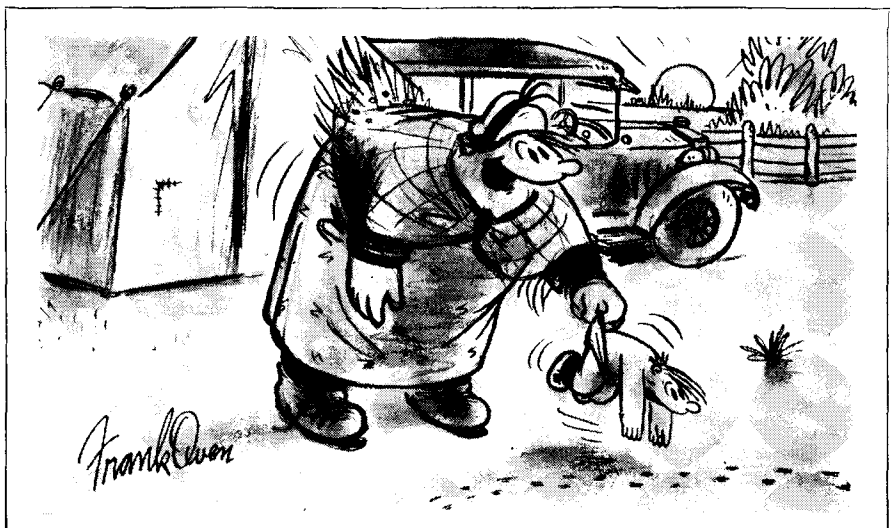
Most of the "shots" we hear discussed are uncorked in the bidding. Sometimes one is a combination of a bid and a play. No more brilliant example of this in all of bridge can be found than one exhibited by Waldemar Von Zedtwitz, one of the true noblemen of bridge. It came at the finish of a Vanderbilt Cup competition, when his side needed points to win. He was dealer and held this hand:

Spades, 8; Hearts, K J 7; Diamonds, K Q 4; Clubs, A K Q J 6 3.

He realized that if he made the obvious bid of clubs, the result would probably be the same as at the other table—which would mean defeat for his side. Something different had to be achieved. He bid two no trump! His partner, Josephine Culbertson, knowing that two no trump could not produce enough points for them to win, pluckily raised to three no trump, though her only high card was the Queen of spades in a doubleton. If West had led a spade, the side would have been overwhelmed. But West held only four spades and had five hearts, the Ace, Queen, Five, Three and Two together with a sure side entry. So the lead was the heart Three. The singleton Eight went on from dummy. East played the Nine. Mr. Von Zedtwitz saw that, if he took this trick with the Jack, West would know he had the King and so would not return the suit. He took it with the King instead, making it appear that he had neither the Ten nor the Jack, which therefore must belong to the leader's partner.

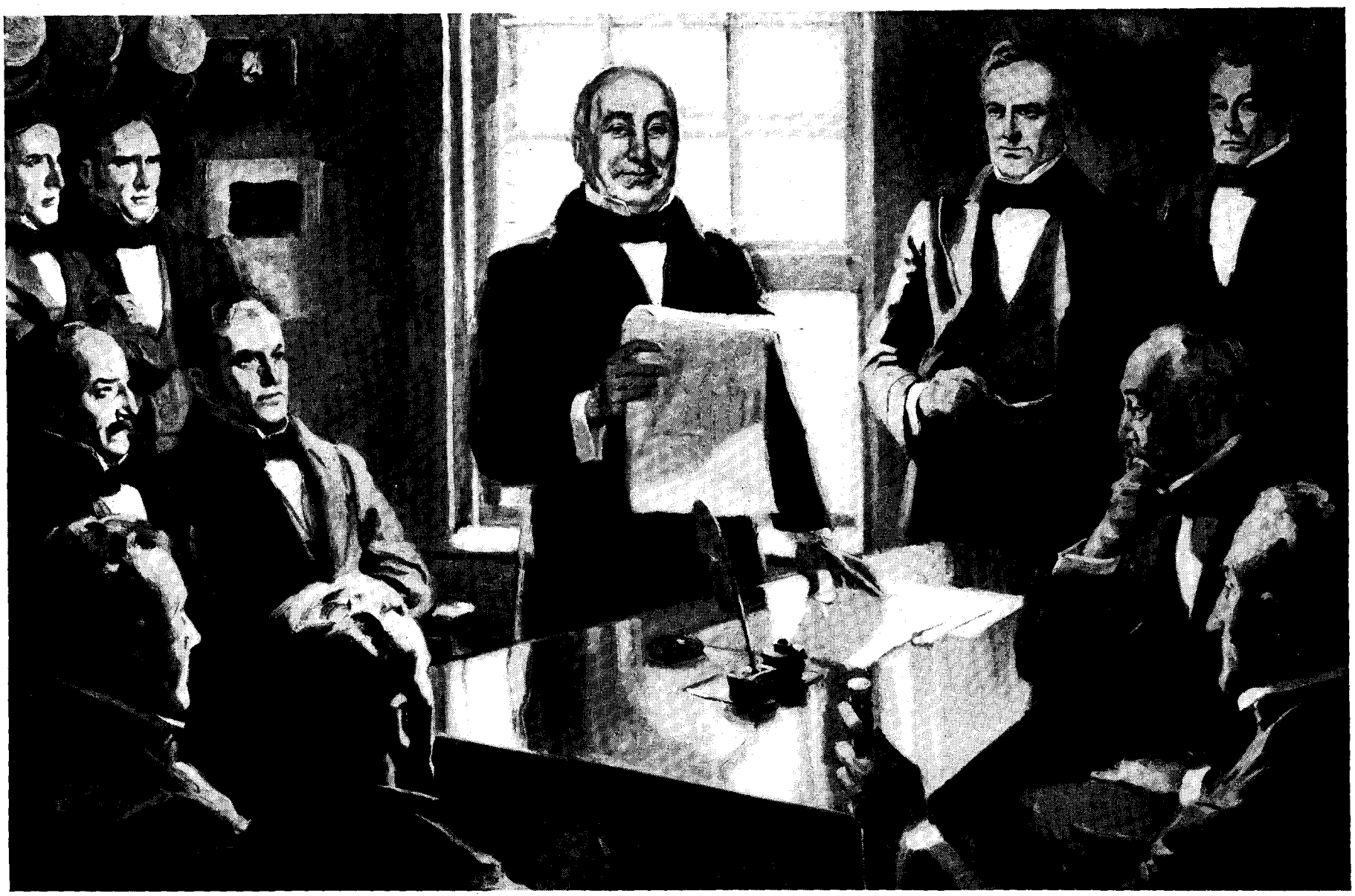
At this juncture he led the King of diamonds, hoping the Ace was with West. If East had it, he surely would return a spade, whereupon six spades, four hearts and the Ace of diamonds would make a total of eleven tricks for East and West. West had the Ace, though. After winning this trick, he reckoned that his partner had played the Nine from the Jack, Ten, Nine and possibly also the Seven. In this case, the suit would be blocked if he himself returned a high heart. His proper play was a small one. This was taken by the Jack in Mr. Von Zedtwitz's hand, to the consternation of West. With two heart tricks now in, the Queen of diamonds made a third and six successive club tricks gave the team its championship.

Bridge may have no clash of physical bodies in it, but anyone who enjoys the thrills of mind outwitting mind can find all the drama he may wish in a combat of contract wizards who combine courage with their skill.



"There's a fresh jack-rabbit trail. If you want breakfast, it's on the other end!" FRANK OWEN

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



James De Peyster Ogden, center, was the Company's first president. Beside him stands Aaron Merchant, vice-president, who became the second president.

IT WAS APRIL 12, 1845 . . .

In a small down-town office in old New York, a group of leading citizens were gathered to found a new company, dedicated to mutual protection. Home-loving pioneers of a young republic, they saw in this mutual undertaking the seed of a great public service. Since there would be no stockholders, they personally pledged $55,815 to guarantee funds to meet its obligations.

Four months later the Company's first advertisement clarified its principles of mutuality and investment: Dividends would be paid to policyholders only . . . funds would be 'safely invested for the benefit and security of all.'

In fulfillment of these two ideals, the New York Life has paid over one billion dollars in dividends to policyholders . . . and has steadfastly adhered to the principle that in investing safety is *always* the first consideration.

* * *

The New York Life agent in your community represents a strong mutual company with a background of successful management through every crisis of the past 89 years. When the New York Life man calls, welcome him. His training and experience may prove helpful to you in working out an insurance plan to fit your particular needs.

"HAVE YOU EVER THOUGHT OF IT LIKE THIS?"

Suppose you put $10,000 of the best securities in a safe deposit box . . . You might say to your wife, "If I die before you do, this is for you and the children. But if I live to retire, we'll have it for our old age."

But suppose you don't have the $10,000 now. Nevertheless through life insurance you can have $10,000 paid to your family if you die prematurely, or to yourself in your old age. When the New York Life man calls, ask him to tell you about it, and to leave you our booklet, "Take the Worry Out of Life."

Make Life Insurance
The Foundation of Your Financial Program

SAFETY IS ALWAYS THE FIRST CONSIDERATION . . . NOTHING ELSE IS SO IMPORTANT

NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

A MUTUAL COMPANY FOUNDED IN 1845 THOMAS A. BUCKNER, *President* 51 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Collier's

THOMAS H. BECK, *Editorial Director* WILLIAM L. CHENERY, *Editor* CHARLES COLEBAUGH, *Managing Editor*

The Constitution Among Friends

THE Negro spiritual which embodies the bit of common sense that everybody who talks about heaven "ain't going there" applies also to some of the more vociferous present defenders of the Constitution.

So far nobody carrying the banner of the New Deal has attacked the Constitution. On the record nobody intends to attack the Constitution. President Roosevelt's own attitude was expressed in his latest book, "On Our Way," when he said: "I think that the change in our policy . . . proceeds in accordance with the underlying principles that guided the framers of our Constitution."

The nervous defenders of the Constitution unquestionably have ignored its purpose. This was written down plainly in the preamble, which contains these interesting and significant words:

"We, the people of the United States, in order to form a more perfect Union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity, do ordain and establish this Constitution. . . ."

Few familiar with the Constitution see any actual danger to it in the New Deal laws. The cases which up to now have been decided by the Supreme Court have not involved acts of Congress. The important decisions have concerned laws passed by state legislatures. These arose out of acts which abridged rights granted by contracts. In these cases the Supreme Court ruled that the economic emergency was sufficiently great to justify a temporary suspension of contractual rights.

There is no question about the fact that the New Deal laws do mark a profound change in the direction of our economic life. What has happened since March 4, 1933, is new in our development. The point is that the changes are economic and political and not constitutional.

We have, it is true, recently made changes in our Constitution. On February 6th of last year the Twentieth Amendment went into effect. This, among other things, advanced Inauguration Day from March 4th to January 20th. The Twentieth Amendment merely gave belated recognition to the fact that railways, motor cars and airplanes and not horses provide transportation for this country. There is nothing very disturbing in that.

The Twenty-first Amendment went into effect last December 5th. It repealed the Eighteenth Amendment. Prohibition repeal was highly important but it was no part of the New Deal, even though its consummation was brought about by President Roosevelt. The most conservative lawyers gladly welcomed this change in the Constitution.

Of course the Constitution from the day of its adoption set forth the methods by which it might be amended. If a sufficient majority of the American people want to do it, the entire document can be constitutionally rewritten and a totally new set of principles may be established legally. All that is necessary is a two-thirds vote in both branches of Congress followed by the ratification acts of three-fourths of the States either through their legislatures or through conventions. The road to constitutional changes of any sort is thus wide open.

So far nobody has shown any desire to rewrite our basic law. Look over the record of laws passed during the two sessions of the Congress which went to work on March 9, 1933, and we find no indication of basic change.

The important acts of 1933 were the banking law, the statute establishing the NRA and the Agricultural Adjustment Act with the devaluation clauses. The devaluation of the dollar caused the greatest controversy. The very first article of the Constitution empowers Congress to regulate the value of money. Any objection to the monetary policy of the Administration has to be based on other than constitutional grounds. So far nobody has succeeded in showing any violation of the Constitution in the NRA or the AAA.

The fact is that the Constitution is a very flexible document, as a good Constitution should be. It can be and has been adapted to meet the needs and the desires of quite different generations.

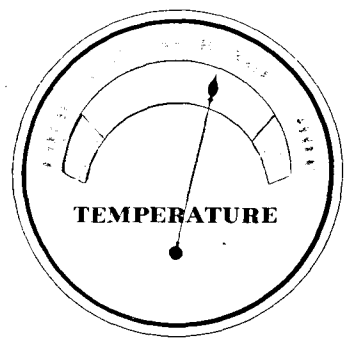
The Fourteenth Amendment says, "nor shall any State deprive any person of life, liberty or property without due process of law, nor deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws." Business corporations are legal persons. Consequently railroads, public utilities and other concerns have sought the protection of the Fourteenth Amendment whenever legislatures or corporation commissions have fixed rates or done other things which they argued deprived them of property without due process of law or denied to them the equal protection of the laws.

The temper of the country is liberal now, and the same Constitution, it is found, provides the legal foundation for that wide variety of law adopted in the name of the New Deal. Obviously there is room enough both for conservative and liberal programs under the Constitution.

This is fortunate in that it simplifies the issues with which we must deal. The important questions we face are economic and social. There is ground enough for argument concerning them without the confusion which inevitably would arise if the Constitution itself became an issue.

Unless the program of the New Deal is unexpectedly altered the decisions we as voters will be called upon to make will be centered on these economic and social considerations. We shall differ. There are enough conservatives and liberals in this country to assure a debate. But we need not be diverted to the irrelevant question of constitutional change. Nobody at this time wants to change the Constitution.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



WATCH YOUR GAUGE!

Warm weather increases the knocking tendency of gasoline. And knocking causes over-heating, with all the real damage that so frequently results.

Avoid the dangers of hot weather driving by using Ethyl exclusively. It's the *coolest* fuel for summer. Your temperature gauge will prove it!

Ethyl contains sufficient lead (tetraethyl) to make it the world's quality motor fuel

DO YOU KNOW that Ethyl will keep your car running cooler this summer and help prevent the danger and damage of over-heating?

Scientific tests and the experience of car owners prove conclusively that Ethyl is the coolest of all motor fuels. That's because the Ethyl fluid turns more of the gasoline's energy into power and sends less waste heat into the cooling system.

Whether you are "taxi-ing" your car round town or pushing it on long trips, you'll find Ethyl an economical protection against the hazards of hot weather and a means of better all-round performance.

With the price now only 2¢ a gallon over regular gasoline, Ethyl's extra advantages cost less, on the average, than $1 a month! Next time get Ethyl!

THE COOLEST FUEL FOR SUMMER DRIVING

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I'm "that way" about Chesterfields, too—

the cigarette that's MILDER
the cigarette that TASTES BETTER

© 1934, LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED